MODERN ELOQUENCE

VOLUME THREE

After Dinner Speeches

MODERN ELOQUENCE

IN TWELVE VOLUMES

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of Modern Times, by the most eminent speakers
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INTRODUCTION

AFTER-DINNER SPEAKING

By Lorenzo Sears

It would be interesting to trace the origin and development of a custom which is usually thought modern, were its beginning not lost in remote antiquity. Imagination can picture a tribe of feeding men, not too primitive to talk intelligently as they ate, and yet so numerous that mere table talk would not keep a single subject of discussion before them for long nor allow any but a chieftain to monopolize attention. At length it might become desirable to reconcile opposing views and factions, to give direction to roused energies, and a single purpose to divided aims.

The hour had arrived for the men of counsel, who must have preceded the men of war as soon as clan organization succeeded to the personal struggle of every man for himself. It would be safe to say that in early times and in the childhood of races a feast was not an unnecessary factor in getting the assembly together and in securing assent to propositions. This method is efficacious with children still, and adults have been known to be not entirely insensible to its subtle influence.

Now the truth of this natural suggestion of the fancy is established the moment that the beginnings of history and literature reveal the customs of those primeval men whose ways are a matter of authentic record. And it is fair to suppose that in so simple habits as eating and speaking the manner of them had come down unchanged, except in refinement, from rude ages to the more polished of which early literatures are a reflection. In the Homeric poems, for example, which gather up the traditions of the earlier Epos, the feast and the speech are in frequent and close conjunction, and both are often tributary to important occasions and measures. An example or two will illustrate this well-known custom. The Iliad, as a war-epic, cannot be expected to furnish instances of social gathering with attendant feasting and speaking. Yet both are found in two of its most important passages.

Readers will recall the haste, bred of disaster and fear, with which panic-stricken Agamemnon summoned the leaders of the host to meet in general assembly, and made the cowardly proposal to abandon the siege of Troy, charging defeat upon Jove, cruel and faithless. The prolonged silence with which his faint-hearted counsel was reproved being at length broken by Diomedes' courageous rebuke a stormy debate appears likely to ensue. It is then that the wisdom of a skilled master of assemblies becomes conspicuous—venerable Nestor, orator preeminent, gracefully turning down his impetuous junior with the remark that, though he had spoken bravely and well, the chief point of the matter had been missed, which he himself will enlarge upon. But not then. Imminent as was the need of good counsel and immediate action the mood of the assembly did not suit him. Therefore he moves to dismiss the fighting men to a plenteous meal. And to the king he says, "Do thou, Agamemnon, taking the lead as supreme in command, assemble the elders to a splendid feast in thy tent, one worthy thy station. Plenty of wine hast thou in store, every appliance is thine, and all will attend on their sovereign. Then let the leaders consult, and of all the counsel they offer choose thou the wisest and best. Good need hath Greece of suggestions, prudent at once and bold, when the fires of the Trojans around us blaze fearfully near, and on this night's decision depends the fate of our army." But first the feast and then the counsel that is to prevail in this crisis. Nor is it until Atreus' son had convened the chiefs to a "strengthening meal," and each one "laying his hand on the plenteous viands before him, hunger and thirst appeased," that they betook themselves to counsel, Nestor introducing his proposal to send an embassy to Achilles, the forlorn hope of the Argives.

It was not a cheerful feast with speeches in the lighter vein; but all the more does this early example of after-dinner discussion show the value of its employment in times of great public concern. Incidentally, also, a dignity is conferred upon the custom itself which is not always considered as belonging to it. A poet who knew something of human nature makes a wise counselor and skilled orator dispose his hearers to attentive listening by removing the distractions of hunger and thirst, and inspiring the sentiments of good fellowship and unanimity which follow good cheer.

A similar scene occurs when the embassy which Nestor had nominated reaches Achilles. Among the many cautions which he conveyed to the ambassadors, it is not known whether he included the suggestion not to deliver their message until after the refreshment which the hospitable chief was sure to provide. Certain it is, however, that they did not declare their errand, curious as Achilles evidently was as to its purport, until he had ordered wine served and flesh roasted and the abundant viands were consumed and the meal concluded. An hour or two must have passed in general conversation, avoiding war topics, before the crafty Ulysses, pledging his host, began to speak with a compliment to the princely provision with which they had been received, and made his transition to the main point by adding, "Matter, however, more grave than feasts now claims our attention."

It was a noble display of appeal and rejoinder and of as sober and fateful speech as should ever cross a table. And although the purpose of the embassy failed, every favoring precaution had been taken which according to the opinion and custom of the time would contribute to its successful issue. Of these provisions the banquet and the speech are chief.

The value of these in connection with the present topic is representative. In a book which more than any other was the reflection of a remote past and a model for succeeding literature incidents like the above count for much in estimating the prevalence of a custom. If, moreover, it is found under unfavorable conditions in camps it is not unnatural to look for its prevalence in courts. Accordingly, it is instructive to turn from the epic of War to that of the Wandering, from the Iliad to the Odyssey.

It is to be expected that the character of the speech will change with the fortunes of the principal speaker. Ulysses is no longer the ambassador from a king to an offended general, but a pilgrim wandering far from his home, seeing the cities and manners of many men in times of peace. Entertained at many festive boards he listens to the song of bards, and the speech that follows is of the narrative order. He himself holds princely companies attentive by a recital of his adventures on land and sea. The long relation in the house of Alcinous, extending through four books, is the sequence to a feast in which the raconteur sat on a throne near the king "dividing portions of flesh and drinking mixed wine." So Telemachus, in Menelaus' palace, had already related the state of affairs in Ithaca, but not until the host had commanded him and his companions to "taste food and rejoice, setting before them the fat back of an ox and all kinds of flesh, with bread and many dainties, and near them golden cups." And so on through all the poem; and it might be added through all the literatures of the ancients the feasting and the speaking go together in the social and often in the business assemblies of men. Enough, however, has been cited from the principal author of remote antiquity and the inspirer and model of later writers to establish the general prevalence of the custom. He had often witnessed it, as he had seen shields and spears, chariots and ships. He portrayed what he had seen with an accuracy which was unquestioned, giving to the banquet-speech the dignity of an antiquity equal to that which belongs to any other form of public address, and the importance which pertains to great crises and interesting episodes in human affairs.

There is little need of tracing the custom through historic centuries. It was rife in primeval times; it obtains now; and as the elemental habits of social life have continued without much change in the intervening ages, it may be safely concluded that these two customs of feasting and speaking for a purpose have gone together. It will be of greater consequence to observe some of the conditions and qualities which distinguish the after-dinner speech from other forms of address, and to note some factors which contribute to its efficiency.

Of the two quantities which are to be reckoned with in the practical worth of any speech, namely, the speaker and the audience, the latter is the lesser on festive occasions.

At least it is reduced to its lowest critical power, and is raised to the highest point of charity and content. The primitive "desire of meat and drink being taken away," as the old poets have it, attention can be given unreservedly to the feast of reason; that is, if the reasoning be not too hard to follow with diminished mental activity consequent upon relaxation. Also, with the proverbial good nature which succeeds to dining almost any proposition will be assented to that does not cross a listener's political or religious principles at right angles. A certain openness of mind is apt to prevail as the result of genial influences, large companionship and variety of sentiment expressed. The soul of the guest expands, rises, and diffuses itself like the all-including post-prandial smoke, denied to the ancients, which so softens and narcotizes the atmosphere, making drowsy the sentinel nerves, that men have been known to applaud at midnight statements which they reject with suspicion next noonday. Such indulgent mood also contributes to ready appreciation of what is said, if pitched in the right key. The one faculty which is sure to be wide awake is the sense of humor, and a little wit will go a great way. Altogether the audience is in its most favorable temper, and in striking contrast to conditions which sometimes prevail in political, educational, and religious assemblies. Properly and fairly treated it will be neither excited, bored nor drowsy but sympathetic, appreciative and inspiring. It will furnish its own share of the entertainment, if the other contributor succeeds in furnishing his.

Of course the weight of responsibility falls upon the speaker, and it is not small, notwithstanding the favoring conditions. These he will be slow to presume upon. The guest who has been notified of what will be expected of him—and no other is contemplated here—will first of all not interpret literally the intimation that he may be called upon "to make a few informal remarks." That is a euphemism—a leaf which covers a trap. Or if the remarks are to be not formal, it will be understood that they are not, on this account, to be ill-considered, without form and void.

Just here the man of experience takes pains to discover in advance how large and what sort of a company is coming together, how many and who the other speakers are to be, and what the purpose of the occasion is, if it has a purpose beyond good cheer, as most festal occasions nowadays have. Such inquiries are preliminary and prerequisite to any preparation he may wish to make; and few will be so rash as to make no preparation, since it is not a speech merely but a timely speech, that tells.

Another snare that an unwary guest may easily fall into is the delusion that the inspiration of the place and the hour will put words into his mouth. It is just as likely to take them out of his mouth and ideas out of his head. There are accompaniments of a feast which are not intellectually stimulating. Things which make an audience well-conditioned do not favor the speaker in like manner. Bacon says: "Reading maketh a full man, writing an exact man, conference a ready man," but a dinner never served the last two ends, admirable as it may be for the first. Nor is the full man at his best for speaking. Let the appeal be to those who find it necessary to toy with course after course, preferring to sacrifice appetite to intellect, choosing to spoil a dinner, rather than a speech. There are doubtless those who have no apprehensions of this kind, nor of the consequences of antagonism between flesh and spirit, but they are as rare as Homeric orators and belong to a heroic age. In these degenerate days the ordinary man will not attempt feats of eating and speaking, especially in the close conjunction which distinguished the mighty in war and eloquence on the Dardan shore.

Neither does the foresighted guest hope for suggestive inspiration from other speakers to put him on the right track or to stir opposing sentiments. Debate has its own place and time, but not at a public dinner, unless the discussion of a disputed question has been made the purpose of assembling, as it seldom is made. Opposing sentiments and their defense are contrary to the spirit of a festive company. Even on one of the most unfortunate occasions of which there is an ancient record it is said, that "the people sat down to eat and drink and rose up to play"—not to argue, and dispute. And in more seemly gatherings, the spirit of contention and debate should not prevail nor any speaker hope to strike fire from opinions and sentiments opposed to his own.

Besides there is the risk that all commonplaces will be exhausted before one's turn comes, unless he is the first speaker, who may preëmpt as much of the entire field as he chooses. It is a skilled speaker who can warm over what others have uttered without getting charged with plagiarism or being called a parrot. Dependence on fortuitous aid will be abandoned at the start by those who wish to be assured of a reasonable success. It is an instance of "every man for himself"—and frequently of the rest of the proverb.

By this time it will be suspected that some preparation is deemed necessary for an after-dinner speech, as in the case of other speaking. If the known practice of many of the best speakers is worth anything, it may be inferred that very careful prevision and provision are needful. Prevision to see what is likely to be timely and effective: provision to secure it and order it in effective sequence. Assuming that foresight has been exercised, something may be said of the kind of preparation which will be most serviceable for after-dinner remarks.

This word "remarks" is the term by which most speakers prefer to designate such efforts as they choose to make on these occasions. They do not dignify them by the more formal title of a speech, much less an oration. Accordingly the preparation to be made is not such as would be required for either of these more pretentious performances. All appearance of division into the sections of exordium, argument and peroration would be as much out of place as an oration itself. At the same time perhaps a greater skill may be required to accomplish the ends for which these divisions are essential in more elaborate addresses. There is a beginning, a middle and an ending to a paragraph even, and much more to any discourse, long or short. Ordinary conversation has its conventional beginning and ending, which are not like the burden of it between the salutation and the parting of the interlocutors. Remarks when one has the floor cannot violate this natural impulse; and the opening sentences will often present more difficulty than in conversation where the much-worn weather topic always offers common ground of agreement as a starting-point. The amenities of the occasion and the purpose of the coming together generally serve the toastmaster or ruler of the feast and one or two more a good turn, but are not to be depended upon by every one. A man of ready wit may catch a starting word from the chairman's introduction or from the last speaker, if it will fit on to what he is going to say. This certainly gives an unpremeditated air at the start which is most desirable, but to rely upon such a send-off is risky. At the beginning, of all places, one needs to be sure of getting under way without hesitation and entanglement. And although it is not the place for anything profound, it is, all in all, the most trying part of the speech.

The pat anecdote is useful here, especially if it seems to have fallen accidentally into the line of remark. It is a powerful magnet for attracting immediate and universal attention, and a capital pointer to indicate the direction which the speaker is going to take, and may be made the keynote of his discourse. Fortunate is the man who has his quiver full of them and knows which one to draw and when. There is but one drawback to the use of an anecdote as he rises to speak. It may arouse an attention which can be maintained only by a corresponding interest in the matter that follows. To make this, in its way, as interesting as a good story, is possible, but difficult.

For this reason the burden of preparation will fall upon the body of the speech. A speaker who takes the time which has been surrendered from sleeping hours, or which others might occupy, ought to offer something by way of compensation. He will not merely say something, but will have something to say. It may not be anything vastly wise or erudite or mightily instructive or amusing. But it should be sensible, to some point, and in harmony with the occasion. It is not always an easy task to do this and may need more effort than the speaker is willing to put into it. If, however, he should conclude that rambling talk will answer as well, and trust to the inspiration of the hour and the table and the company, they may fail him.

No minute suggestions can be made as to the details of preparation. Assemblies are convened for all sorts of objects —usually with a financial appeal for a good cause in the background or foreground even. To become an effective advocate requires acquaintance with the subject, sympathy with its demands, and devotion to its aims. These qualities give power to any words that are an expression of them—a few suggestions from a man of affairs often availing more than flights of wordy enthusiasm.

Or the feast may be of a reminiscent, commemorative, or congratulatory order. Good taste, generous sentiment, sober and fond recollection may be more needful than knowledge and zeal. Indirect praise without adulation, the best phase of life and character presented, to which all portraiture has a right. For each and every kind of remark the preparation will be according to the kind. Fitness is the single and all-pervading demand. In general, however, it must be said that lightness and good humor will be the prevailing tone on most occasions, as becomes their festal character. More serious ones are not usually introduced by the pleasures of the table, and require a more elaborate preparation. The labor given to lighter remarks, it may be added, is often in the direction of abundance rather than of profundity. Abundance for the reason that previous speakers may make sad inroads upon what first occurs to one to say, and that he may need to carry more oil to the feast than he expects to burn. The late speaker may have little of his accumulation of material left untouched by his predecessors. Therefore his stock should be large and various. Moreover, he should allow some margin for forgetfulness and recall Lowell's remark, and Goethe's, and Thackeray's too: "This evening I made the best speech of my life, —but it was in my carriage as I was coming home, saying the things I forgot to say to the company."

There is a third and final section of every speech, long or short, which has its own difficulties. If it is hard to begin prosperously, it is sometimes harder to close gracefully and effectively. In the first place it is important to know when to conclude. The best time may be very soon after the opening sentence. The guest who was called on unexpectedly was as wise as witty when he remarked, that great speakers were no longer available: "Demosthenes is dead, Cicero is dead, and I am not feeling well myself," and sat down! But he was a man who might have entertained the company for hours.

It is fatal, however, for many to suppose that because they are asked to speak a long speech is desired. The hours are apt to be few and the speakers many. But extemporaneous talkers are the worst of time-keepers. The fear of not having enough to fill a few minutes often carries one on to many until all consciousness of time is gone. Or the elation bred by fluency may produce the same result. Then, too, the respectful attention or easy applause of a good-natured company may be delusive. It is not an unknown occurrence that an erudite and long-winded speaker has mistaken the stamping which was intended to silence him for genuine applause, and has continued to labor on for the supposed gratification of his tired hearers after he would himself have gladly closed. Therefore, it is not always safe to trust to the appearance of an audience for the gauge of interest. A watch in the hands of a next neighbor at the table is more trustworthy. Even the rare speaker from a manuscript on the cloth has an advantage with respect to time limit. He knows how long he will be in reading it. It would be well if the rule of the debater's signal could be established by general consent, and the clink of a tumbler notify the speaker when to begin to make an end. Then he could make it in such time as he might allow himself or be allowed.

If he has a purpose to gain or a cause to further, the close of his speech, according to the common rule of address, will be convincing or persuasive. There will be a climax of some sort as the outcome of what has gone before. It may be serious or humorous, but the weight of it, like the weight of a hammer, will be at the far end, if anything is to be enforced and a lasting impression left. This does not imply that the impression of the speech as a whole is not to be considered, nor that all its grace, fitness and power are to be reserved for the closing sentences. These simply gather up the thoughts that have been presented and mass their appropriateness and their force.

This ordering and prearrangement of a speech may seem too careful and formal for so informal remarks as an after dinner speech is supposed to be. To be sure there are all grades and sorts of such discourses, as there are all kinds of occasions and dinners, which themselves are often extremely formal and elaborate. An address which should resemble a sumptuous banquet in its artificiality and length should not be contemplated for a moment. Yet there are occasions whose dignity and importance demand an expenditure of thought and care in furnishing an intellectual feast commensurate with the provision that has been made for the refinements of appetite. It is with these important occasions in mind that the foregoing pages have been written, since lesser and informal gatherings will furnish their own standard of performance. If the greater demand is handsomely met, the lesser is easily provided for.

In the collection of speeches here presented there will be found much to confirm the position taken, that there is room for the exercise of great art and skill in this branch of public address. Its seeming informality requires an art that conceals art. Needful lightness of expression may cover thoughts that are profound. Good humor may render palatable truths that are in themselves distasteful. Shrewd presentation may obtain a hearing for unwelcome facts, and unfailing tact may lead up to propositions that would have been summarily dismissed at the outset. The diligent reader of these speeches will find illustrations of these and similar qualities in addresses of one and another master of an art as rare as it is felicitous. Such perusal cannot fail to be of service to those who sooner or later are likely to be called upon to contribute their word of good humor or good cheer, of wisdom or counsel, of encomium or eulogy, before the most receptive and appreciative of audiences in an after-dinner speech.

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES

N–Z

JOHN PHILIP NEWMAN

COMMERCE

[Speech of Rev. Dr. John P. Newman, at the 115th annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, May 8, 1883. The President, George W. Lane, presided, and said: "Gentlemen, I give you the fifth regular toast: 'Commerce—distributing to all regions the productions of each, and, providing for the wants of all, it combines in friendly intercourse the nations of the earth.' To this toast the Rev. Dr. Newman will respond."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF NEW YORK:—This is a beautiful toast—beautiful both in structure and sentiment and would that it were true. [Applause.] It is true in theory but not in history. It may be the voice of prophecy whose fulfillment shall be a sublime fact. It is in the highest degree worthy of this Chamber of Commerce and cannot fail in its peaceful mission among the nations of the earth. [Applause.] But the ages testify that selfishness and greed have marked the commercial history of the world. How splendid have been the achievements of commerce, and how deplorable its failure to realize its legitimate mission— to unify the human race. "Get all you can, and keep all you get," were the selfish maxims that influenced the Dutch merchants in Sumatra, Java, and Ceylon. The renowned merchants of Portugal planted their commercial colonies on the rich coasts of Malabar, took possession of the Persian Gulf and transformed the barren island of Ormus into a paradise of wealth and luxury. But of that far-famed island Milton sang in these truthful and immortal lines:—

"High on a throne of royal state which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand,
Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
Satan exalted sat."

There is no less truth than poetry in that last line, for there the devil sat, and Tom Moore's "Fair Isle of Kisham" has faded from the visions of the world. [Applause.]

The Spanish merchants grasped the wealthy States of South America, and held as captives the affluent Incas of Peru and Bolivia. But Spain has long since retired from her commercial supremacy and the South American Provinces are left poor indeed.

While every Anglo-Saxon is justly proud of England's greatness in art and learning, in statesmanship and martial prowess, yet her commercial history does not always reflect credit upon her foreign trade. Rapacity so characterized her merchants who composed the old East India Company that the British Government felt compelled to revoke the charter of that famous monopoly. Influenced by some of her merchants the guns of her invincible navy opened the treaty ports of China and forced the opium trade upon the Celestials against their earnest protests, and in that protest not a few of the best Englishmen joined.

Happily for us, the United States has been more fortunate because more honorable in her commercial intercourse with other lands. [Applause.] By his justice, by his prudence, by his firmness, Commodore Perry [cheers], our great sailor diplomatist, not only opened to us Japan, that "Kingdom of the Rising Sun," but secured for America the friendship and admiration of the Japanese. And there is to-day, awaiting the action of our nation, a treaty of amity and commerce, drawn by the wisest of men, the most sagacious of statesmen, the greatest of living soldiers; and when that treaty shall have been ratified, the United States and Mexico will be united in friendly intercourse, sweet and pleasant, like the love of David and Jonathan. [Applause.]

It is a great question whether this country shall repeat the commercial history of the world, or carry to glorious consummation the noble sentiment of this toast. All the signs of the times seem to indicate that the commercial scepter of the world, held by the Phœnicians for 1,000 years, held by the Romans through a whole millennium, held by the Venetians during five centuries, held by the Portuguese for three hundred years, and since held by the English—whether that scepter is not rapidly to pass into the hands of the American merchant; and when that is an accomplished fact, we shall hear less of the decline of American shipping or that the balance of trade is against us. [Applause.] Our vast domain, our immense resources, our unparalleled productive capacity, all seem to prophesy that we are largely to feed and clothe Adam's innumerable family. [Applause.] If so, then any calm and sagacious mind must realize that our present methods of forming commercial treaties should be radically changed. If it has been found necessary to have a Department of Agriculture, a Department of Education, why not a Department of Commerce, connected with the National Government, and from which shall come the suggestions, the facts, and the influence for the formation of commercial treaties, and at the head of which shall be a wise and prudent merchant conversant with the products of all lands and familiar with the best interests of our own country? [Applause.] The science of political economy is so profound, so complicated, so far-reaching as to transcend the capacity of the average statesman. It has become a specialty. Congressional committees on Commerce and on Foreign Relations are hardly adequate to the task. Not a few of the members of such know more about ward elections than tariff laws, and know as little about products and trade of foreign lands as of the geography of other nations. Let us lift the whole subject of commerce from the arena of partisan politics. [Applause.]

This toast looks forward to the friendship of nations. The merchant is the chosen John the Baptist of that better day. The merchant is the true cosmopolitan—the citizen of the world. Farmers with their products of the soil, flocks and herds are local; miners with their metallic mines and mineral mountains are local; manufacturers with their fabrics of skill are local; inventors with their manifold contrivances to lift the burden of toil from the shoulders of humanity, are local; artists, with their canvas that glows and their marble that breathes, are local; authors, with their mighty thoughts of truth and fiction, are local; statesmen with their laws, wise and otherwise [laughter], are local; but the merchant is the cosmopolitan citizen of the world, the friend of all, the enemy of none, a stranger nowhere, at home everywhere; who sails all seas, travels all lands, and to whom all come with their fruit of hand and brain, waiting for a home or a foreign market. [Applause.]

Commerce should ever be the voice of peace. Aided by science, and sanctified by religion, it should be the all-powerful stimulant to universal amity. The honest and honorable merchant is the natural antagonist of the factious politician, the ambitious statesman, the glory-seeking warrior. [Applause.] While the merchant is the most ardent of patriots, commerce is the unifier of nations, whereby is to be fulfilled the dream of poets and the vision of seers in the brotherhood of man, in a congress of nations, and a parliament of the world. The old German Hanseatic League, representing sixty-six maritime cities and fourty-four dependencies, seemed to prophesy an international chamber of commerce for the peace of the whole earth. If the high interests of our Christian civilization demand International Congresses of Law, of Geography, of Peace, how much more an International Congress of Commerce, to give direction to the relations of peace and trade between all peoples. This would approach the realization of the dream of a universal republic. [Applause.]

It is eminently proper that from this Christian city should go forth the voice of commercial peace, honesty and honor; give us such Christian merchants as Peter Cooper [cheers], as William E. Dodge [cheers], as Governor Morgan [cheers], dealing fairly and honorably with the weaker States with which we shall trade. [Applause.] For say what you please, Christianity is the religion of industry, of thrift, of wealth, demanding the comforts of life and enriching all who follow its divine precepts, and giving to the world that code of higher and better commercial morality whereby wealth is permanent, and riches are a benediction. [Applause.] Awakened by this unseen power, it is commercial enterprise that has transformed our earth into one vast neighborhood, that has made air and ocean whispering galleries, that has started the iron horse to stride a continent in seven days and launched the majestic steamer which touches two continents between two Sundays. [Applause.]

I confess to you, gentlemen, that I have no fear from the accumulations of vast mercantile wealth when under the benign constraints of religion. Wealth is the handmaid of religion. Such wealth has beautified the face of society, has advanced to this consummation those great philanthropic enterprises which have delivered the oppressed and saved the Republic, and which have filled our city with schools of learning, galleries of art, halls of justice, houses of mercy, and temples of piety. [Continued applause.]

RICHARD OGLESBY

THE ROYAL CORN

[Speech of Ex-Governor Richard Oglesby at the banquet of the Fellowship Club, Chicago, September 9, 1894, on the occasion of the Harvest-Home Festival. The Toast-master was Franklin H. Head, and the toast that he gave to each speaker was, "What I Know About Farming." In the report by Volney W. Foster, member of the Club, it is recorded that the Governor rose slowly, after being called upon by the toast-master, and was seemingly waiting for an inspiration. He looked deliberately upon the harvest decorations of the room and finally seemed to rest upon the magnificent stalks of corn that adorned the walls. He then slowly and impressively paid the following impromptu tribute to the corn.]

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—The corn, the corn, the corn, that in its first beginning and its growth has furnished aptest illustration of the tragic announcement of the chiefest hope of man. If he die he shall surely live again. Planted in the friendly but somber bosom of the mother earth it dies. Yea, it dies the second death, surrendering up each trace of form and earthly shape until the outward tide is stopped by the reacting vital germ which, breaking all the bonds and cerements of its sad decline, comes bounding, laughing into life and light, the fittest of all the symbols that make certain promise of the fate of man. And so it died and then it lived again. And so my people died. By some unknown, uncertain and unfriendly fate, I found myself making my first journey into life from conditions as lowly as those surrounding that awakening, dying living, infant germ. It was in those days when I, a simple boy, had wandered from Indiana to Springfield, that I there met the father of this good man [Joseph Jefferson] whose kind and gentle words to me were as water to a thirsty soul, as the shadow of a rock to weary man. I loved his father then, I love the son now. Two full generations have been taught by his gentleness, and smiles and tears have quickly answered to the command of his artistic mind. Long may he live to make us laugh and cry, and cry and laugh by turns as he may choose to move us.

But now again my mind turns to the glorious corn. See it! Look on its ripening, waving field! See how it wears a crown, prouder than monarch ever wore, sometimes jauntily; and sometimes after the storm the dignified survivors of the tempest seem to view a field of slaughter and to pity a fallen foe. And see the pendant caskets of the corn-field filled with the wine of life, and see the silken fringes that set a form for fashion and for art. And now the evening comes and something of a time to rest and listen. The scudding clouds conceal the half and then reveal the whole of the moonlit beauty of the night, and then the gentle winds make heavenly harmonies on a thousand-thousand harps that hang upon the borders and the edges and the middle of the field of ripening corn, until my very heart seems to beat responsive to the rising and the falling of the long melodious refrain. The melancholy clouds sometimes make shadows on the field and hide its aureate wealth, and now they move, and slowly into sight there comes the golden glow of promise for an industrious land. Glorious corn, that more than all the sisters of the field wears tropic garments. Nor on the shore of Nilus or of Ind does nature dress her forms more splendidly. My God, to live again that time when for me half the world was good and the other half unknown! And now again, the corn, that in its kernel holds the strength that shall (in the body of the man refreshed) subdue the forest and compel response from every stubborn field, or, shining in the eye of beauty make blossoms of her cheeks and jewels of her lips and thus make for man the greatest inspiration to well-doing, the hope of companionship of that sacred, warm and well-embodied soul, a woman.

Aye, the corn, the Royal Corn, within whose yellow heart there is of health and strength for all the nations. The corn triumphant, that with the aid of man hath made victorious procession across the tufted plain and laid foundation for the social excellence that is and is to be. This glorious plant, transmuted by the alchemy of God, sustains the warrior in battle, the poet in song, and strengthens everywhere the thousand arms that work the purposes of life. Oh that I had the voice of song, or skill to translate into tones the harmonies, the symphonies and oratorios that roll across my soul, when standing sometimes by day and sometimes by night upon the borders of this verdant sea, I note a world of promise, and then before one-half the year is gone I view its full fruition and see its heaped gold await the need of man. Majestic, fruitful, wondrous plant! Thou greatest among the manifestations of the wisdom and love of God, that may be seen in all the fields or upon the hillsides or in the valleys!

RICHARD OLNEY

COMMERCE AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE LAW

[This address was delivered at the 136th Annual Banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, held at Delmonico's November 15, 1904. Richard Olney, born 1835, died 1917, eminent lawyer and statesman was Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Cleveland.]

I AM obliged to you, Mr. President, for your complimentary introduction, and highly appreciate the cordial greeting of this distinguished gathering.

I have been informed by the President that I am desired to speak to the sentiment, "Commerce in its Relations to the Law." The subject is so large a one that you naturally hear the statement of it with some alarm. I hasten to allay your fears by assuring you that I propose to emulate George Washington and Thomas Jefferson, neither of whom, Mr. Morley says he is informed, ever made a speech of more than ten minutes' length. In that time, of course, only one or two phases of the great theme assigned me can possibly be touched upon.

It is almost superfluous to premise that law is the very life blood of commerce, although it may be equally pertinent to add that without commerce—commerce in the largest sense, and comprising all pacific dealings between men—the law would perish from inanition—and my friend on my left (Mr. Shaw) would undoubtedly say that the lawyers also would share the same fate. Commerce and the law are, in truth, interdependent, and the question which is to be deemed the first in time and importance is like the old insoluble conundrum—whether the egg precedes the hen or the hen precedes the egg. [Laughter.]

If the intimate connection between commerce and the law everywhere and always is too plain to be overlooked the most superficial student cannot fail to be struck with the vital part both have played in American history. In differences over commercial relations with the mother country originated American discontent with British rule, the Declaration of Independence, the Revolutionary War, and the final severance of the American colonies from the British crown. That done, we made ourselves into a nation under a written constitution of government. What were the guiding motives of its authors? What were the two great ends they had in view? One of course was protection and defense as against foreign aggression. But the other was the regulation of the national commerce, that is, of all commerce, foreign and domestic, not limited by State lines. Could there be a greater tribute to commerce than that it was thus and then recognized as one of the two great objects of the creation of a national government? And could there be a greater tribute to law than that, embodied in its highest form in the national constitution, it was thus and then recognized as the next friend and best guardian of commerce? The wisdom of the men of 1789 has been fully vindicated by the course of events, and to-day it may almost, if not quite, be asserted that the controversies arising under the national commerce power and adjudicated by the Supreme Court of the United States exceed in number and interest and importance all the other controversies that great arbitral tribunal is called upon to determine.

The term "arbitral" suggests another feature of the relations between commerce and the law of the first importance. The law not only supplies the rule by which commerce is regulated and the machinery by which the rule is given effect. It is also the substitute in the affairs of civilized men for the domination of brute force, and it conserves and stimulates commerce by promoting international peace. Commerce thrives and grows only in the atmosphere of peace, and the American people have always given all efforts for arbitral treaties between the United States and foreign countries the strongest approval. They observe, I am sure, with the greatest satisfaction, everything the Washington government is now doing in that direction. But what in essence are such treaties, and what, if effective, do they really accomplish? They simply put the rule of law in the place of the tyranny of the strong hand, and make right instead of might the controlling factor in the commercial and other intercourse between States. The substitution should be peculiarly acceptable to all peoples not afflicted with despotic rule, and with whom the cardinal political tenet is that government shall be a government of laws and not of men. [Applause.] Yet it has been urged against a proposed arbitral treaty between England and America that to submit a really great cause to an arbitral tribunal made up on the customary plan would be to take a serious risk. Each party having an equal number of arbitrators, the foreign umpire, it was argued, would really decide the case; from lack of knowledge or inadvertance might reach results not desired by either party; or might be so biased or prejudiced by interest or sentiment as to completely ignore the intrinsic merits of the case. The best solution of this difficulty thus far offered is one especially applicable and appropriate as between the two great English-speaking peoples. Both have a unique and almost unquestioning faith in their judges, in their integrity, impartiality, and wisdom, and the solution I refer to consists of dispensing with the foreign umpire and constituting the arbitral tribunal of national judges of the highest repute, chosen half by one party and half by the other. How vital it is that such an arbitral board should consist of judges, of judges too high-minded and too eminent in station to be suspected of mere partisanship, is shown by a recent instance in which the Lord Chief Justice of England saved the situation, and by coinciding with the views of his American colleagues on the Board, prevented a deadlock which would have aggravated all the difficulties and perils the arbitration was designed to remove. [Great applause.]

In this connection, and in view of the immense importance of a good working provision for a peaceful mode of settling controversies between Great Britain and this country, let me add a single suggestion. It is not enough that a dispute be settled by arbitration, nor even that it be settled right. It should be so settled that the loser shall have sufficient reason to believe that its side of the case has been fully and fairly considered and dealt with. To pack such an arbitral tribunal as I have been describing with political partisans publicly pledged in advance to one view of the case, and thus to make it certain from the start that, if any decision is reached, it can be only one way, may be smart practice, may result in an award for the party indulging in the practice. But a victory so obtained may be worse than a defeat, is worse than a defeat if it leaves behind it a people which should be friendly but which is alienated and aggrieved, not so much because it has lost as because it never had a chance to win. The basis of all true arbitration is the confidence of the parties in each other's honesty of purpose and fairness of dealing. No deadlier wound can be inflicted upon the cause of peace through international arbitration than to shake that confidence. Yet shaken it must be if a court of arbitration that ought to be as judicial and impartial as the lot of humanity will permit, is so treated in its make-up by one of the parties as to make impossible any verdict against itself. Not to consent to arbitration may be justifiable, and, at all events, is straightforward; to delude an opponent by a consent which is a sort of "Heads I win and tails you lose" affair, is unworthy of a self-respecting nation, and is as bad in point of policy as it is indefensible in point of morals. [Applause.]

The New York Chamber of Commerce, interested in international arbitration because it means peace and interested in peace because it is vital to commerce, cannot exercise its great influence at home and abroad to better purpose than to stand on every fit occasion, not only for arbitration as against war between nations, but for arbitration arranged and conducted on the highest plane of honor and good faith. [Applause.] No legal tribunal, of course, is competent to enforce correct conduct as between sovereign States or to punish for misconduct. Yet there is a bar to enlightened public opinion before which every State must stand and plead and justify itself under penalty of the censure and condemnation of the civilized world. And to form and mold that opinion, and give it weight and authority, is among the highest functions of the famous association whose splendid hospitality brings us together this evening and whose annual feast is one of the most notable occasions of the American year. [Applause.]

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

MOORE, THE BARD OF ERIN

[Speech of John Boyle O'Reilly at a banquet held in Boston, May 27, 1879, in commemoration of the centenary of Thomas Moore. Mr. O'Reilly, as chairman of the banquet, sat at the head of the table, with Oliver Wendell Holmes on his right, and Mayor Frederick O. Prince on his left. The company numbered more than one hundred, and was a representative gathering, mostly of Irish-American citizens. The toast to the memory of Moore, with which Mr. O'Reilly's speech closed, was drunk by the company standing, the orchestra meanwhile playing "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."]

GENTLEMEN:—The honorable distinction you have given me in seating me at the head of your table involves a duty of weight and delicacy. At such a board as this, where Genius sits smiling at Geniality, the President becomes a formality, and the burden of his duty is to make himself a pleasant nobody, yet natural to the position. Like the apprentice of the armorer, it is my task only to hold the hot iron on the anvil while the skilled craftsmen strike out the flexible sword-blade. There is no need for me to praise or analyze the character or fame of the great poet whose centennial we celebrate. This will be done presently by abler hands, in eloquent verse and prose. Tom Moore was a poet of all lands, and it is fitting that his centenary should be observed in cosmopolitan fashion. But he was particularly the poet of Ireland, and on this point I may be allowed to say a word, as one proud to be an Irishman, and prouder still to be an American.

Not blindly but kindly we lay our wreath of rosemary and immortelles on the grave of Moore. We do not look to him for the wisdom of the statesman or the boldness of the popular leader. Neither do we look for solidity to the rosebush, nor for strength to the nightingale, yet each is perfect of its kind. We take Tom Moore as God sent him—not only the sweetest song-writer of Ireland, but even in this presence I may say, the first song-writer in the English language, not even excepting

Burns. The harshness of nature or even of human relations found faint response in his harmonious being. He was born in the darkness of the penal days; he lived to manhood under the cruel law that bred a terrible revolution; but he never was a rebel. He was the college companion and bosom friend of Robert Emmet, who gave his beautiful life on the gibbet in protest against the degradation of his country; but Moore took only a fitful part in the stormy political agitation of the time. When all was done it was clear that he was one thing and no other—neither a sufferer, a rebel, an agitator, nor a reformer, but wholly and simply a poet. He did not rebel, and he scarcely protested. But he did his work as well as the best, in his own way. He sat by the patriot's grave and sang tearful songs that will make future rebels and patriots.

It was a hard task for an Irishman, in Moore's day, to win distinction, unless he achieved it by treason to his own country. In his own bitter words:—

"Unpriz'd are her sons till they've learned to betray;
Undistinguished they live, if they shame not their sires;
And the torch that would light them thro' dignity's way
Must be caught from the pile where their country expires."

And yet Moore set out to win distinction, and to win it in the hardest field. The literary man in those days could only live by the patronage of the great, and the native nobility of Ireland was dead or banished. A poet, too, must have an audience; and Moore knew that his audience must not only be his poor countrymen, but all who spoke the English language. He lived as an alien in London, and it is hard for an alien to secure recognition anywhere, and especially an alien poet. The songs he sang, too, were not English in subject or tone, but Irish. They were filled with the sadness of his unhappy country. He despaired of the freedom of Ireland, and bade her:—

"Weep on, weep on, your hour is past,
Your dream of pride is o'er;"

but he did not turn from the ruin to seek renown from strange and profitable subjects. As the polished Greeks, even in defeat, conquered their Roman conquerors by their refinement, so this poet sang of Ireland's sorrow and wrong till England

and the world turned to listen. In one of his melodies, which is full of pathetic apology to his countrymen for his apparent friendship to England, he sighs in secret over Erin's ruin:—

"For 'tis treason to love her and death to defend."

He foresaw even then the immortality of his verse and the affection of future generations, when he wrote:—

"But tho' glory be gone, and tho' hope fade away,
  Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not e'en in the hour when the heart is most gay,
  Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.
The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
  The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep;
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
  Shall pause at the song of their captive and weep."

But this was not his entire work for Ireland and for true literature and art; nor is it for this sentimental reason that his centenary is observed throughout the world. In some countries we are able to see the beginning of the artistic or literary life of the nation; we can even name the writer or artist who began the beautiful structure; and though the pioneer work is often crude, it merits and receives the gratitude of the nation. Though Moore was an original poet of splendid imagination, he undertook a national work in which his flights were restrained by the limitations of his task. He set himself to write new words to old music. He found scattered over Ireland, mainly hidden in the cabins of the poor, pieces of antique gold, inestimable jewels that were purely Irish. These were in danger of being lost to the world, or of being malformed, or stolen from their rightful owners, by strangers who could discover their value. These jewels were old Irish airs—those exquisite fabrics which Moore raised into matchless beauty in his delicious melodies. This was his great work. He preserved the music of his nation and made it imperishable. It can never be lost again till English ceases to be spoken. He struck it out like a golden coin, with Erin's stamp on it; and it has become current and unquestioned in all civilized nations. For this we celebrate his centennial. For this, gentlemen, I call on you to rise—for after one year, or a hundred, or a thousand, we may pour a libation to a great man—I ask you rise and drink—"The memory of Tom Moore."

EUGENE HARVEY OUTERBRIDGE

THE PORT OF NEW YORK

[This address was given before the Sphinx Club December 13, 1921.]

Mr. President, Members of the Sphinx Club and Guests:—New York must indeed be seeing a new vision when a body of men such as this, meeting for their annual social reunion, instead of asking speakers to recall the days of former convivial enjoyment by discussing the Port of Oporto that comes from the sunny hills of Portugal and cheers but not inebriates, invites them to speak of the Port of New York which is notable for its great expanse of that commodity which is now proscribed by the 18th Amendment to the Constitution.

However, sometimes a little humor does, like the pollution of our harbor waters, seep into this otherwise serious problem. For instance, you gentlemen, who carefully scan all the papers, no doubt saw on Monday morning the scare headlines that three horrible bandits, one of them well known as Al Smith (former Governor of the State) and two accomplices, Lewis H. Pounds and your humble servant, were stealing all New York City's piers and docks and getting away with them across the boundary to New Jersey—a $200,000,000 get-away. I rubbed my eyes and at first thought the Mayor's fears must have arisen because of the temporary absence of Commissioner Enright on vacation, but on further reading I saw that the Mayor himself claims to have detected the bandits and to have defeated the hold-up, thereby proving himself the best of Police Commissioners. The bandits, I understand, will present an alibi when they are arraigned at the bar of public opinion. We of the Port Authority have no controversy with the municipal authorities of New York; on the contrary, we are just as keenly interested in protecting and facilitating the improvement of the city's property and interests as they are. It is altruism on our part. as we draw no salaries and would lose nothing if we were discharged, but on the contrary would gain the personal advantage of being able to attend properly to some of our personal affairs.

We are not too proud to fight if we are attacked, but while all great nations of the earth are gathered in Washington to agree upon expunging poison gas from warfare, we believe all good citizens should observe the truce and conform to the principles. We have incited our friends in the municipal government to sit in the game with us. We have said it would cost no ante to come in and that we would like to play with all the cards face up so that the economic counters could be correctly appraised by all. They have always refused. Perhaps they consider that the *stakes are too large* for their contemplation. Having refused to sit in the game they now call us four flushers. We do not resent epithets; we do not even mind being called bad names, as we know they frequently call each other much worse ones on public occasions, but it is only expressing their sense of humor and they probably do not really think so badly of us after all.

What is the Port of New York—its waters are salt but from the fact that you have invited me to speak to you about it it is clear the salt has not lost its savor. It is in every sense the largest port in the world and perhaps that is why, speaking generally, it is so little comprehended. Its shore fronts are about 800 miles and to coast entirely along them in a vessel of 10 knots in daylight hours would take eight days, or as long as an average passage across the Atlantic. The adjacent shorefronts are largely undeveloped, awaiting the enterprise of man and the transportation facilities necessary to promote a growth of population and an expansion of industry and commerce such as eye hath not seen nor ear heard of in any part of the world. How Jules Verne could have seized upon such material as this and have written a story to stir the imagination and challenge the spirit of accomplishment even among such busy and self centered people as we New Yorkers!

As a nation we have been prodigal in the waste rather than in the use of our natural resources, but in the Port of New York we have been prodigal in the neglect of our opportunities. Even prodigality in the use of them could scarcely exhaust their immense possibilities. We have grown amazingly in spite of neglect of port planning because of the natural advantages afforded us but in doing so we have created points of congestion which check the easy flow of commerce, limit our capacity and entail heavy expense.

We are using automobiles, telephones, amplifiers, and many products of invention, art and science for our comfort and better intercourse among ourselves but in our port terminal operations we are in the main using the methods of our forefathers when old St. Paul's churchyard was uptown. If Rip Van Winkle suddenly returned to look upon New York with its skyscrapers, its wonderful shops, its ever fascinating crowds he would say, "I must have had a long sleep," but when he wandered to the Hudson River and saw the tugs and lighters and car floats, he would say, "Oh, not I, but the people of New York have been asleep."

I shall not take your time to either ask or answer why. As members of the Port Authority it is

> "Not ours to reason why
> We have but to do or die"

in the attempt to overcome the loss and inertia of the past, to plan so that we may catch up with our past mistakes and recover our lost opportunities. It is a herculean task. I shall not weary you with details or statistics. The picture you are to see will state them more graphically and impressively.

What is the problem? Briefly, it is to apply modern science, experience and invention to the development of the natural advantages at hand.

What are the obstacles? Here are just a few:

1. The general ignorance of and indifference to the subject,
2. The immense and complex character of it,
3. The diverse authorities and interests involved, many of which see only their own tiny part or prerogatives and are jealous of others, or are unable or unwilling to look at a larger horizon,
4. Stubborn adherence to old customs.

How are these obstacles to be overcome?

1. By education of all the people as to what the Port problem really means to them in the cost of doing business, of living and in the facility to earn their living.

2. By exhaustive, intensive and continuous study by qualified and trained men such as those on the Staff of the Port Authority and as they have been doing it.

3. By a proper spirit of coöperation between all the various public and private agencies working with and through a coordinating agency with adequate powers of administration.

The compact between the States of New York and New Jersey provides such an agency and most of the many other official and unofficial units are showing such a spirit of cooperation.

4. By demonstrating the economies and advantages to be obtained by the application of modern scientific methods, so as to remove prejudice and change uneconomic customs.

You are a body of men who have to think in large figures, who are called upon to devise original and appealing methods of approach to large constituencies. Who have to possess great imagination, harnessed with sound horse sense. Your business depends upon producing business for others; your success depends upon the progressive growth in the success you can create for others.

Think, then, of this port to-day, with 75,000,000 tons of rail freight per annum, with 45,000,000 tons of steamship freight per annum, with 8,000 steamships entering or leaving the port yearly, with an unknown and almost incalculable local waterborne commerce, with a manufacturing output in volume and variety unparalleled anywhere else in a similar area. With 8,000,000 people to be housed, clothed and fed,—then let your eye run over the largest body of sheltered waters of any port in the world, with 800 miles of shore front, much of it undeveloped, and then give your imagination free play; think of its being capable, under proper development, of handling commerce and industry tenfold their present dimensions and population in proportion and won't your sound horse sense tell you that the Port of New York is the greatest advertising proposition the world has ever known; that to have a part in producing such results is to build for one's own fortune; that the Port of New York, like "The Call of the

Wild" to the hunter of game, must and shall be made the "Lure of the World" to the hunters of commerce and trade.

No organization or persons can help in that achievement more than you can. Does it not challenge your spirit of accomplishment? Doesn't it make you think in big figures? Doesn't it promise you largest rewards? Doesn't your horse sense drive you to do it through all the mediums and with all the virile power you possess; and then the investment of your one talent shall return you ten talents and having been faithful over a few things you shall become rulers over many.

ROBERT L. OWEN

THE CURRENCY BILL

[Speech delivered by Senator Owen before the Economic Club of New York, November 10, 1913. The bill discussed by Senator Owen was later adopted, establishing the Federal Reserve Bank. Mr. James Speyer introduced Senator Owen as follows: "It is a great honor for me to introduce to you as the next speaker a man who has had ten years' experience as the president of a national bank, and who has been in public life for years; one who has by his sympathy with us given proof of that intelligence and altruistic spirit so essential to a successful legislator and who now occupies the place of Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency in the Senate of the United States,—Senator Owen." (Applause.)]

GENTLEMEN OF THE ECONOMIC CLUB:—It gives me great pleasure to appear before you and to advocate this remarkable mastodon, which the professor says has been erected or partially constructed down in the city of Washington. The luminous and interesting remarks of the professor, in criticism of this strange animal, remind me of the wonderful accuracy and geographical learning of a distinguished citizen of New York who engaged me in conversation at the Knickerbocker Hotel some time ago. He sat down and after some genial conversation finally said to me: "Where are you from, sir?" I said with reasonable and pardonable pride, "I am from Oklahoma." He said, "Ah, what state is that in, sir?" [Laughter.]

The time allotted me by the Club is very short. I must not detain you many minutes. There are others to be heard.

This Bill proposes to give to the financial system of the United States certain important improvements which have been found essential to the perfection of our national banking system. It is agreed on all hands by those who are learned in this matter that we need to concentrate and to make mobile the bank reserves of the United States; that we need to supplement the concentration and mobilization of reserves by elastic currency and by these means build up in this country an open discount market which will enable the business man of the country at all times to obtain the accommodation which his merit entitles him to. We need these improvements in our financial system in order to stablize the interest rate.

I remind you that the Bank of France during the last fifty years for over three quarters of the time has not gone above a three per cent. interest rate; that for eighty-five per cent. of the time it has never exceeded four per cent.; and the same thing is measurably true of the German Empire because of the great influence of the Reichsbank acting there as a great public utility bank,—a bank holding in its hand the available reserves having the power to issue "legal tender notes." And I beg you, gentlemen of the Economic Club, to mark the words "legal tender notes" against commercial bills under a penalty sufficient to cause automatic retirement. The Bank of France in like manner has the right to issue a large volume of bank-notes; also legal tender notes, private corporation though it be; and the Bank of France keeps available at all times a sufficient margin of those notes to protect the commerce and industry of the French Republic against any possible demand upon it.

It is easy to criticize a measure; it is far more difficult to write one that is beyond criticism. This Bill which provides for twelve regional banks—not less than twelve regional banks—has been severely and caustically criticized, because it did not establish one central bank. We are advised here to-night from this rostrum that the Democratic platform at Baltimore declared against the Aldrich plan for a central bank. The fact is that the proceedings of the Convention as duly reported was against the Aldrich plan *"or"* a central bank, not *"for"* a central bank; and in the campaign book that went out the letter "f" was inserted. It was a sin of commission and not a sin of omission and the guilty party has not been found. [Laughter and applause.] It may have been a typographical error; it may have been an accident; but whether it were or not, it is not necessary for a Democatic platform to declare against a central bank, because a country three thousand miles wide from east to west and fifteen hundred miles from north to south ought not to have a central bank as a matter of economic justice and wisdom. [Applause.]

You take England,—it has a central bank, a great public utility bank, protecting the commerce and industry of England. You take France,—it has a great central bank; but consider the size of France which has this central bank with nearly five hundred branches and sub-branches and agencies, and France could be put inside of Texas and have some room to spare.

The German Empire could be put within the confines of Texas and have room to spare, and yet the German Empire has a great central bank. Why does not all Europe have only one? It is not because of the size. There are abundant economic reasons to justify each of the fifteen great public utility banks of Europe. Each one serves a particular constituency, and each one has numerous branches. The Bank of Germany has nearly five hundred branches and sub-branches. The Bank of Belgium is an independent public utility bank serving the same function; and the Bank of Netherlands is an independent bank serving the same purposes, and yet you may take these three banks and the things they represent and put them inside of Oklahoma and never miss them. [Laughter.] The question after all comes down to a question of serving the people; and a bank which will serve six or seven states will have as large a responsibility exerted by its boards of directors who are required to keep in close touch with the credits of six or seven states as they ought to have, and if you had twelve banks in forty-eight states it would be an average of four states to a single bank.

So that the criticism of this Bill because it distributes this power, and leaves each community to elect a board of directors representing that particular community, limited with regard to their credits, is not justified. This measure is criticized because it is called a governmently owned central bank. If this great power of discount were put in the hands of a bureaucracy, whether that bureaucracy were in the hands of Democrats or of Republicans or of Bull Moosers, it would be a hazardous enterprise, because it is putting power of so gigantic a character into a few hands, to be exercised over this great republic. It is unwise, from a governmental standpoint. Now, I am not going to undertake to defend this Bill in all these particulars. I am only going to point out to you the essentials of this Bill, and how we have tried to meet objections.

It has been urged recently that, because this is not a governmentally controlled bank, the Bill ought not to pass, and we have found some adherents who admit, since this argument was made in favor of a governmentally controlled bank, that this system which we proposed of banks managed by the banks under governmental supervision with the reserves contributed by the banks, with the public funds used by these banks, of about two hundred millions—four hundred millions of reserve, and two hundred millions of public funds—we are told that the banks who are putting up four hundred millions of their reserve ought not to have any representation at all on these directorates, which will have charge of the funds that they contribute. If that advice were to prevail, I should then feel that the banks of this country were justified in saying that they were unfairly treated. I think that when the banks of the country furnish four hundred millions of dollars of reserve it is only fair and just that they should have a majority of that board to safeguard the funds which they are required by statute to put into these banks. [Applause.]

The Committee of the Senate has been between Scylla and Charybdis. We have had the most remarkable advice given us that any committee in the world has ever received. We have been told of many plans, of methods to accomplish our purpose,—men have come there and insisted that the true standard of value was the kilowatt hour. [Laughter.] Other men have come there, and written books and presented them to show that the only thing we needed for a standard of value was a dollar, printed on paper, but limiting the number of those dollars. We have had all kinds of advice; and we have pursued a moderate, cautious course. We have given governmental supervision of this system; this Federal Reserve Board is made a purely governmental board, because it was exercising purely a governmental function, supervising the system of banking for which the government of the United States was responsible.

We have in this country an entirely different system of banking from that in Europe. We have an independent bank system, each bank being required to stand on its own base, each bank an independent bank, and not a branch bank. The European banks are great banks with branches all over the country. We have twenty-five thousand banks in the United States, each one protecting itself, protecting its own reserves; and it has been this competitive striving for reserves by the independent banks which has caused to so large a degree the dangerous conditions which have heretofore prevailed and which have led to the panics of the past. Under this Bill, with these reserves concentrated in the hands of the experienced bankers handling the local bank, and the branches of the local banks, all under the safeguard and supervision of the Federal Reserve Board, controlled by the United States, we have the banks on one side of the table, and the government on the other side of the table looking at each other across the table, neither one trusting unduly to the other, with the most complete publicity of every act of the federal reserve bank, under the safeguard of governmental supervision.

Why should California, desiring a credit, be compelled to come to Chicago or Boston? Why should not California have a federal reserve bank of its own? The Pacific Coast, furnishing its own capital, and with the friendly hand of the United States behind that organization?

These twenty-five thousand banks now have twenty-five thousand individual reserves; and when we make twelve banks —if the committee makes twelve banks—I remind you that it is a gigantic step forward in concentrating these reserves, where instead of having them subdivided in twenty-five thousand individual vaults, we bring them into twelve concentrated reserves. Is not that a very great step forward in concentration? And since we cannot, as a political exigency, or as an economic propriety, have one reserve, in order to make these reserves of common use throughout the country, there ought to be power somewhere to require the reserves, in a case of exigency, to serve their function by transferring credits from one to the other. In my judgment no such power will ever be exercised. In my judgment, under the terms of this Bill there will never arise any occasion whatever for the exercise of that power. Yet, if a national exigency should arise, the power ought to be lodged somewhere in order to protect the national credit of this great republic.

Now, public opinion has much to do with the action of Congress; and it was for that reason that I felt obliged to come to this meeting and to present to you the outlines of this Bill. It is impossible, within thirty minutes—and a man ought not to take longer on an occasion of this kind—it is impossible within thirty minutes to deal with a great measure of this kind. I can deal only with the essentials of it, and I have given you only the barest outline of the manner in which we are proposing to concentrate these reserves, make them mobile, provide for elastic currency by the issuance of federal reserve notes, and safeguarding the system by the supervising power of the government of the United States.

We have been charged with making the great and serious error in having these notes obligations of the government. Yet, I remind you, that thirteen years ago, by the act of 1900, the Secretary of the Treasury was required by law to maintain the parity between all forms of money issued by the United States. If the government must maintain the parity of all money emitted in the United States under the law—and that law has been so far prized that it was insisted that it should be re-declared in this very act; and it is in the act as a new declaration, pledging the act of 1900 as the law of the land—why demand that these notes should be the notes of these banks, and not the notes of the United States, although the United States is compelled to keep them on a par with gold? They must still be private notes, by a private corporation—a corporation directed by the government, and the government compelled to redeem them in gold.

Gentlemen of the Economic Club: The government of the United States is compelled to redeem those notes in gold; the citizen who receives one of these notes from the Atlantic to the Pacific must be satisfied, without examination, that these notes are as good as gold; he must not stop to examine into the validity of the bank which emits them, any more than he will stop to examine a national bank-note, to see whether a national bank is safe and sound. A national bank can go out of existence; a national bank can be proved worthless; a national bank can sign its note or not sign its note; the signatures of the officers of the bank may be forged to the note, and yet its notes are as good as gold, and are kept on a parity with gold by the laws of the United States. Will you give me any sensible reason, under such circumstances, why these federal reserve notes should not be the notes of the United States?

The people of this country have a right to know that every dollar that is current is as good as gold, and it is because of the fact that the government of the United States is pledged to maintain the parity of all forms of money emitted in the United States with gold.

Now, gentlemen, I must not detain you longer. I want to thank you for the courtesy of your attention. I must yield the platform to those who follow so that I may not unduly trespass upon the time allotted them. [Applause.]

THOMAS NELSON PAGE

THE TORCH OF CIVILIZATION

[Thomas Nelson Page was born at Oakland Plantation, Hanover County, Va., in 1853, and died in 1922. He was the author of many novels and was ambassador to Italy 1913–1919. The following speech was made at the twentieth annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, December 21, 1899. The President, Frederick A. Ward, said: "In these days of blessed amity, when there is no longer a united South or a disunited North, when the boundary of the North is the St. Lawrence and the boundary of the South the Rio Grande, and Mason and Dixon's Line is forever blotted from the map of our beloved country, and the nation has grown color-blind to blue and gray, it is with peculiar pleasure that we welcome here to-night a distinguished and typical representative of that noble people who live in that part of the present North that used to be called Dixie, of whom he has himself so beautifully and so truly said, 'If they bore themselves haughtily in their hour of triumph, they bore defeat with splendid fortitude. Their entire system crumbled and fell around them in ruins; they remained unmoved; they suffered the greatest humiliation of modern times; their slaves were put over them; they reconquered their section and preserved the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon.' It is not necessary, ladies and gentlemen, that I should introduce the next speaker to you, for I doubt not that you all belong to the multitude of mourners, who have wept real tears with black Sam and Miss Annie beside the coffin of Marse Chan; but I will call upon our friend, Thomas Nelson Page, to respond to the next toast, 'The Debt Each Part of the Country Owes the Other.' "]

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I did not remember that I had written anything as good as that which my friend has just quoted. It sounded to me, as he quoted it, very good indeed. At any rate, it is very true, and, perhaps, that it is true is the reason that you have done me the honor to invite me here to-night. I have been sitting for an hour in such a state of tremulousness and fright, facing this audience I was to address, that the ideas I had carefully gathered together have, I fear, rather taken flight; but I shall give them to you as they come, though they may not be in quite as good order as I should like them. The gift of after-dinner speaking is one I heard illustrated the other day very well at a dinner at which my friend, Judge Bartlett, and I were present. A gentleman told a story of an English bishop traveling in a third-class railway carriage with an individual who was swearing most tremendously, originally, and picturesquely, till finally the bishop said to him: "My dear sir, where in the world did you learn to swear in that extraordinary manner?" And he said, "It can't be learned, it is a gift." After-dinner speaking is a gift I have often envied, ladies and gentlemen, and as I have not it I can only promise to tell you what I really think on the subject which I am here to speak about to-night.

I feel that in inviting me here as the representative of the South to speak on this occasion, I could not do you any better honor than to tell you precisely what I do think and what those, I in a manner represent, think; and I do not know that our views would differ very materially from yours. I could not, if I would, undertake merely to be entertaining to you. I am very much in that respect like an old darkey I knew of down in Virginia, who on one occasion was given by his mistress some syllabub. It was spiced a little with—perhaps—New England rum, or something quite as strong that came from the other side of Mason and Dixon's Line, but still was not very strong. When he got through she said, "How did you like that?" He said, "If you gwine gimme foam, gimme foam; but if you gwine to gimme dram, gimme dram." You do not want from me syllabub I am sure.

When I came here I had no idea that I was to address so imposing an assemblage as this. I had heard about forefathers and knew that there were foremothers also, but did not know that they were going to grace this assembly with their presence as they do to-night. When a youngster, I was told by an old gentleman, before the day of the unhappy stenographer, "You can go out in the world all right if you have four speeches. If you have one for the Fourth of July, one for a tournament address, one to answer the toast to 'Woman,' and the fourth 'to sweep all creation.'" I thought of bringing with me my Fourth of July speech. If I had known I was going to address this audience I would have brought along the one that answered the toast to "Woman."

But I do not know any man in the world better prepared to address you on the subject of my toast, "The Debt Each Part of the Country Owes the Other," than myself, for I married a lady from the North. She represented in her person the blood both of Virginia and of New England. Her mother was a Virginian and her father a gentleman from New Hampshire; consequently, as I have two young daughters, who always declare themselves Yankees, I am here to speak with due gratitude to both sections, and with strong feeling for both sections to-night.

It seems to me that the two sections which we have all heard talked about so much in the past, have been gradually merging into one, and Heaven knows I hope there may never be but one again. In the nature of things it was impossible at first that there could be only one, but of late the one great wall that divided them has passed away, and, standing here facing you to-night, I feel precisely as I should if I were standing facing an audience of my own dear Virginians. There is no longer division among us. They say that the South became reconciled and showed its loyalty to the Union first at the time of the war with Spain. It is not true; the South became reconciled and showed its loyalty to the Union after Appomattox. When Lee laid down his arms and accepted the terms of the magnanimous Grant, the South rallied behind him, and he went to teach peace and amity and union to his scholars at Lexington, to the sons of his old soldiers. It is my pride that I was one of the pupils at that university, which bears the doubly-honored names of Washington and Lee. He taught us only fealty to the Union and to the flag of the Union. He taught us also that we should never forget the flag under which our fathers fought during the Civil War. With it are embalmed the tears, the holy memories that cluster thick around our hearts, and I should be unworthy to stand and talk to you to-night as an honorable man if I did not hold in deepest reverence that flag that represented the spirit that actuated our fathers. It stood for the principles of liberty, and, strange as it may seem, both sides, though fighting under different banners, fought for the same principles seen from different sides. It has not interfered with our loyalty to the Union since that flag was furled.

I do not, however, mean to drift into that line of thought. I do not think that it is really in place here to-night, but I want you to know how we feel at the South. Mason and Dixon's Line is laid down on no map and no longer laid down in the memory of either side. The Mason and Dixon's Line of to-day is that which circumscribes this great Union, with all its advantages, all its hopes, and all its aspirations. This is the Mason and Dixon's Line for us to-day, and as a representative of the South, I am here to speak to you on that account. We do owe—these two sections do owe—each other a great deal. But I will tell you what we owe each other more, perhaps, than anything else. When this country was settled for us it was with sparsely scattered settlements, ranging along the Atlantic coast. When the first outside danger threatened it, the two sections immediately drew together. New England had formed her own confederation, and at the South the Carolinas and Virginia had a confederation of their own, though not so compact; but the first thing formed when danger threatened this country was a committee of safety, which immediately began correspondence among the several colonies, and it was the fact that these very colonies stood together in the face of danger, shoulder to shoulder, and back to back, that enabled us to achieve what we did achieve.

Standing here, on this great anniversary at the very end of the century, facing the new century, it is impossible that one should not look back, and equally impossible that one should not look forward. We are just at the close of what we call, and call rightly, a century of great achievements. We pride ourselves upon the work this country has accomplished. We point to a government based upon the consent of the governed, such as the world has never seen; wealth which has been piled up such as no country has ever attained within that time, or double or quadruple that time. It is such a condition of life as never existed in any other country. From Mount Desert to the Golden Gate, yes, from the islands which Columbus saw, thinking he had found the East Indies, to the East Indies themselves, where, even as I speak, the American flag is being planted, our possessions and our wealth extend. We have, though following the arts of peace, an army ready to rise at the sound of the bugle greater than Rome was ever able to summon behind her golden eagles. We are right to call it a century of achievement. We pride ourselves upon it. Now, who achieved that? Not we, personally; our fathers achieved it; your fathers and my fathers; your fathers, when they left England and set their prows westward and landed upon the rock-bound coast; when they drew up their compact of civil government, which was a new thing in the history of the world. We did our part in the South, and when the time came they staked all that they had upon the principle of a government based only upon the consent of the governed.

We pride ourselves upon the fact that we can worship God according to the dictates of our own conscience. We speak easily of God, "whose service is perfect freedom," but it was not we, but our fathers who achieved that. Our fathers "left us an heritage, and it has brought forth abundantly."

I say this to draw clearly the line between mere material wealth and that which is the real wealth and welfare of a people. We are rich, but our fathers were poor. How did they achieve it? Not by their wealth, but by their character—by their devotion to principle. When I was thinking of the speech I was to make here to-night, I asked the descendant of a New Englander what he would say was the best thing that the fathers had left to the country. He thought for a second and made me a wise answer. He said, "I think it was their character." That is indeed the heritage they left us; they left us their character. Wealth will not preserve that which they left us; not wealth, not power, not "dalliance nor wit" will preserve it; nothing but that which is of the spirit will preserve it, nothing but character.

The whole story of civilization speaks this truth with trumpet voice. One nation rises upon the ruins of another nation. It is when Samson lies in the lap of Delilah that the enemy steals upon him and ensnares him and binds him. It was when the great Assyrian king walked through his palace, and looking around him said in his pride, "Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the honor of the kingdom and for the honor of my majesty?" that the voice came to him, even while the words were in the king's mouth (saith the chronicle), "Thy kingdom is departed from thee." It was when Belshazzar sat feasting in his Babylonian palace, with his lords and ladies, eating and drinking out of the golden vessels that had been sacred to the Lord, that the writing came upon the wall, "Thou art weighed in the balance and found wanting." Not only in the palace, but all through the great city there was feasting and dancing. Why should they not feast and why should they not dance? They were secure, with walls that were 350 feet high, eighty-five feet thick, with a hundred brazen gates, the city filled with greater wealth than had ever been brought before within walls. But out in the country a few hardy mountaineers had been digging ditches for some time. Nobody took much account of them, yet even that night, in the midst of Belshazzar's luxury and feasting, the veteran troops of Cyrus were marching silently under the dripping walls, down the bed of the lowered Euphrates, so that that which had been the very passageway of Babylon's wealth became the pathway of her ruin.

Unless we preserve the character and the institutions our fathers gave us we will go down as other nations have gone. We may talk and theorize as much as we please, but this is the law of nature—the stronger pushes the weaker to the wall and takes its place.

In the history of civilization first one nation rises and becomes the torch-bearer, and then another takes the torch as it becomes stronger, the stronger always pushing the weaker aside and becoming in its turn the leader. So it has been with the Assyrian, and Babylonian, and Median, and, coming on down, with the Greek, the Roman, the Frank, and then came that great race, the Anglo-Saxon-Teutonic race which seems to me to-day to be the great torch-bearer for this and for the next coming time. Each nation that has borne the torch of civilization has followed some path peculiarly its own. Egyptian, Syrian, Persian, Greek, Roman, Frank, all had their ideal of power—order and progress directed under Supreme authority, maintained by armed organization. We bear the torch of civilization because we possess the principles of civil liberty, and we have the character, or should have the character, which our fathers have transmitted to us with which to uphold it. If we have it not, then be sure that with the certainty of a law of nature some nation—it may be one or it may be another—it may be Grecian or it may be Slav, already knocking at our doors, will push us from the way, and take the torch and bear it onward, and we shall go down.

But I have no fear of the future. I think, looking around upon the country at present, that even if it would seem to us at times that there are gravest perils which confront us, that even though there may be evidence of weakening in our character, notwithstanding this I say, I believe the great Anglo-Saxon race, not only on the other side of the water, but on this side of the water—and when I say the Anglo-Saxon race I mean the great white, English-speaking race—I use the other term because there is none more satisfactory to me—contains elements which alone can continue to be the leaders of civilization, the elements of fundamental power, abiding virtue, public and private. Wealth will not preserve a state; it must be the aggregation of individual integrity in its members, in its citizens, that shall preserve it. That integrity, I believe, exists deep-rooted among our people. Sometimes when I read accounts of vice here and there eating into the heart of the people, I feel inclined to be pessimistic; but when I come face to face with the American and see him in his life, as he truly is; when I reflect on the great body of our people that stretch from one side of this country to the other, their homes perched on every hill and nestled in every valley, and recognize the sterling virtue and the kind of character that sustains it, built on the rock of those principles that our fathers transmitted to us, my pessimism disappears and I know that not only for this immediate time but for many long generations to come, with that reservoir of virtue to draw from, we shall sustain and carry both ourselves and the whole human race forward.

There are many problems that confront us which we can only solve by the exercise of our utmost courage and wisdom. I do not want anything I say here this evening to have in the least degree the complexion of a political talk. I am like a friend of mine down in Virginia who told me that he never could talk politics with a man, "Because," he says, "I am that sort of a blanked fool that thinks if a man disagrees with him in politics he has insulted him." Consequently, I am not discussing this matter in any political sense whatever. But I feel quite sure, though I see many men whose opinion I respect who disagree with me, that yet this great people of ours is strong enough to carry through any obligations whatever which they may take up. I have no fear, however it may cause trouble, or may create difference and complication, of our extending our flag in the way we have done of late. I know that I differ with a very considerable section of the people of the South from whom I come, but I have no question whatever that we possess the strength to maintain any obligation that we assume, and I feel sure that in the coming years this great race of ours will have shown strength and resolution enough not only to preserve itself, to preserve the great heritage our fathers have given us of civil liberty here, but also to carry it to the isles of the sea, and, if necessary, to the nations beyond the sea. Of one thing I am very sure, that had our fathers been called on to solve this problem they would have solved it, not in the light of a hundred years ago, but in that of the present.

Among the problems that confront us we have one great problem, already alluded to indirectly to-night. You do not have it here in the North as we have it with us in the South, and yet, I think, it is a problem that vitally concerns you too. There is no problem that can greatly affect one section of this country that does not affect the other. As I came into your city to-night I saw your great structure across the river here, binding the two great cities together and making them one, and I remember that as I came the last time into your beautiful bay down yonder, I saw what seemed to be a mere web of gossamer, a bare hand's breadth along the horizon. It seemed as if I might have swept it away with my hand if I could have reached it, so airy and light it was in the distance, but when I came close to it to-night I found that it was one of the greatest structures that human intellect has ever devised. I saw it thrilling and vibrating with every energy of our pulsating, modern life. At a distance it looked as if the vessels nearest would strike it, full head, and carry it away. When I reached it I saw that it was so high, so vast, that the traffic of your great stream passed easily backward and forward under it. So it is with some of these problems. They may appear very small to you, ladies and gentlemen, or to us, when seen at a distance—as though merely a hand-sweep would get rid of them; but I tell you they are too vast to be moved easily.

There is one that with us overshadows all the rest. The great Anglo-Saxon race in the section of this country containing the inhabitants of the South understands better than you do the gravity of that great problem which confronts them. It is "like the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the destruction that wasteth at noonday." It confronts us all the day; it is the specter that ever sits beside our bed. No doubt we make mistakes about it; no doubt there are outbreaks growing out of some phases of it that astound, and shock, and stun you, as they do ourselves. But believe me, the Anglo-Saxon race has set itself, with all its power, to face it and to overcome it; to solve it in some way, and in the wisest way. Have patience and it will be solved. Time is the great solver, and time alone. If you knew the problem as I do, my words would have more weight with you than they have. I cannot, perhaps, expect you even to understand entirely what I am saying to you, but when I tell you that it is the greatest problem that at present faces the South, as it has done for the last thirty years, I am saying it to you as an American—one of yourselves, who wants to get at the right, and get at the truth, and who will get on his knees and thank God for anyone who will tell him how to solve the problem and meet the dangers that are therein.

Those dangers are not only for us, they are for you. The key to it, in our opinion, is that to which I alluded but just now; that for the present, at least, the white race is the torchbearer of civilization, not only for itself, but for the world. There is only one thing that I can say assuredly, and that is that never again will that element of the white race, the white people of the South, any more than you of the North, consent to be dominated by any weaker race whatsoever. And on this depends your salvation, no less than ours. Some of you may remember that once, during that great siege of Petersburg, which resulted, in the beginning of April, 1865, in the capture of the city and the overthrow of the Confederacy, there was an attempt made to mine the hitherto impregnable lines of General Lee. Finally, one cold morning, the mine was sprung, and a space perhaps double the length of one of your squares was blown up, carrying everything adjacent into the air and making a breach in the lines. Beside a little stream under the hill in the Union line was massed a large force, a section of which, in front, was composed of negroes. They were hurried forward to rush the breach that had been created. They were wild with the ardor of battle. As it happened, a part of the gray line which had held the adjacent trenches, knowing the peril, had thrown themselves, in the dim dawn of the morning, across the newly made breach, and when they found the colored troops rushing in they nerved themselves anew to the contest. I may say to you calmly, after thirty odd years of experience with the negro race, that it was well for the town of Petersburg that morning that that attempt to carry the lines failed. That thin gray line there in the gray dawn set themselves to meet the on-rushing columns and hold them till knowledge of the attack spread and succor arrived. You may not agree with me that what happened at that time is happening now; but I tell you as one who has stood on the line, that we are not only holding it for ourselves, but for you. It is the white people of the South that are standing to-day between you and the dread problem that now confronts us. They are the thin line of Anglo-Saxons who are holding the broken breach with all their might till succor comes. And I believe the light will come, the day will break and you yourselves stand shoulder to shoulder with us, and then with this united, great American people we can face not only the colored race at the South, but we can face all other races of the world. That is what I look for and pray for, and there are many millions of people who are doing the same to-night.

Ladies and gentlemen, I am not speaking in any spirit which I think will challenge your serious criticism. We are ready to do all we can to accord full justice to that people. I have many, many friends among them. I know well what we owe to that race in the past. I am their sincere well-wisher in the present and for the future. They are more unfortunate than to blame; they have been misdirected, deceived. Not only the welfare of the white people of the South and the welfare of the white people of the North, but the salvation of the negro himself depends upon the carrying out, in a wise way, the things which I have outlined, very imperfectly, I know. When that shall be done we will find the African race in America, instead of devoting its energies to the uncomprehended and futile political efforts which have been its curse in the past, devoting them to the better arts of peace, and then from that race will come intellects and intellectual achievements which may challenge and demand the recognition of the world. Then those intellects will come up and take their places and be accorded their places, not only willingly, but gladly. This is already the new line along which they are advancing, and their best friends can do them no greater service than to encourage and assist them in it; their worst enemy could do them no greater injury than to deflect them from it.

This is a very imperfect way, I am aware, ladies and gentlemen, of presenting the matter, but I hope you will accept it and believe that I am sincere in it. Accept my assurance of the great pleasure I have had in coming here this evening.

I remember, when I was a boy, hearing your great fellow-townsman, Mr. Beecher, in a lecture in Richmond, speak of this great city as "The round-house of New York," in which, he said, the machinery that drove New York and moved the world was cleaned and polished every night. I am glad to be here, where you have that greatest of American achievements, the American home and the American spirit. May it always be kept pure and always at only the right fountains have its strength renewed. [Prolonged applause.]

LORD PALMERSTON

(*HENRY JOHN TEMPLE*)

ILLUSIONS CREATED BY ART

[Speech of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston, Prime Minister of England 1859-1865, at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 2, 1863. Sir Charles Eastlake, the President of the Royal Academy, said, in introducing Lord Palmerston: "I now have the honor to propose the health of one who is entitled to the respect and gratitude of the friends of science and art, the promoters of education and the upholders of time-honored institutions. I have the honor to propose the health of Viscount Palmerston."]

MR. PRESIDENT, YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN:—I need not, I am certain, assure you that nothing can be more gratifying to the feelings of any man than to receive that compliment which you have been pleased to propose and which this distinguished assembly has been kind enough so favorably to entertain in the toast of his health. It is natural that any man who is engaged in public life should feel the greatest interest in the promotion of the fine arts. In fact, without a great cultivation of art no nation has ever arrived at any point of eminence. We have seen great warlike exploits performed by nations in a state, I won't say of comparative barbarism, but wanting comparative civilization; we have seen nations amassing great wealth, but yet not standing thereby high in the estimation of the rest of the world; but when great warlike achievements, great national prosperity, and a high cultivation of the arts are all combined together, the nation in which those conditions are found may pride itself on holding that eminent position among the nations of the world which I am proud to say belongs to this country. [Loud cheers.]

It is gratifying to have the honor of being invited to these periodical meetings where we find assembled within these rooms a greater amount of cultivation of mind, of natural genius, of everything which constitutes the development of human intellect than perhaps ever has assembled within the same space elsewhere. And we have besides the gratification of seeing that in addition to those living examples of national genius the walls are covered with proofs that the national genius is capable of the most active and admirable development. [Cheers.] Upon the present occasion, Mr. President, every visitor must have seen with the greatest delight that by the side of the works of those whose names are familiar to all, there are works of great ability brought hither by men who are still rising in fame; and, therefore, we have the satisfaction of feeling that this country will never be wanting in men distinguished in the practice of the fine arts. [Cheers.] One great merit of this Exhibition is that whatever may be the turn of a man's mind, whatever his position in life, he may at least during the period he is within these walls, indulge the most pleasant illusions applicable to the wants his mind at that time may feel. A man who comes here shivering in one of those days which mark the severity of an English summer, may imagine that he is basking in an African sun and he may feel an imaginary warmth from the representation of a tropical climate. If, on the other hand, he is suffering under those exceptional miseries which one of the few hot days of an English summer is apt to create, he may imagine himself inhaling the fresh breezes of the seaside; he may suppose himself reclining in the cool shade of the most luxuriant foliage; he may for a time, in fancy, feel all the delights which the streets and pavements of London deny in reality. [Cheers and laughter.] And if he happens to be a young man, upon what is conventionally said to be his preferment, that is to say, looking out for a partner in life, he may here study all kinds and descriptions of female beauty [laughter and cheers]; he may satisfy his mind whether light hair or dark, blue eyes or black, the tender or the serious, the gay or the sentimental, are most likely to contribute to the happiness of his future life. [Cheers.] And without exposing himself to any of those embarrassing questions as to his intentions [laughter] which sometimes too inquisitive a scrutiny may bring [much laughter], without creating disappointment or breaking any hearts, by being referred to any paternal authority, which he may not desire to consult, he may go and apply to practical selection those principles of choice which will result from the study within these walls.

Then those of a more serious turn of mind who direct their thoughts to State affairs, and who wish to know of what that august assembly the House of Commons is composed, may here [pointing to Phillips's picture behind the chair], without the trouble of asking an order, without waiting in Westminster Hall until a seat be vacant, without passing hours in a hot gallery listening perhaps to dull intercourses in an uninteresting debate—they may here see what kind of thing the House of Commons is, and go back edified by the sight without being bored by dull speeches. [Cheers and laughter.]

Now, gentlemen, don't imagine that I am romancing when I attribute this virtue to ocular demonstration—don't imagine that that which enters the eye does not sometimes penetrate to the mind and feelings. I will give you an instance to the contrary. I remember within these walls seeing two gentlemen who evidently, from their remarks, were very good judges of horses, looking with the greatest admiration upon the well-known picture of Landseer, "The Horseshoeing at the Blacksmith"; and after they had looked at it for some time one was approaching nearer, when the other in an agony of enthusiasm said: "For heaven's sake, don't go too near, he will kick you." [Cheers and laughter.]

Well, gentlemen, I said that a public man must take great interest in art, but I feel that the present Government has an apology to make to one department of art, and that is to the sculptors; for there is an old maxim denoting one of the high functions of art which is *"Ars est celare artem."* Now there was a cellar in which the art of the most distinguished sculptors was concealed to the utmost extent of the application of that saying. We have brought them comparatively into light; and if the sculptors will excuse us for having departed from that sage and ancient maxim, I am sure the public will thank us for having given them an opportunity of seeing those beautiful works of men of which it may be said: *"Vivos ducunt de marmore vultus."* I trust, therefore, the sculptors will excuse us for having done, not perhaps the best they might have wished, but at least for having relieved them a little from the darkness of that Cimmerian cellar in which their works were hid. [Cheers.] I beg again to thank you, gentlemen, for the honor you have done me in drinking my health. [Loud cheers.]

ALTON B. PARKER

OUR HERITAGE

[This speech was delivered at the One Hundred and Forty-Fifth Annual Banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York held at the Waldorf-Astoria, November 20, 1913. President John Claflin in introducing the speaker said: "Nine years ago a great party selected as its standard bearer in the Presidential election a distinguished jurist, whose wise judicial decisions and broad views of public policy had attracted wide attention. And in these present days of political and social unrest the sagacity and broadmindedness of the same counselor again arrest the attention of thinking men, and command the general confidence of his fellow citizens: the Honorable Alton B. Parker." (Loud Applause.)]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER:—I never hear that grand young man speak who has just addressed us, Mr. Choate, but that I feel that the speaking ought to stop there, for the comfort of the audience. We are always delighted to hear him, not only because he has something exquisite to say, but because he has a warmer place in more hearts in this audience, or in any other audience of the City of New York, than any other man living. [Applause and cries of "Good!"] And I could not help but feel as he addressed us in such felicitous phrase, that he had a new way of saying, but with all his heart, "My country, right or wrong." [Applause.]

We have had the pleasure of listening to the Governor to-night. I said to him before he made his speech, what I believe in my heart, that he occupies the most trying position ever occupied by any Governor in the history of this state; but I said to him, too, that if he followed out the course which he said he would follow out (and I believe he will) he will win the confidence and the affection of the people of this state, because he will render to them a service such as has not been rendered them in a long time. [Applause.] My familiarity somewhat with his career as Comptroller of this state, when he went into almost every county in the state, through his representatives, and overhauled conditions that had become wrong, satisfies me that he has had the experience, and that he knows how to undertake the task which lies before him, stupendous as it is. I was glad to have the assurance of Mr. Choate that he would guarantee him the support of the members of the Chamber in the work in which the Governor is engaged. [Applause.]

He complained, and justly, that we have not been as active as we should have been in public affairs. The busy hour in which we live discourages that careful attention which is so needful in the selection of public officials who are to conduct the government. Our inattention, as we all know, has at times operated to bring about most unfortunate conditions. These incite in the minds of not a few a doubt of the efficiency of our government, and even a tendency to find fault with the law and its restraints; and yet, that law and its enforcement, are a condition precedent to the enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. Fostered by seekers for office or for profit, or for box office receipts, this peevish tendency to disrespect of law and order has caused many to entertain visionary, socialistic, anarchistic and pathetically erroneous propositions for reform. Most remedies proposed far from helping conditions would prove harmful and irritating.

Many executives moreover there are who have been obsessed with the notion that it is their duty to carry upon their broad official shoulders all of the effort to correct errors, whatever these errors may be, and whether real or imaginary. And to that end they have undertaken to dominate the other departments of the government, although they know full well that the Constitution secures to each department the right to exercise independently the powers which are conferred upon it. Many a court in this country has within your recollection been roundly scolded because it would not submit to being the docile tail to the executive kite, but enforced the Constitution as it is written, instead of attempting to rewrite it and modify it to meet the "needs of the times" as announced by some false prophet of progress. [Applause.] The courts have ever maintained, and ever will, the Constitution as it is written, not excepting those provisions of the Constitution which provide for its modification.

It is worthy of note, my friends, that the provisions relating to the modification of the Constitution, that charter of the popular liberties, are more remarkable for the opportunity they afford for deliberation than for any hope of spontaneous and sudden change. This pause for deliberation, this time of a year or two or more that is necessary, in order to bring about a modification of this instrument, is decidedly irksome to that omniscience which craves omnipotence. But there can be no shortcut to the amendment or the modification of the fundamental law. Declamations there may be in favor of it by one or many; loud, hoarse mouthings, there may be by a feeble minority; but it is all of no avail. It is the still small voice of the people, spoken on election day, and on election day only, that determines whether or not the change shall be accepted or rejected.

Man and his government are human and imperfect, but our government and our times show less, not more, imperfection than other times and other systems. For the elimination of the errors remaining we may hope and work. But the government itself is young, vigorous and virile. It needs no drastic dosing. It would be impaired by a surgical operation. The political quacks eager to doctor it remind me of the old Scotch horse doctor who changed his occupation late in life to that of a doctor of men. Asked what he did for human patients, he said "Ah, mon, I gie them all calomel. Whilst they live 'tis God's will and whilst they die 'tis God's will still." [Laughter.]

Our political horse doctors are more harmful than was the old Scotchman. He had but one remedy. What a fearsome array of bottles our political quacks have put upon the shelves in the last few years; many nostrums, beginning with one labeled "Poison—16 to 1," and then on down through a long array of sticky bottles, until you come to some of the present day, such as "Recall Bitters," and "Referendum Sarsaparilla." [Laughter.] Then there is an old box covered with dust called "Federal Incorporation Salve"; and still another labeled "New Nationalism Tonic"; and there are a few small vials on the shelf which are marked "Municipal Ownership Balm," and a larger bottle labeled "Government Ownership Elixir, Repeat Dose until Exhausted." [Laughter.]

Analysis shows a high percentage of the alcohol of socialism in every one of these decoctions, and experience verifies the analysis by testifying that while they are highly stimulating, they lack curative power. [Laughter and applause.] Some of these remedies while not indictable in declamation would prove treasonable in practice. New nationalism is of this type. Many are dangerous. Some are so visionary as not to merit the confidence of any sound thinking man. Good judgment advocates the elimination of all faults, and as fast as they shall appear to be faults, in the administration of our government, and favors the steady improvement of material conditions by the enforcement of law, the fulfillment of ever increasing measure of the promises of our Constitution and its modification from time to time, but only by that slow and deliberate method intended by the fathers to focus the public judgment upon the question. [Applause.]

Time has not and cannot find drastic remedies necessary, for you may put a girdle around the whole earth, beginning with the Garden of Eden and extending on through the old world and the new world down even to the once semi-socialistic but now reactionary Isle of New Zealand, and the girdle will not touch a land where, during all history, freedom and prosperity have blessed the people so fully as here. Nowhere else will you find a government so masterfully designed. It embodies the lessons of history, the wisdom of the ages, and the result of all man's longings and struggles for self-government.

Those sturdy and magnificent characters who breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of our infant government performed a service that entitles them ever to the admiration and reverence of a grateful country, and our debt to them can best be paid by protecting their handiwork with eternal vigilance from the attacks that are constantly made alike by the friends and enemies of the people. These attacks upon the charter of their liberties are too often misunderstood by the people, who must, to protect their sovereignty, attain a fuller knowledge and appreciation of the kindly gift of self-government and the unmatched plan for its preservation which is theirs through the patriotism and wisdom and untiring devotion of the fathers of the republic. It is to the people we must appeal to preserve intact the great heritage, to set about it the wall of public opinion and to warn those who would commit waste upon this estate that trespassing is forbidden.

Only by keeping inviolate the sovereignty of the people and by preserving unimpaired the most magnificent system ever designed to administer the will of the past, may this generation of American citizens discharge its duty to the noble past and to the future of splendid promise. [Great applause.]

ROBERT EDWIN PEARY

THE NORTH POLE

[Speech given at the 104th Annual Festival of the New England Society, held at the Waldorf-Astoria, December 22, 1909. Mr. Seth Low, President of the Society, in introducing the speaker said: "I am going to interrupt the printed program by asking you to drink to the health of one of our guests whose presence was not known of when the program was made up. We have with us a man who by the uniqueness of his deed has written his name securely forever on the scroll of fame. If it be an element of greatness to pursue unflinchingly in the face of repeated failure one aim that has commanded the interest of daring and enterprising men for centuries, if it be an element of greatness to succeed at the end of twenty-three years where the world's bravest have failed, Commander Peary is great to-day and will be recognized as great as long as men honor such qualities. I propose the health of Commander Robert E. Peary, the discoverer of the North Pole."]

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, MEN OF NEW ENGLAND:—I thank your President very deeply for his kindly words. I greatly appreciate this honor and the pleasure of being here to-night. Three years ago at this same table I told the members of the New England Society of my hopes and plans for the prestige of this country. To-night, through the splendid faith and backing of a New Englander, General Thomas Hubbard, and his friends in the Peary Arctic Club, through the splendid enthusiasm and loyalty of the members of my party, those hopes, those plans, are realized. The book has been closed upon four hundred years of history. The greatest of the earth's trophies has been won for the United States and for New England. The Stars and Stripes have been planted upon the North Pole. It would seem a fitting sequel to that work if the organization, the personnel, the material, the equipment, the methods so perfected, might be directed toward the South Pole, with the possibility that the Stars and Stripes might wave at both ends of the earth's axis.

FARTHEST NORTH

[Speech delivered by Admiral Peary at the dinner given in his honor by the Lotos Club, on Feb. 2, 1907, after his return from "farthest North."]

It is unnecessary for me, President Lawrence, to tell you how much and how deeply I appreciate your kindly words, how absolutely at home I feel by your side, and particularly in the precincts of the Lotos Club. I recall very distinctly several similar pleasant occasions here.

Many of you are aware of the fact that during the last eighteen months a new degree has been added, and the Stars and Stripes have been placed in the lead in the international race for the pole. But that is not the only result of the last eighteen months of work, for new lands have been discovered, and new and valuable scientific and geographic information and data have been obtained.

The point of view of Mr. Jesup and his associates in the Peary Arctic Club has been that arctic work to-day is a simple business proposition, and should combine in intimate coördination two objects: the attainment of the pole as a matter of record and national *prestige,* and the securing of all possible geographic, hydrographic, and other scientific information from the unknown regions about the pole. And since the government has not considered it advisable to undertake the work, the club gladly assumed it, and shares the resulting honor, whatever there may be, and the scientific material, with the country and its museums.

The steamer *Roosevelt,* built especially for Arctic work, sailed, in July, 1905, on her northern voyage. This ship was built from American timber from Maine, New Hampshire, and other States; built in an American shipyard and fitted with American machinery. The ship, one hundred and eight feet long and thirty-eight feet beam, was fundamentally better fitted for the work than any ship that had ever gone north, and was in reality a ship with auxiliary sail-power.

We followed the ordinary itinerary to Sydney, Cape Breton, and then we beat our way up the west coast to Grantland, where we took on board the Esquimaux. There is a little tribe of Esquimaux who are the most northern people in the world, and they form one of the most important adjuncts in arctic work. I knew their capabilities, and so I was able to select the pick and flower of the entire tribe. These men, with their wives, their children, and their dogs and sledges—in fact, all their belongings—we took on board the ship, to act as drivers and carriers.

Off Cape Sabine we had eighteen days of incessant battle, a battle of a kind many of you cannot understand, using the ship as a huge battering-ram and driving it at the ice. Nobody at this dinner can imagine what that work was. After eighteen days we managed to reach Cape Sabine at last, five hundred miles from the pole itself.

Here I followed the routine of every arctic explorer, a routine which is compelled by the sequence of the arctic seasons. A ship goes north one summer in August or September, and goes into winter quarters before the months of darkness set in, when nothing can be done; and perhaps I can bring that home clearly to you when I say that the sun set for us on the 12th of October and rose again on the 6th of March. How many of you can really bring that home to yourselves? What would it be right here in New York if the sun were to set in October and not rise again until March? That winter night is really the only real source of trouble in arctic work. Ninety-nine out of a hundred people have the impression that the cold is the great trouble; but when you are up there, and dressed for it in fur clothing, and properly fed, the cold at seventy-seven degrees below zero is not nearly as disagreeable as is the damp, raw cold that we have in New York every winter.

And the last five hundred miles of that journey of only three thousand miles from New York to the pole must be accomplished with dogs and sledges; that is inevitable. The winter quarters of the *Roosevelt* were farther north than the winter quarters of any other arctic ship except one, the *Fram*.

We went along the coast, parallel with it for some sixty miles; we made some eighty miles when we came to a break or lead in the ice which was impassable. We sent two parties back for additional supplies, and sat down to wait for the lead to freeze or close over; and then, as we had some low temperatures, forty-five to sixty below zero, we put light loads on the sledges and crossed. Then from the northern side of the lead we made three good marches north, and were stopped by a blizzard which set the ice in motion. Here we built a hut for shelter, and one night we had to get out in the storm and build another. The ice-pack during this storm drifted eastward seventy miles, and you will naturally recognize that we were cut off from our supplies and the party was larger than we had supplies for, and that whatever was done had to be done by a quick dash if conditions proved favorable to enable us to make a record.

We therefore abandoned everything that was not absolutely necessary, and made a start. We put our best efforts to setting a pace, and the first march of thirty miles was made in ten hours; for the most part, I set the pace in the lead. On the second march we overtook one of the parties I had sent in advance, waiting beside a lead. They immediately hitched up and joined us, and we kept on with our small party of seven men and six teams until the 21st of April, when we halted in the middle of the day to take observations, which showed that we had reached latitude 87.6 north, which at present is the nearest approach to the north pole. Nansen had previously reached 86.13, and Abruzzi reached 86.33, but both these points were practically at the opposite side of the pole from me. Perhaps it will bring home to you more clearly the narrowing of the record when I tell you that with the pole here [indicating], and my own point here, the distance is only 374 nautical miles. It is true that we had attained a record—we couldn't have come back without it—but the feeling that that record fell so far short of the splendid thing on which I had set my heart for years, and for which I had been almost literally straining my life out, was one of most intense disappointment. But you can possibly imagine where my heart was when I looked at the skeleton figures of the few remaining dogs, and remembered the drifting ice and big lead. I felt that I had cut the margin just as close as it could possibly be done, and from that point we turned back.

Before we turned, however, my flags were hoisted on the highest pinnacle near us, and a little beyond this I erected a cairn and in it I left a bottle containing a brief record and a piece of the silk flag—the flag that hangs over there, gentlemen, and which is the same one I have carried for six years. Had our provisions lasted, and had we been able to keep up a pace of twenty miles a day, in ten to twelve days we should have been at our goal.

The journey back to our last camp was one of exceeding difficulty, inasmuch as the drifting snow was constantly blowing in our faces, stinging like red-hot needles; and when we reached camp we were all nearly completely done up. There we slept one full sleep, and it was many days before we got another.

Finally we reached Storm Camp, and here we were detained twenty-four hours by a howling storm. The igloos here had been turned into ice grottoes, but they proved a welcome refuge. From here we picked our way with indescribable toil, and constantly using the pickax, to the big lead.

Five nights and days we spent by this lead, and on the fifth day my scouting party of Esquimaux came in and reported that there was some young ice forming across the lead a few miles off, which might support us on our snowshoes over the rather more than two miles to the southern side. We wasted no time in getting to the place, and each man tied his snowshoes on carefully and we started across in skirmishing order, well extended. I had five-foot snowshoes and the others had four-foot ones. There was a distance of fifty feet between us as we walked across the tough young ice, which trembled and bent and yielded before us at every step. We couldn't stop, and we couldn't lift the snowshoes, they had to be carefully slid or pushed along. Never again do I care for any similar experience. At last we reached the southern side of the lead, and the sigh of relief of the two men nearest me was distinctly audible.

Well, we were safely over, so we camped for a while, and had a grand dinner—just of dog—and then we were ready again to keep on to the southward over ice that seemed almost impassable, and some of the pinnacles of which were the size of the dome of the Capitol in Washington, ranging from that down to a cobblestone. For the next three marches the going was frightful, and then it began to improve. I made out the summits of distant Greenland with my glass, and soon we were under the shelter of Cape Morris Jesup, and there was no longer any danger of drifting around it. On May 12 we came out on the ice-foot at Cape Neumeyer, for I was familiar with this coast, and I knew that we were likely to find game there. Within an hour we had four arctic hares, weighing from nine to ten pounds each, and the meat was more than delicious. Just before reaching the shore we crossed a fresh sledge-track, and for a moment I thought it was a party looking for me, but a closer inspection showed that it was a light sledge drawn by three weak dogs, and four weak men walking very slowly. As soon as we had slept a few hours I sent some of the Esquimaux to find out, and the next day they came back with Clark and three Esquimaux.

They had lost their way and were going away from the ship and would soon have perished. The addition of four men to my nearly starving party was an added burden, but we fortunately secured some ten more hares, and started for the ship.

During the march I had a scout out all the time looking for game—hares and musk-oxen; and one day, just after we had killed a dog, a herd of musk-oxen was seen some five miles distant. I footed it for the five miles, and was lucky enough to kill the entire herd of seven. Then we camped there, and for two days and two nights we did nothing but eat and sleep. I did my share of it too. I simply hadn't the heart to make the others stop.

I need not speak of the voyage home, but may add a few remarks as to arctic work, on points not generally understood. The incentive of the earliest northern voyages was commercial, the desire of the northern European nations to find a navigable northern route to the fabled wealth of the East. When the impracticability of such a route was proven, the adventurous spirit of Anglo-Saxon and Teuton found in the mystery, the danger, the excitement, which crystallized under the name "north pole," a worthy antagonist for their fearless blood. The result of their efforts has been to add millions to the world's wealth, to demonstrate some of the most important scientific propositions, and to develop some of the most splendid examples of manly courage and heroism that adorn the human record.

Let me call your attention to that flag, that tattered and torn and patched flag you see hanging over the mantel there. That is the flag from which I have taken pieces for deposit in the cairns I built. You will notice that three pieces are gone. One is in the cairn at the "farthest north," 87.6 degrees; a second piece I placed in a cairn I built on one of the twin peaks of Columbia, Cape Columbia; and the third in the cairn on the northern point of Jesup Land.

To the practical explorer, particularly those who will yet wrest their final secrets from the arctic and antarctic regions, the experience of the expedition, its freedom from sickness and death, especially the scurvy which has been the bane of so many expeditions, even up to some of the later antarctic ones; its methods and equipment, its rapidity of travel and its evolution of what I believe will be the true type of ship for arctic and antarctic work, able to fight, or drift, or sail equally well, as circumstances may demand, afford valuable lessons.

In view of the fact that the work has defined the most northern land in the world, and has fixed the northern limit of the world's largest island, was that work a useless expenditure of time, effort, and money? Neither the club nor I think so. The money was theirs, the time and effort mine.

But the scientific results are the immediate practical ones, and British and foreign commentators do not obscure or overlook them; and these results, together with the expedition's non-loss of a man, entire freedom from scurvy or sickness in any form, and return of the ship, have had their very friendly comments. No better illustration of the practical way in which the business men of the Peary Arctic Club have approached the work, and of our own practicality as a nation, could be afforded than the quiet way in which the club's expeditions have set forth. and particularly the recent return of the *Roosevelt,* as compared with the return of Nansen's *Fram.* The latter came into her home port with salvoes of artillery, a harbor covered with boats, and the shores lined with a cheering multitude, congratulations from king and parliament, and Nansen is to-day Norwegian ambassador to Great

Britain. The *Roosevelt* steamed into New York harbor, lay at anchor for forty-eight hours, and went to her shipyard for repairs without a ripple.

The discovery not only of the north, but of the south pole as well, is not only our privilege, but our duty and destiny, as much as the building of the Panama Canal, and the control of the Pacific. The canal and the control of the Pacific mean wealth, commercial supremacy, and unassailable power; but the discovery of the poles spells just as strongly as the others, national *prestige,* with the moral strength that comes from the feeling that not even century-defying problems can withstand us.

EDWARD JOHN PHELPS

FAREWELL ADDRESS

[Speech of Edward J. Phelps, Minister to England, on the occasion of the farewell banquet given to him by the Lord Mayor of London, James Whitehead, at the Mansion House, London, January 24, 1889.]

My Lord Mayor, My Lords, and Gentlemen:—I am sure you will not be surprised to be told that the poor words at my command do not enable me to respond adequately to your most kind greeting, nor the too flattering words which have fallen from my friend, the Lord Mayor, and from my distinguished colleague, the Lord Chancellor. But you will do me the justice to believe that my feelings are not the less sincere and hearty if I cannot put them into language. I am under a very great obligation to your Lordship not merely for the honor of meeting this evening an assembly more distinguished I apprehend than it appears to me has often assembled under one roof, but especially for the opportunity of meeting under such pleasant circumstances so many of those to whom I have become so warmly attached, and from whom I am so sorry to part. [Cheers.]

It is rather a pleasant coincidence to me that about the first hospitality that was offered me after my arrival in England came from my friend, the Lord Mayor, who was at the time one of the Sheriffs of London. I hope it is no disparagement to my countrymen to say that under existing circumstances the first place that I felt it my duty to visit was the Old Bailey Criminal Court. [Laughter.] I had there the pleasure of being entertained by my friend, the Lord Mayor. And it happens also that it was in this room almost four years ago at a dinner given to Her Majesty's Judges by my friend Sir Robert Fowler, then Lord Mayor, whose genial face I see before me, that I appeared for the first time on any public occasion in England and addressed my first words to an English company. It seems to me a fortunate propriety that my last public words should be spoken under the same hospitable roof, the home of the Chief Magistrate of the city of London. ["Hear! Hear!"] Nor can I ever forget the cordial and generous reception that was then accorded, not to myself personally, for I was altogether a stranger, but to the representative of my country. It struck what has proved the keynote of all my relations here. It indicated to me at the outset how warm and hearty was the feeling of Englishmen toward America. [Cheers.]

And it gave me to understand, what I was not slow to accept and believe, that I was accredited not merely from one government to the other, but from the people of America to the people of England—that the American Minister was not expected to be merely a diplomatic functionary shrouded in reticence and retirement, jealously watching over doubtful relations, and carefully guarding against anticipated dangers; but that he was to be the guest of his kinsmen—one of themselves—the messenger of the sympathy and good-will, the mutual and warm regard and esteem that bind together the two great nations of the same race, and make them one in all the fair humanities of life. [Cheers.] The suggestion that met me at the threshold has not proved to be mistaken. The promise then held out has been generously fulfilled. Ever since and through all my intercourse here I have received, in all quarters, from all classes with whom I have come in contact, under all circumstances and in all vicissitudes, a uniform and widely varied kindness, far beyond what I had personally the least claim to. And I am glad of this public opportunity to acknowledge it in the most emphatic manner.

My relations with the successive governments I have had to do with have been at all times most fortunate and agreeable, and quite beyond those I have been happy in feeling always that the English people had a claim upon the American Minister for all kind and friendly offices in his power, and upon his presence and voice on all occasions when they could be thought to further any good work. [Cheers.]

And so I have gone in and out among you these four years and have come to know you well. I have taken part in many gratifying public functions; I have been the guest at many homes; and my heart has gone out with yours in memorable jubilee of that Sovereign Lady whom all Englishmen love and all Americans honor. I have stood with you by some unforgotten graves; I have shared in many joys; and I have tried as well as I could through it all, in my small way, to promote constantly a better understanding, a fuller and more accurate knowledge, a more genuine sympathy between the people of the two countries. [Cheers.]

And this leads me to say a word on the nature of these relations. The moral intercourse between the governments is most important to be maintained, and its value is not to be overlooked or disregarded. But the real significance of the attitude of nations depends in these days upon the feelings which the general intelligence of their inhabitants entertain toward each other. The time has long passed when kings or rulers can involve their nations in hostilities to gratify their own ambition or caprice. There can be no war nowadays between civilized nations, nor any peace that is not hollow and delusive, unless sustained and backed up by the sentiment of the people who are parties to it. [Cheers.] Before nations can quarrel, their inhabitants must first become hostile. Then a cause of quarrel is not far to seek. The men of our race are not likely to become hostile until they begin to misunderstand each other. [Cheers.] There are no dragon's teeth so prolific as mutual misunderstandings. It is in the great and constantly increasing intercourse between England and America, in its reciprocities, and its amenities, that the security against misunderstanding must be found. While that continues, they cannot be otherwise than friendly. Unlucky incidents may sometimes happen; interests may conflict; mistakes may be made on one side or on the other, and sharp words may occasionally be spoken by unguarded or ignorant tongues. The man who makes no mistakes does not usually make anything. [Cheers and laughter.] The nation that comes to be without fault will have reached the millennium, and will have little further concern with the storm-swept geography of this imperfect world. But these things are all ephemeral; they do not touch the great heart of either people; they float for a moment on the surface and in the wind, and then they disappear and are gone—"in the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

I do not know, sir, who may be my successor, but I venture to assure you that he will be an American gentleman, fit by character and capacity to be the medium of communication between our countries; and an American gentleman, when you come to know him, generally turns out to be not very distant kinsman of an English gentleman. [Cheers.] I need not bespeak for him a kindly reception. I know he will receive it for his country's sake and his own. ["Hear! Hear!"]

"Farewell," sir, is a word often lightly uttered and readily forgotten. But when it marks the rounding-off and completion of a chapter in life, the severance of ties many and cherished, of the parting with many friends at once—especially when it is spoken among the lengthening shadows of the western light—it sticks somewhat in the throat. It becomes, indeed, "the word that makes us linger." But it does not prompt many other words. It is best expressed in few. What goes without saying is better than what is said. Not much can be added to the old English word "Good-by." You are not sending me away empty-handed or alone. I go freighted and laden with happy memories—inexhaustible and unalloyed—of England, its warm-hearted people, and their measureless kindness. Spirits more than twain will cross with me, messengers of your good-will. Happy the nation that can thus speed its parting guest! Fortunate the guest who has found his welcome almost an adoption, and whose farewell leaves half his heart behind! [Loud cheers.]

ARTHUR WING PINERO

THE DRAMA

[Speech of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 4, 1895. The toast to the "Drama" was coupled with that to "Music," to which Sir Alexander Mackenzie responded. Sir John Millais in proposing the toast said: "I have already spoken for both music and the drama with my brush. ["Hear! Hear!"] I have painted Sterndale Bennett, Arthur Sullivan, Irving, and Hare." Sir Arthur Pinero (born 1855) is one of the chief English dramatists and has been a leader in the modern revival. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" in 1893 has been translated into many languages. He was knighted in 1909.]

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN:—There ought to be at least one strong link of sympathy between certain painters and certain dramatists, for in the craft of painting as in that of play-writing, popular success is not always held to be quite creditable. Not very long ago I met at an exhibition of pictures a friend whose business it is to comment in the public journals upon painting and the drama. The exhibition was composed of the works of two artists, and I found myself in one room praising the pictures of the man who was exhibiting in the other. My friend promptly took me to task. "Surely," said he, "you noticed that two-thirds of the works in the next room are already sold?" I admitted having observed that many of the pictures were so ticketed. My friend shrugged his shoulders. "But," said I, anxiously, "do you really regard that circumstance as reflecting disparagingly upon the man's work in the next room?" His reply was: "Good work rarely sells." [Laughter.] My lords and gentlemen, if the dictum laid down by my friend be a sound one, I am placed to-night in a situation of some embarrassment. For, in representing, as you honor me, by giving me leave to do, my brother dramatists, I confess I am not in the position to deny that their wares frequently "sell." [Laughter.] I might, of course, artfully plead in extenuation of this condition of affairs that success in such a shape is the very last reward the dramatist toils for, or desires; that when the theater in which his work is presented is thronged nightly no one is more surprised, more abashed than himself; that his modesty is so impenetrable, his artistic absorption so profound, that the sound of the voices of public approbation reduces him to a state of shame and dismay. [Laughter.] But did I advance this plea, I think it would at once be found to be a very shallow plea. For in any department of life, social, political, or artistic, nothing is more difficult than to avoid incurring the suspicion that you mean to succeed in the widest application of that term, if you can. If therefore there be any truth in the assertion that "good work rarely sells," it would appear that I must, on behalf of certain of my brother dramatists, either bow my head in frank humiliation, or strike out some ingenious line of defense. ["Hear! Hear!"]

But, my lords and gentlemen, I shall, with your sanction, adopt neither of those expedients; I shall simply beg leave to acknowledge freely, to acknowledge without a blush, that what is known as popular success is, I believe, greatly coveted, sternly fought for, by even the most earnest of those writers who deal in the commodity labeled "modern British drama." And I would, moreover, submit that of all the affectations displayed by artists of any craft, the affectation of despising the approval and support of the great public is the most mischievous and misleading. [Cheers.] Speaking at any rate of dramatic art, I believe that its most substantial claim upon consideration rests in its power of legitimately interesting a great number of people. I believe this of any art; I believe it especially of the drama. Whatever distinction the dramatist may attain in gaining the attention of the so-called select few, I believe that his finest task is that of giving back to a multitude their own thoughts and conceptions, illuminated, enlarged, and if needful, purged, perfected, transfigured. The making of a play that shall be closely observant in its portrayal of character, moral in purpose, dignified in expression, stirring in its development, yet not beyond our possible experience of life; a drama, the unfolding of whose story shall be watched intently, responsively, night after night by thousands of men and women, necessarily of diversified temperaments, aims, and interests, men and women of all classes of society—surely the writing of that drama, the weaving of that complex fabric, is one of the most arduous of the tasks which art has set us; surely its successful accomplishment is one of the highest achievements of which an artist is capable.

I cannot claim—it would be immodest to make such a claim in speaking even of my brother dramatists—I cannot claim that the thorough achievement of such a task is a common one in this country. It is indeed a rare one in any country. But I can claim—I do claim for my fellow-workers that they are not utterly unequal to the demands made upon them, and that of late there have been signs of the growth of a thoughtful, serious drama in England. ["Hear! Hear!"] I venture to think, too, that these signs are not in any sense exotics; I make bold to say that they do not consist of mere imitations of certain models; I submit that they are not as a few critics of limited outlook and exclusive enthusiasm would have us believe—I submit that they are not mere echoes of foreign voices. I submit that the drama of the present day is the natural outcome of our own immediate environment, of the life that closely surrounds us. And, perhaps, it would be only fair to allow that the reproaches which have been leveled for so long a period at the British theater—the most important of these reproaches being that it possessed no drama at all—perhaps I say we may grant in a spirit of charity that these reproaches ought not to be wholly laid at the door of the native playwright. If it be true that he has been in the habit of producing plays invariably conventional in sentiment, trite in comedy, wrought on traditional lines, inculcating no philosophy, making no intellectual appeal whatever, may it not be that the attitude of the frequenters of the theater has made it hard for him to do anything else? If he has until lately evaded in his theatrical work any attempt at a true criticism of life, if he has ignored the social, religious, and scientific problems of his day, may we not attribute this to the fact that the public have not been in the mood for these elements of seriousness in their theatrical entertainment, have not demanded these special elements of seriousness either in plays or in novels? But during recent years, the temper of the times has been changing; it is now the period of analysis, of general restless inquiry; and as this spirit creates a demand for freer expression on the part of our writers of books, so it naturally permits to our writers of plays a wider scope in the selection of subject, and calls for an accompanying effort of thought, a large freedom of utterance.

At this moment, perhaps, the difficulty of the dramatist lies less in paucity of subject, than in an almost embarrassing wealth of it. The life around us teems with problems of conduct and character, which may be said almost to cry aloud for dramatic treatment, and the temptation that besets the busy playwright of an uneasy, an impatient age, is that in yielding himself to the allurements of contemporary psychology, he is apt to forget that fancy and romance have also their immortal rights in the drama. ["Hear! Hear!"] But when all is claimed for romance, we must remember that the laws of supply and demand assert themselves in the domain of dramatic literature as elsewhere. What the people, out of the advancement of their knowledge, out of the enlightenment of modern education, want, they will ask for; what they demand, they will have. And at the present moment the English people appear to be inclined to grant to the English dramatist the utmost freedom to deal with questions which have long been thought to be outside the province of the stage. I do not deplore, I rejoice that this is so, and I rejoice that to the dramatists of my day—to those at least who care to attempt to discharge it, falls the duty of striking from the limbs of English drama some of its shackles. ["Hear! Hear!"] I know that the discharge of this duty is attended by one great, one special peril. And in thinking particularly of the younger generation of dramatists, those upon whom the immediate future of our drama depends, I cannot help expressing the hope that they will accept this freedom as a privilege to be jealously exercised, a privilege to be exercised in the spirit which I have been so presumptuous as to indicate.

It would be easy by a heedless employment of the latitude allowed us to destroy its usefulness, indeed to bring about a reaction which would deprive us of our newly granted liberty altogether. Upon this point the young, the coming dramatist would perhaps do well to ponder; he would do well, I think, to realize fully that freedom in art must be guarded by the eternal unwritten laws of good taste, morality, and beauty, he would do well to remember always that the real courage of the artist is in his capacity for restraint. [Cheers.] I am deeply sensible of the honor which has been done me in the association of my name with this toast, and I ask your leave to add one word—a word of regret at the absence to-night of my friend, Mr. Toole, an absence unhappily occasioned by an illness from which he is but slowly recovering. Mr. Toole charges me to express his deep disappointment at being prevented from attending this banquet. He does not, however, instruct me to say what I do say heartily—that Mr. Toole fitly represents in any assemblage, his own particular department of the drama; more fitly represents his department than I do mine. I know of no actor who stands higher in the esteem, who exists more durably in the affection of those who know him, than does John Lawrence Toole.

ATLEE POMERENE

OHIO

[Atlee Pomerene was born in Ohio in 1863, graduated from Princeton in 1884 and was admitted to the bar in 1886. He was elected Senator from Ohio in 1911 and re-elected in 1916. The following speech was made at the 35th Annual Banquet of the Ohio Society of New York at the Waldorf-Astoria, January 15, 1921. The Democratic Party had suffered an overwhelming defeat at the polls in the previous November, and Senator Pomerene as a leading Democrat was naturally open to the gibes of the other speakers, Senator Willis, Mr. James Beck, and Mr. Job Hedges. It was universally felt that he acquitted himself admirably under difficult circumstances.]

Mr. President, my Fellow Ohioans, and Honored Guests:—If I had not known anything about Ohio before I came here to-night I am sure that after listening to these splendid addresses I would never live anywhere else than in Ohio. [Laughter and applause.] I am quite a little at a loss to know why I should be sandwiched just as I am, on my left the eloquent junior Senator, who has gone through the length and breadth of Ohio for lo these many years, telling the ladies in each particular community that they were the most beautiful women that he had ever seen [laughter]; and then here is my distinguished friend, Mr. Beck, who never talks to any audience without interesting and instructing all present. And what shall I say of my friend on my right [laughter], my beloved classmate, born an orator [laughter], gifted as few men are, with unlimited experience, always called at all the banquets, and that shows the good judgment of the banqueters. [Applause.] And if he will pardon me for making a remark which I did on another occasion—in addition to his great ability he has had more experience than most of us, because he began to make speeches shortly after he was born. The only difference is that in his earlier days he made his speeches before dinner and since then he has been making them after dinner.

[Laughter and applause.] And they were always good speeches, and always brought the goods.

When I think of my friend Job Hedges it reminds me of a speech I made before the Chamber of Commerce in Cleveland at one time. The present Secretary of War was then Mayor of the city of Cleveland. I was the first speaker, and I tried to speak my piece as best I could. I was followed by other local speakers, and Mayor Baker was to close the program of the evening. The Toastmaster, when he got up to introduce Mr. Baker, said: "Ven I vas a poy, und I vent out to dinners, ve alvays had the rough stuff first und the pie last; but now to-night ve have pie und cake und candy und fruit und nuts all in vun, Mayor Baker." [Laughter and applause.] And so, my friends, leaving out of that description the nuts, we are going to have them all in one in our good friend, Mr. Hedges. [Laughter and applause.]

My friends, what now? Why, Senator Willis, I remember the speeches you made this last fall in Ohio, and I heard a lot of good things you were promising. [Laughter.] And then the election came. I am a pretty good sportsman, but I don't know why you Republicans in Ohio should act as if instead of hair you grow bristles. [Laughter.] Just think! In Ohio, four hundred thousand majority. God save the mark! [Laughter.] But everything has its compensations, because there were over two hundred thousand Democrats in Ohio that voted the Republican ticket; and now you won't dare to abuse the Democrats any more. [Laughter and applause.] More than that, some of my friends have been telling me, "Why, Pomerene, you will be in the minority and you won't have anything to do." Just think how lonely I will be, with twenty-two Republican Congressmen and one Republican Senator. Why, I will be busy twenty-four hours a day watching that aggregation. [Laughter.] I have a good deal of faith, and I am a little bit in the position of David when he approached Goliath and the Philistines. I am only armed with a little sling and a few pebbles—but look out! [Laughter and applause.] And if I don't succeed in hitting you in the forehead with one of those pebbles, and you start to run, I will certainly find your Achilles' heel. [Laughter.]

My friends, just think of the task that confronts my Republican brother. Why, down in Texas the planters said they were going to vote for Harding because they knew if they elected Harding cotton would surely be forty cents. And in the West the farmer was made to believe that if Harding was elected they would have three dollar wheat. [Laughter.] Then they were going to relieve the people from the burden of taxation; they were going to make it more equitable, and some of them said they were going to raise the Liberty Bonds to par by increasing the rate of interest, and doing sundry things of that character. Well, my friends, when you get all these things done, won't you tell me about it? [Laughter.]

I am going to let you into a secret. In the next campaign I am going to have two pictures. I have already employed one artist, and I have bought the canvas. On that picture he is going to paint the things that were promised before election, and that is going to be called the "Promised Land." [Laughter.] Then I am going to have another picture. I have not employed that artist yet [laughter], and I haven't got that canvas, but I have laid enough money aside to buy the canvas at least, and I am going to have painted on that picture the "Things Performed," and then I am going to go out and contrast the things promised with the things performed; and won't I have an interesting time? [Laughter.] I know that my eloquent friend Willis will say that the things performed harmonize with the things promised, but I am afraid he will be in the same predicament that the artist was who was called upon to paint a picture of a father by a bereaved son, who went to town, looked around for an artist's sign, went in, and said, "Do you paint pictures?" "Yes." "Can you paint a picture of my father?" "Why, certainly. Have you got a photograph?" "No." "Can I see your father?" "Oh, my father has been dead for five years." "Well, can't you describe him to me?" So the son described him as a tall man, smooth face, black hair, prominent features, protruding chin, etc., etc., and he asked when the picture would be ready. Then he called to see the portrait, and drew back the drapery and looked at it for a time. The artist said, "Doesn't that look like your father?" Tears came to the son's eyes. He wiped them away and said, "That's father all right, but my, how he has changed." [Laughter.] I am afraid that these promises will have changed some. [Laughter.]

But I want to tell you another thing. When my good friend, Mr. Willis, yesterday brought with him his commission from His Excellency the Governor of the State—I am a good sport and always loved brother Willis—it was my pleasure to present his credentials and then to ask the Vice-President to swear him in. All that was done, and good brother Willis seemed very appreciative. He spoke very pleasantly about the service that I had rendered him—but he didn't say that he would perform a similar service for me. [Laughter.]

Now, my friends, let me talk seriously for a little while. What now? What is the matter with this country? The other day I took up the Old Testament and turned to Deuteronomy, and I found that Moses in a song he wrote spoke of Jacob and how he had been found by the Lord in the desert. He spoke of the great Jewish people and how they had prospered. He tells how they were taken up on the mountain and the high places and shown the boundaries of the earth, and how they had been fed upon butter from kine, and milk of the sheep, and fat of the lamb, and the blood of the grape. And then in speaking of Jeshurun he said, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." He was not describing the Jews then quite so much as he was seeing into the future and describing the great American people.

What now? What is the matter with America? Only that she has waxed fat, and she kicks. When was there a time in the history of the United States that we prospered as we have prospered in the last four or five years, I care not what the cause may have been? We waged the war; and, thank God for the patriotism of man and woman and child, and above all for the patriotism of the American soldier and sailor, we won the war. [Applause.] But, my friends, we won it at the cost of life and treasure. Nearly one hundred thousand lives of our young men wiped out. It cost us perhaps thirty billions of money. It cost the world two hundred and fifty billions of money; yet the United States of America to-day is richer than she was before we entered the war. My friends, this great war only served to show unto the American people their power, their strength, of which they were never before conscious.

What now? My good friend Mr. Beck has referred to the relations between the President and the Senate. There are many things to be done by President Harding and by the Senate. Senator Willis, there is enough for the majority and the minority both to do. [Applause.] President Harding and I are of opposed politics. I have known him for many years. I have learned to know him intimately during the past six years in our service together in the Senate. I feel that I can say that he is my friend, and I know that I am his friend. [Applause.] And though we may be as far apart on some questions as the antipodes, he has no better well-wisher than I. [Applause.] While I am proud of my party, and hope for its success, above party always I hope and I pray for the success of my country, whether it is under a Republican or a Democratic administration. [Applause.]

And then let me say this with respect to the relations which exist between the President and the Senate. I have not forgotten the past, and I am going to be frank enough to say to you that it does not behoove either the Democratic pot or the Republican kettle to call one or the other black. [Applause.] My friends, when it comes to great national questions, or great international questions, it will not do for one branch of the government at one end of the Capitol to say, "I am immovable," or for the other branch at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue to say, "I am unalterable." [Applause.]

If I conceive what America is, and what our republican institutions are, it is this; that our republican institutions—or call them if you will, democratic institutions—are synonymous with compromise. There never was a great statute enacted, there never was a great treaty ratified, which was not the result of compromise.

My friends, this nation of ours, with its one hundred and ten millions of people, has a destiny to work out. It cannot be done by assuming an arbitrary position, either on the part of Senate or Congress on the one hand, or the executive on the other. Senator Willis was not sent to the Senate from

Ohio to have his own will. Neither was I. We are there to try to do the best we can for the great State which has honored us.

And so, my friends, the first duty that will confront us is to settle this treaty business in one form or another. It is the first step toward the readjustment of the world. How can our merchants hope to deal with Germany or with Austria or with Bulgaria or with Turkey, unless they shall first know what amount they will have to pay to the allies for the damage they have done? Business men are not going to deal with nations or with their nationals until they know what the burden is that is going to be placed upon them.

And then, more than that, during the last few weeks in the Congress of the United States we have had men come from the West, some from the South, some from the East, wanting one favor or another—favors which mean a preference for their particular section as against some other. Some men from the South who during the war were opposed to the fixing of any price for cotton while the price was rising in the market, waited until it got up to forty cents and then began to fall, and then wanted the Government to fix the price of cotton at forty cents. From the West come some others. They say they are farmers, but their only title to the name of farmer is that they have been farming the farmers all their lives. [Laughter.] They come and say that the Government must maintain three dollar wheat. Some of the farm papers and farmer organizations when there was approaching a decline in the market price of wheat, advised their readers to hold, hold. And wheat went down to $2.50, down to $2.00, down to $1.75. Cotton went from 40 cents down I believe now to 14 or 15 cents. And then there were some business men from the East, and from Ohio, who have said to the Congress, "This is a time of deflation, values are declining, our December taxes have not yet been paid. We want you to amend the law so that we can reduce our inventories and reappraise our property." Why? Forgetful of the fact that many of the taxpayers had already paid. Forgetful of the fact that if there was a readjustment the Government of the United States would have to change its plans, its financial plans. Forgetful of the fact that the making of inventories and appraisements lies with the taxpayer himself. Think what it would mean if you were to allow a reappraisement and readjustment in a time of declining values. This is what it would mean: It would be a temptation to the business man to say, "I will make up one inventory and appraisement for my stockholders and my creditors, but I will make out another when it comes to paying the dues that I owe to the United States of America." No, gentlemen, that cannot be, that must not be.

Let me call your attention to another thought. You are going to have some revenue legislation, and my good friend Willis referred to the sainted McKinley, my fellow townsman, my neighbor, my friend. In that last speech of his at Buffalo he reminded the great American people—it is as if it were a voice from the grave—"The United States cannot live unto itself alone; it is a world power." But, my friends, while McKinley rightly described the United States as a world power, it has gone beyond that, and we are now the world power. We have passed from the debtor class of nations to the only creditor nation in the world; and yet there are some of our friends who say that we must build a wall around these United States so high that no foreign products can come here. Bear in mind, my friends, that the Allies owe to the United States ten billions of borrowed money, and the business men of the United States in addition to that have extended credits to the nations of the old world amounting to over four billions of money, in all more than fourteen billions, our money, our gold, if you please; and how is it to be paid? There are only two ways to pay a debt. One is by payment with the coin of the realm; the other by barter. The nations of the old world cannot pay their debt to us in gold to-day, and we will not accept their depreciated currency for ours. How are you going to do it, if you are not going to trade with them?

I am not suggesting now what the details of the plan should be, but this government cannot help to rebuild Europe unless we trade with Europe. [Applause.] We cannot collect the debt they owe unless we trade with them. Bear that in mind. No, my friends, there is not anybody who has on his shoulders public responsibility who must not, sooner or later, recognize the fact that whatever his preconceived notions of economics may be, in the face of this great world catastrophe we must cut our garments according to the cloth.

Now, my friends, one other fact. Many people are coming from South and West, some, not many, from the East, who have been insisting that the Federal Reserve System shall continue to expand, shall continue to grant further credits, little realizing how dangerous that may be. The only difference between the financial systems of the old world and our financial system is that our credits have been controlled, that we have refused to expand beyond the danger line; and the men who are coming and asking us to order the Reserve Board to continue this expansion are not reckoning with what they are doing. Like Samson of old, they can tear down the temple, but if it falls it means their death as well as the death of others.

My friends, it has been a great pleasure to be here to-night, and to meet you old Ohioans, men who will always keep Ohio sacred in their innermost heart.

Why should we not love the State, with her eighty-eight counties, with her industrial centers in every county, with all her greatness, with all her history, with all that is dear to the inhabitants of that old State? We do love Ohio; we will continue to love Ohio as we do love America, and as we will continue to love America, because America is and always will be the best land on all the face of the world. I thank you. [Applause, rising.]

HORACE PORTER

MEN OF MANY INVENTIONS

[General Horace Porter was born at Huntington, Penn., 1837, graduated from West Point 1860, served as a member of Grant's staff, and was later his private secretary, resigned from the army in 1873, was ambassador to France 1897–1905. He died in 1921. General Porter was one of the most famous after-dinner speakers of his generation; his speeches displaying a bewildering rapid-fire of wit, epigram, anecdote and word-play. The first speech which follows was given at the seventy-second annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1877. The President, William Borden, said: "Gentlemen, in giving you the next toast, I will call upon one whom we are always glad to listen to. I suppose you have been waiting to hear him, and are surprised that he comes so late in the evening; but I will tell you in confidence, he is put there at his own request. [Applause.] I give you the eleventh regular toast: 'Internal Improvements.'—The Triumph of American invention. The modern palace runs on wheels.

'When thy car is laden with [dead] heads,
Good Porter, turn the key.'

General Horace Porter will respond."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the New England Society:—I suppose it was a matter of necessity, calling on some of us from other States to speak for you to-night, for we have learned from the history of Priscilla and John Alden, that a New Englander may be too modest to speak for himself. [Laughter.] But this modesty, like some of the greater blessings of the war, has been more or less disguised to-night.

We have heard from the eloquent gentleman [Noah Porter, D. D.] on my left all about the good-fellowship and the still better fellowships in the rival universities of Harvard and Yale. We have heard from my sculpture friend [W. W. Story] upon the extreme right all about Hawthorne's tales, and all the great Storys that have emanated from Salem; but I am not a little surprised that in this age, when speeches are made principally by those running for office, you should call upon one engaged only in running cars, and more particularly upon one brought up in the military service, where the practice of running is not regarded as strictly professional. [Laughter]. It occurred to me some years ago that the occupation of moving cars would be fully as congenial as that of stopping bullets—as a steady business, so when I left Washington I changed my profession. I know how hard it is to believe that persons from Washington ever change their professions. [Laughter.] In this regal age, when every man is his own sovereign, somebody had to provide palaces, and, as royalty is not supposed to have any permanent abiding-place in a country like this, it was thought best to put these palaces on wheels; and, since we have been told by reliable authority that "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," we thought it necessary to introduce every device to enable those crowned heads to rest as easily as possible. Of course we cannot be expected to do as much for the traveling public as the railway companies. They at times put their passengers to death. We only put them to sleep. We don't pretend that all the devices, patents, and inventions upon these cars are due to the genius of the management. Many of the best suggestions have come from the travelers themselves, especially New England travelers. [Laughter.]

Some years ago, when the bedding was not supposed to be as fat as it ought to be, and the pillows were accused of being constructed upon the homœopathic principle, a New Englander got on a car one night. Now, it is a remarkable fact that a New Englander never goes to sleep in one of these cars. He lies awake all night, thinking how he can improve upon every device and patent in sight. [Laughter.] He poked his head out of the upper berth at midnight, hailed the porter and said, "Say, have you got such a thing as a corkscrew about you?" "We don't 'low no drinkin' sperits aboa'd these yer cars, sah," was the reply. "'Tain't that," said the Yankee, "but I want to get hold onto one of your pillows that has kind of worked its way into my ear." [Loud laughter.] The pillows have since been enlarged.

I notice that, in the general comprehensiveness of the sentiment which follows this toast, you allude to that large and liberal class of patrons, active though defunct, known as "deadheads." It is said to be a quotation from Shakespeare. That is a revelation. It proves conclusively that Shakespeare must at one time have resided in the State of Missouri. It is well-known that the term was derived from a practice upon a Missouri railroad, where, by a decision of the courts, the railroad company had been held liable in heavy damages in case of accidents where a passenger lost an arm or a leg, but when he was killed outright his friends seldom sued, and he never did; and the company never lost any money in such cases. In fact, a grateful mother-in-law would occasionally pay the company a bonus. The conductors on that railroad were all armed with hatchets, and in case of an accident they were instructed to go around and knock every wounded passenger in the head, thus saving the company large amounts of money; and these were reported to the general office as "deadheads," and in railway circles the term has ever since been applied to passengers where no money consideration is involved. [Laughter.]

One might suppose, from the manifestations around these tables for the first three hours to-night, that the toast "Internal Improvements" referred more especially to the benefiting of the true inwardness of the New England men; but I see that the sentiment which follows contains much more than human stomachs, and covers much more ground than cars. It soars into the realms of invention. Unfortunately the genius of invention is always accompanied by the demon of unrest. A New England Yankee can never let well enough alone. I have always supposed him to be the person specially alluded to in Scripture as the man who has found out many inventions. If he were a Chinese Pagan, he would invent a new kind of Joss to worship every week. You get married and settle down in your home. You are delighted with everything about you. You rest in blissful ignorance of the terrible discomforts that surround you, until a Yankee friend comes to visit you. He at once tells you you mustn't build a fire in that chimney-place; that he knows the chimney will smoke; that if he had been there when it was built he could have shown you how to give a different sort of flare to the flue. You go to read a chapter in the family Bible. He tells you to drop that; that he has just written an enlarged and improved version, that can just put that old book to bed. [Laughter.] You think you are at least raising your children in general uprightness; but he tells you if you don't go out at once and buy the latest patented article in the way of steel leg-braces and put on the baby, the baby will grow up bow-legged. [Laughter.] He intimates, before he leaves, that if he had been around to advise you before you were married, he could have got you a much better wife. These are some of the things that reconcile a man to sudden death. [Continued laughter and applause.]

Such occurrences as these, and the fact of so many New Englanders being residents of this city and elsewhere, show that New England must be a good place—to come from.

At the beginning of the war we thought we could shoot people rapidly enough to satisfy our consciences, with single-loading rifles; but along came the inventive Yankee and produced revolvers and repeaters, and Gatling guns, and magazine guns—guns that carried a dozen shots at a time. I didn't wonder at the curiosity exhibited in this direction by a backwoods Virginian we captured one night. The first remark he made was, "I would like to see one of them thar new-fangled weepons of yourn. They tell me, sah, it's a most remarkable eenstrument. They say, sah, it's a kind o' repeatable, which you can load it up enough on Sunday to fiah it off all the rest of the week." [Laughter.] Then there was every sort of new invention in the way of bayonets. Our distinguished Secretary of State has expressed an opinion to-night that bayonets are bad things to sit down on. Well, they are equally bad things to be tossed up on. If he continues to hold up such terrors to the army, there will have to be important modifications in the uniform. A soldier won't know where to wear his breastplate. [Laughter.] But there have not only been inventions in the way of guns, but important inventions in the way of firing them. In these days a man drops on his back, coils himself up, sticks up one foot, and fires off his gun over the top of his great toe. It changes the whole stage business of battle. It used to be the man who was shot, but now it is the man who shoots that falls on his back and turns up his toes. [Laughter and applause.] The consequence is, that the whole world wants American arms, and as soon as they get them they go to war to test them. Russia and Turkey had no sooner bought a supply than they went to fighting. Greece got a schooner-load, and, although she has not yet taken part in the struggle, yet ever since the digging up of the lost limbs of the Venus of Milo, it has been feared that this may indicate a disposition on the part of Greece generally to take up arms. [Laughter and applause.]

But there was one inveterate old inventor that you had to get rid of, and you put him on to us Pennsylvanians—Benjamin Franklin. [Laughter.] Instead of stopping in New York, in Wall Street, as such men usually do, he continued on into Pennsylvania to pursue his kiting operations. He never could let well enough alone. Instead of allowing the lightning to occupy the heavens as the sole theater for its pyrotechnic displays, he showed it how to get down on to the earth, and then he invented the lightning-rod to catch it. Houses that had got along perfectly well for years without any lightning at all, now thought they must have a rod to catch a portion of it every time it came around. Nearly every house in the country was equipped with a lightning-rod through Franklin's direct agency. You, with your superior New England intelligence, succeeded in ridding yourselves of him; but in Pennsylvania, though we have made a great many laudable efforts in a similar direction, somehow or other we have never once succeeded in getting rid of a lightning-rod agent. [Laughter]. Then the lightning was introduced on the telegraph wires, and now we have the duplex and quadruplex instruments, by which any number of messages can be sent from opposite ends of the same wire at the same time, and they all appear to arrive at the front in good order. Electricians have not yet told us which message lies down and which one steps over it, but they all seem to bring up in the right camp without confusion. I shouldn't wonder if this principle were introduced before long in the operating of railroads. We may then see trains running in opposite directions pass each other on a single-track road. [Laughter.]

There was a New England quartermaster in charge of railroads in Tennessee, who tried to introduce this principle during the war. The result was discouraging. He succeeded in telescoping two or three trains every day. He seemed to think that the easiest way to shorten up a long train and get it on a short siding was to telescope it. I have always thought that if that man's attention had been turned in an astronomical direction, he would have been the first man to telescope the satellites of Mars. [Laughter.]

The latest invention in the application of electricity is the telephone. By means of it we may be able soon to sit in our houses and hear all the speeches, without going to the New England dinner. The telephone enables an orchestra to keep at a distance of miles away when it plays. If the instrument can be made to keep hand-organs at a distance, its popularity will be indescribable. The worst form I have ever known an invention to take was one that was introduced in a country town, when I was a boy, by a Yankee of musical turn of mind, who came along and taught every branch of education by singing. He taught geography by singing, and to combine accuracy of memory with patriotism, he taught the multiplication-table to the tune of Yankee Doodle. [Laughter.] This worked very well as an aïd to the memory in school, but when the boys went into business it often led to inconvenience. When a boy got a situation in a grocery-store and customers were waiting for their change, he never could tell the product of two numbers without commencing at the beginning of the table and singing up till he had reached those numbers. In case the customer's ears had not received a proper musical training, this practice often injured the business of the store. [Laughter.]

It is said that the Yankee has always manifested a disposition for making money, but he never struck a proper field for the display of his genius until we got to making paper money. [Laughter.] Then every man who owned a printing-press wanted to try his hand at it. I remember that in Washington ten cents' worth of rags picked up in the street would be converted the next day into thousands of dollars.

An old mule and cart used to haul up the currency from the Printing Bureau to the door of the Treasury Department. Every morning, as regularly as the morning came, that old mule would back up and dump a cart-load of the sinews of war at the Treasury. [Laughter.] A patriotic son of Columbia, who lived opposite, was sitting on the doorstep of his house one morning, looking mournfully in the direction of the mule. A friend came along, and seeing that the man did not look as pleasant as usual, said to him, "What is the matter? It seems to me you look kind of disconsolate this morning." "I was just thinking," he replied, "what would become of this government if that old mule was to break down." [Laughter and applause.] Now they propose to give us a currency which is brighter and heavier, but not worth quite as much as the rags. Our financial horizon has been dimmed by it for some time, but there is a lining of silver to every cloud. We are supposed to take it with 412½ grains of silver—a great many more grains of allowance. [Laughter.] Congress seems disposed to pay us in the "dollar of our daddies"—in the currency which we were familiar with in our childhood. Congress seems determined to pay us off in something that is "childlike and Bland." [Laughter and applause.] But I have detained you too long already. [Cries of "No, no; go on!"]

Why, the excellent President of your Society has for the last five minutes been looking at me like a man who might be expected, at any moment, to break out in the disconsolate language of Bildad the Shuhite to the patriarch Job, "How long will it be ere ye make an end of words?" Let me say then, in conclusion, that, coming as I do from the unassuming State of Pennsylvania, and standing in the presence of the dazzling genius of New England, I wish to express the same degree of humility that was expressed by a Dutch Pennsylvania farmer in a railroad car, at the breaking out of the war. A New Englander came in who had just heard of the fall of Fort Sumter, and he was describing it to the farmer and his fellow-passengers. He said that in the fort they had an engineer from New England, who had constructed the traverses, and the embrasures, and the parapets in such a manner as to make everybody within the fort as safe as if he had been at home; and on the other side, the Southerners had an engineer who had been educated in New England, and he had, with his scientific attainments, succeeded in making the batteries of the bombarders as safe as any harvest field, and the bombardment had raged for two whole days, and the fort had been captured, and the garrison had surrendered, and not a man was hurt on either side. A great triumph for science, and a proud day for New England education. Said the farmer, "I suppose dat ish all right, but it vouldn't do to send any of us Pennsylvany fellers down dare to fight mit does pattles. Like as not ve vould shoost pe fools enough to kill somebody." [Loud applause and laughter, and cries of "Go on; go on."]

A TRIP ABROAD WITH DEPEW

[Speech of Horace Porter at the seventy-seventh annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1882. Josiah M. Fiske, the President, occupied the chair and called upon General Porter to respond to the toast: "The Embarkation of the Pilgrims."]

Gentlemen:—Last summer two pilgrims might have been seen embarking from the port of New York to visit the land from which the Pilgrim Fathers once embarked. One was the speaker who just sat down [Chauncey M. Depew], and the other the speaker who has just arisen. I do not know why we chose that particular time. Perhaps Mr. Choate, with his usual disregard of the more accurate bounds of veracity, would have you believe that we selected that time because it was a season when there was likely to be a general vacation from dinners here. [Laughter.] Our hopes of pleasure abroad had not risen to any dizzy height. We did not expect that the land which so discriminating a band as the Pilgrim Fathers had deliberately abandoned, and preferred New England thereto, could be a very engaging country. We expected to feel at home there upon the general principle that the Yankees never appear so much at home as when they are visiting other people. [Laughter.]

I have noticed that Americans have a desire to go to Europe, and I have observed, especially, that those who have certain ambitions with regard to public life think that they ought to cross the ocean; that crossing the water will add to their public reputations, particularly when they think how it added to the reputation of George Washington even crossing the Delaware River. [Laughter and applause.] The process is very simple. You get aboard a steamer, and when you get out of sight of land you suddenly realize that the ship has taken up seriously its corkscrew career through the sea. Certain gastronomic uncertainties follow. You are sailing under the British flag. You always knew that "Britannia ruled the waves"; but the only trouble with her now is that she don't appear to rule them straight. [Laughter.] Then you lean up against the rail; soon you begin to look about as much discouraged as a Brooklyn Alderman in contempt of court. Your more experienced and sympathizing friends tell you that it will soon pass over, and it does. You even try to beguile your misery with pleasant recollections of Shakespeare. The only line that seems to come to your memory is the advice of Lady Macbeth—"To bed, to bed!"—and when you are tucked away in your berth and the ship is rolling at its worst, your more advisory friends look in upon you, and they give you plenty of that economical advice that was given to Joseph's brother, not to "fall out by the way." [Laughter.]

For several days you find your stomach is about in the condition of the tariff question in the present Congress—likely to come up any minute. This is particularly hard upon those who had been brought up in the army, whose previous experience in this direction had been confined entirely to throwing up earthworks. [Laughter.] You begin to realize how naval officers sometimes have even gone so far as to throw up their commissions. If Mr. Choate had seen Mr. Depew and myself under these circumstances he would not have made those disparaging remarks which he uttered to-night about the engorgement of our stomachs. If he had turned those stomachs wrong side out and gazed upon their inner walls through that opera-glass with which he has been looking so intently lately upon Mrs. Langtry, he would have found that there was not even the undigested corner of a carbuncular potato to stop the pyloric orifice; he would have found upon those inner walls not a morsel of those things which perish with using. [Laughter.]

But Mr. Choate must have his joke. He is a professional lawyer, and I have frequently observed that lawyers' jokes are like an undertaker's griefs—strictly professional. You begin now to sympathize with everybody that ever went to sea. You think of the Pilgrim Fathers during the tempestuous voyage in the Mayflower. You reflect how fully their throats must have been occupied, and you can see how they originated the practice of speaking through their noses. [Great laughter and applause.] Why, you will get so nauseated before the trip is over at the very sight of the white caps that you can't look at the heads of the French nurses in Paris without feeling seasick. There are the usual "characters" about. There is the customary foreign spinster of uncertain age that has been visiting here, who regales you with stories of how in New York she had twelve men at her feet. Subsequent inquiry proves that they were chiropodists. [Laughter.]

And then you approach Ireland. You have had enough of the ocean wave, and you think you will stop there. I have no doubt everybody present, after hearing from the lips of the distinguished chaplain on my right as to the character of the men who come from that country, will hereafter always want to stop there. And when you land at Queenstown you are taken for an American suspect. They think you are going to join the Fenian army. They look at you as if you intended to go forth from that ship as the dove went forth from the ark, in search of some green thing. You assure them that the only manner in which you can be compared with that dove is in the general peacefulness of your intentions. Then you go wandering around by the shores of the Lakes of Killarney and the Gap of Dunloe, that spot where the Irishman worked all day for the agent of an absentee landlord on the promise of getting a glass of grog. At night the agent brought out the grog to him, and the Irishman tasted it, and he said to the agent, "Which did you put in first, the whiskey or the water?" "Oh," said he, "the whiskey." "Ah, ha! Well, maybe I'll come to it by and by." [Laughter.] You look around upon the army, the constabulary, the police, and you begin to think that Ireland is a good deal like our own city of Troy, where there are two police forces on duty—that it is governed a great deal. You can't help thinking of the philosophical remark made by that learned Chinese statesman, Chin Lan Pin, when he was here at the time Dennis Kearney was having an unpleasantness with the Orientals. A man said to him, "Your people will have to get out of here; the Irish carry too much religion around to associate with Pagans." "Yes," said Chin Lan Pin, "we have determined to go. Our own country is too overcrowded now, we can't go there, and I think we'll go to Ireland." Said the man, "To Ireland? You will be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire." Said Chin Lan Pin, "I have traveled in your country and all around a good deal, and I have come to the conclusion that nowadays Ireland is about the only country that is not governed by the Irish." [Applause and laughter.]

Then you go to Scotland. You want to learn from personal observation whether the allegation is true that the Scotch are a people who are given to keeping the Sabbath day—and everything else they can lay their hands on. [Laughter.] You have heard that it is a musical country, and you immediately find that it is. You hardly land there before you hear the bag-pipes. You hear that disheartening music, and you sit down and weep. You know that there is only one other instrument in the world that will produce such strains, and that is a steam piano on a Mississippi steamboat when the engineer is drunk. And in this musical country they tell you in song about the "Lassies Comin' Through the Rye"; but they never tell you about the rye that goes through the "laddies." And they will tell you in song about "bodies meeting bodies coming through the rye," and you tell them that the practice is entirely un-American; that in America bodies usually are impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the general propriety of the thing, and lie quiet until the arrival of the coroner, but that the coroners are disputing so much in regard to their jurisdiction, and so many delays occur in issuing burial permits, that, altogether, they are making the process so tedious and disagreeable that nowadays in America hardly anybody cares to die. You tell them this in all seriousness, and you will see from their expression that they receive it in the same spirit. [Laughter.]

Then you go to England. You have seen her colonies forming a belt around the circle of the earth, on which the sun never sets. And now you have laid eyes on the mother-country, on which it appears the sun never rises. Then you begin to compare legislative bodies, Parliament and Congress.

You find that in Parliament the members sit with their hats on and cough, while in Congress the members sit with their hats off and spit. I believe that no international tribunal of competent jurisdiction has yet determined which nation has the advantage over the other in these little legislative amenities. And, as you cross the English Channel, the last thing you see is the English soldier with his blue trousers and red coat, and the first you see on landing in France is the French soldier with his red trousers and blue coat, and you come to the conclusion that if you turn an English soldier upside down he is, uniformly speaking, a Frenchman. [Laughter.]

We could not tarry long in France; it was the ambition of my traveling companion to go to Holland, and upon his arrival there the boyish antics that were performed by my traveling companion in disporting himself upon the ancestral ground were one of the most touching and playful sights ever witnessed in the open air. [Laughter.] Nobody knows Mr. Depew who has not seen him among the Dutch. He wanted especially to go to Holland, because he knew the Pilgrims had gone from there. They did not start immediately from England to come here. Before taking their leap across the ocean they stepped back on to Holland to get a good ready. [Laughter.] It is a country where water mingles with everything except gin—a country that has been so effectually diked by the natives and damned by tourists. [Laughter.] There is one peculiar and especial advantage that you can enjoy in that country in going out to a banquet like this. It is that rare and peculiar privilege which you cannot expect to enjoy in a New England Society even when Mr. Choate addresses you—the privilege of never being able to understand a word that is said by the speakers after dinner. But we had to hurry home. We were Republicans, and there was going to be an election in November. We didn't suppose that our votes would be necessary at all; still it would look well, you know, to come home and swell the Republican majority. [Laughter.] Now when you get on that ship to come back, you begin for the first time to appreciate the advantage of the steam lanes that are laid down by the steamship company, by which a vessel goes to Europe one season over one route and comes back another season over another route, so that a man who goes to Europe one season and comes back another is treated to another change of scenery along the entire route. [Laughter.]

As I said, we thought it was the thing for Republicans to come home to vote. At the polls we found it was rather the thing for them to stay away. But we acted upon that impulse which often seizes upon the human breast—the desire to come home to die. I never for one moment realized the overwhelming defeat that we were going to suffer until one day Mr. Choate confided to me his determination to speak for the Citizens' candidate. [Loud laughter.] And this left us the day after that election and left the other members of our party standing around the highways and byways with that one supplication upon each one's lips: "Lord, be merciful unto me a Republican and a sinner." [Loud applause and laughter.]

WOMAN

[Speech of Horace Porter at the seventy-eighth annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1883. The President, Marvelle W. Cooper, in introducing the speaker, arose, mentioned the single word "Woman"—and said: "This toast will be responded to by one whom you know well, General Horace Porter."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—When this toast was proposed to me, I insisted that it ought to be responded to by a bachelor, by some one who is known as a ladies' man; but in these days of female proprietorship it is supposed that a married person is more essentially a ladies' man than anybody else, and it was thought that only one who had had the courage to address a lady could have the courage, under these circumstances, to address the New England Society. [Laughter.]

The toast, I see, is not in its usual order to-night. At public dinners this toast is habitually placed last on the list. It seems to be a benevolent provision of the Committee on Toasts in order to give man in replying to Woman one chance at least in life of having the last word. [Laughter.] At the New England dinners, unfortunately the most fruitful subject of remark regarding woman is not so much her appearance as her disappearance. I know that this was remedied a few years ago, when this grand annual gastronomic high carnival was held in the Metropolitan Concert Hall. There ladies were introduced into the galleries to grace the scene by their presence; and I am sure the experiment was sufficiently encouraging to warrant repetition, for it was beautiful to see the descendants of the Pilgrims sitting with eyes upturned in true Puritanic sanctity; it was encouraging to see the sons of those pious sires devoting themselves, at least for one night, to setting their affections upon "things above." [Applause and laughter.]

Woman's first home was in the Garden of Eden. There man first married woman. Strange that the incident should have suggested to Milton the "Paradise Lost." [Laughter.] Man was placed in a profound sleep, a rib was taken from his side, a woman was created from it, and she became his wife. Evil-minded persons constantly tell us that thus man's first sleep became his last repose. But if woman be given at times to that contrariety of thought and perversity of mind which sometimes passeth our understanding, it must be recollected in her favor that she was created out of the crookedest part of man. [Laughter.]

The Rabbins have a different theory regarding creation. They go back to the time when we were all monkeys. They insist that man was originally created with a kind of Darwinian tail, and that in the process of evolution this caudal appendage was removed and created into woman. This might better account for those Caudle lectures which woman is in the habit of delivering, and some color is given to this theory, from the fact that husbands even down to the present day seem to inherit a general disposition to leave their wives behind. [Laughter.]

The first woman, finding no other man in that garden except her own husband, took to flirting even with the Devil. [Laughter] The race might have been saved much tribulation if Eden had been located in some calm and tranquil land—like Ireland. There would at least have been no snakes there to get into the garden. Now woman in her thirst after knowledge, showed her true female inquisitiveness in her cross-examination of the serpent, and, in commemoration of that circumstance, the serpent seems to have been curled up and used in nearly all languages as a sign of interrogation. Soon the domestic troubles of our first parents began. The first woman's favorite son was killed with a club, and married women even to this day seem to have an instinctive horror of clubs. The first woman learned that it was Cain that raised a club. The modern woman has learned it is a club that raises cain. Yet, I think, I recognize faces here to-night that I see behind the windows of Fifth Avenue clubs of an afternoon, with their noses pressed flat against the broad plate glass, and as woman trips along the sidewalk, I have observed that these gentlemen appear to be more assiduously engaged than ever was a government scientific commission in taking observations upon the transit of Venus. [Laughter.]

Before those windows passes many a face fairer than that of the Ludovician Juno or the Venus of Medici. There is the Saxon blonde with the deep blue eye, whose glances return love for love, whose silken tresses rest upon her shoulders like a wealth of golden fleece, each thread of which looks like a ray of the morning sunbeam. There is the Latin brunette with the deep, black, piercing eye, whose jetty lashes rest like silken fringe upon the pearly texture of her dainty cheek, looking like raven's wings spread out upon new-fallen snow.

And yet the club man is not happy. As the ages roll on woman has materially elevated herself in the scale of being. Now she stops at nothing. She soars. She demands the coeducation of the sexes. She thinks nothing of delving into the most abstruse problems of the higher branches of analytical science. She can cipher out the exact hour of the night when her husband ought to be home, either according to the old or the recently adopted method of calculating time. I never knew of but one married man who gained any decided domestic advantage by this change in our time. He was an *habitué* of a club situated next door to his house. His wife was always upbraiding him for coming home too late at night. Fortunately, when they made this change of time, they placed one of those meridians from which our time is calculated right between the club and his house. [Laughter.] Every time he stepped across that imaginary line it set him back a whole hour in time. He found that he could leave his club at one o'clock and get home to his wife at twelve; and for the first time in twenty years peace reigned around that hearthstone.

Woman now revels even in the more complicated problems of mathematical astronomy. Give a woman ten minutes and she will describe a heliocentric parallax of the heavens. Give her twenty minutes and she will find astronomically the longitude of a place by means of lunar culminations. Give that same woman an hour and a half, with the present fashions, and she cannot find the pocket in her dress.

And yet man's admiration for woman never flags. He will give her half his fortune; he will give her his whole heart; he seems always willing to give her everything that he possesses, except his seat in a horse-car. [Laughter.]

Every nation has had its heroines as well as its heroes. England, in her wars, had a Florence Nightingale; and the soldiers in the expression of their adoration, used to stoop and kiss the hem of her garment as she passed. America, in her war, had a Dr. Mary Walker. Nobody ever stooped to kiss the hem of her garment—because that was not exactly the kind of garment she wore. [Laughter.] But why should man stand here and attempt to speak for woman, when she is so abundantly equipped to speak for herself. I know that is the case in New England; and I am reminded, by seeing General Grant here to-night, of an incident in proof of it which occurred when he was making that marvelous tour through New England, just after the war. The train stopped at a station in the State of Maine. The General was standing on the rear platform of the last car. At that time, as you know, he had a great reputation for silence—for it was before he had made his series of brilliant speeches before the New England Society. They spoke of his reticence—a quality which New Englanders admire so much—in others. [Laughter.] Suddenly there was a commotion in the crowd, and as it opened a large, tall, gaunt-looking woman came rushing toward the car, out of breath. Taking her spectacles off from the top of her head and putting them on her nose, she put her arms akimbo, and looking up, said: "Well, I've just come down here a runnin' nigh onto two mile, right on the clean jump, just to get a look at the man that lets the women do all the talkin'." [Laughter.]

The first regular speaker of the evening [William W.

Evarts] touched upon woman, but only incidentally, only in reference to Mormonism and that sad land of Utah, where a single death may make a dozen widows. [Laughter.]

A speaker at the New England dinner in Brooklyn last night [Henry Ward Beecher] tried to prove that the Mormons came originally from New Hampshire and Vermont. I know that a New Englander sometimes in the course of his life marries several times; but he takes the precaution to take his wives in their proper order of legal succession. The difference is that he drives his team of wives tandem, while the Mormon insists upon driving his abreast. [Laughter.]

But even the least serious of us, Mr. President, have some serious moments in which to contemplate the true nobility of woman's character. If she were created from a rib, she was made from that part which lies nearest a man's heart.

It has been beautifully said that man was fashioned out of the dust of the earth while woman was created from God's own image. It is our pride in this land that woman's honor is her own best defense; that here female virtue is not measured by the vigilance of detective nurses; that here woman may walk throughout the length and the breadth of this land, through its highways and its byways, uninsulted, unmolested, clothed in the invulnerable panoply of her own woman's virtue; that even in places where crime lurks and vice prevails in the haunts of our great cities, and in the rude mining gulches of the West, owing to the noble efforts of our women, and the influence of their example, there are raised up, even there, girls who are good daughters, loyal wives, and faithful mothers. They seem to rise in those rude surroundings as grows the pond lily, which is entangled by every species of rank growth, environed by poison, miasma and corruption, and yet which rises in the beauty of its purity and lifts its fair face unblushing to the sun.

No one who has witnessed the heroism of America's daughters in the field should fail to pay a passing tribute to their worth. I do not speak alone of those trained Sisters of Charity, who in scenes of misery and woe seem Heaven's chosen messengers on earth; but I would speak also of those fair daughters who came forth from the comfortable firesides of New England and other States, little trained to scenes of suffering, little used to the rudeness of a life in camp, who gave their all, their time, their health, and even life itself, as a willing sacrifice in that cause which then moved the nation's soul. As one of these, with her graceful form, was seen moving silently through the darkened aisles of an army hospital, as the motion of her passing dress wafted a breeze across the face of the wounded, they felt that their parched brows had been fanned by the wings of the angel of mercy.

Ah! Mr. President, woman is after all a mystery. It has been well said, that woman is the great conundrum of the nineteenth century; but if we cannot guess her, we will never give her up. [Applause.]

FRIENDLINESS OF THE FRENCH

[Speech of Horace Porter at the banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, June 24, 1885, to the officers of the French national ship "Isere," which brought over the statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World." Charles Stewart Smith, vice-President of the Chamber, proposed the following toast: "The French Alliance; initiated by noble and sympathetic Frenchmen; grandly maintained by the blood and treasure of France; now newly cemented by the spontaneous action of the French people; may it be perpetuated through all time." In concluding his introduction, the Chairman said; "We shall hear from our friend, General Porter."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—**Voulez-vous me permettre de faire mes remarques en français? Si je m'addresse à vous dans une langue que je ne parle pas, et que personne ici ne comprends, j'en impute la faute entièrement à l'example malheureux de Monsieur Coudert. Ce que je veux dire est que* —this is the fault of Coudert. He has been switching the languages round in every direction, and has done all he could to sidetrack English.

What I mean to say is, that if I were to mention in either language one tithe of the subjects which should be alluded to to-night in connection with the French Alliance, I should keep you all here until the rising of another sun, and these military gentlemen around me, from abroad, in attempting to listen to it, would have to exhibit what Napoleon considered the highest quality in a soldier: "Two-o'clock-in-the-morning courage." [Applause.]

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* Translation.—Will you kindly allow me to make my speech in French? If I address you in a tongue that I do not speak, and that no one here understands, I must lay the entire blame on that unfortunate example of Mr. Coudert. What I desire to say is—

One cannot speak of the French Alliance without recalling the services of Benjamin Franklin in connection with it. When he was in Paris and was received in a public assemblage, not understanding anything of the language, and believing, very properly, that it was a good thing always to follow the example of the French in society, he vociferously applauded every time the rest of them applauded, and he did not learn until it was all over that the applause was, in each instance, elicited by a reference to his name and distinguished public services, and so, during the eloquent speech of our friend, Mr. Coudert, I could not but look upon the American members of this assemblage, and notice that they applauded most vociferously when they supposed that the speaker was alluding particularly to their arduous services as members of the Chamber of Commerce. [Laughter.]

I congratulate our friends from abroad, who do not understand our language, upon the very great privilege they enjoy here to-night, a privilege that is not enjoyed by Americans or by Englishmen who come among us. It is the rare and precious privilege at an American banquet of not being expected to pay the slightest attention to the remarks of the after-dinner speakers. [Laughter.] If there is one thing I feel I can enjoy more than another, it is standing upon firm land and speaking to those whose life is on the sea, to these "toilers of the deep." There is in this a sort of poetic justice, a sentimental retribution; for on their element I am never able to stand up, and, owing to certain gastronomic uncertainties, my feelings on that element are just the reverse of those I experience at the present moment. For in the agonies of a storm I have so much on my mind that I have nothing whatever on my stomach. But after this feast to-night I have so much on my stomach that I fear I have nothing whatever on my mind. And when I next go to sea I want to go as the great statue of Liberty: first being taken all apart with the pieces carefully stored amidships. [Laughter.]

While they were building the statue in France, we were preparing slowly for the pedestal. You cannot hurry constructions of this kind; they must have time to settle. We long ago prepared the stones for that pedestal, and we first secured the services of the most useful, most precious stone of all—the Pasha from Egypt. [Laughter.] We felt that his services in Egypt had particularly fitted him for this task. There is a popular belief in this country, which I have never once heard contradicted, that he took a prominent part in laying the foundations of the great Pyramids, that he assisted in placing the Egyptian Sphinx in position, and that he even had something to do with Cleopatra's Needle. [Laughter.]

When Napoleon was in Egypt he said to his people: "Forty centuries are looking down upon you." We say to General Stone, as he stands upon that pedestal: "Fifty-five millions of people are looking up to you! and some of them have contributed to the fund." [Laughter.] When we read of the size of that statue, we were troubled, particularly when we saw the gigantic dimensions of the Goddess's nose, but our minds were relieved when we found that that nose was to face southward, and not in the direction of Hunter's Point. [Laughter and applause.]

*Monsieur le President:—***Quand le cœur est plein il deborde, et ce soir mon cœur est plein de la France, mais—* Oh, there I go, again wandering with Coudert away from the mother-tongue. [Laughter.]

I have no doubt all the gentlemen here to-night of an American turn of mind wish that the mantle of Elijah of old had fallen upon the shoulders of Mr. Coudert, for then he might have stood some chance of being translated. [Laughter.] A few years ago distinguished military men from abroad came here to participate in the celebration of the 100th anniversary of the surrender of Yorktown by Lord Cornwallis. They were invited here by the Government, the descendants of all distinguished foreigners, to participate in that historical event, except the descendants of Lord Cornwallis. [Laughter.] And if our French guests had been here then, and had gone down and seen Yorktown, they would not have wondered that Cornwallis gave up that place; their only astonishment would have been that he consented to remain there as long as he did. [Laughter.]

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* TRANSLATION.—When the heart is full it overflows, and this evening my heart is full of France, but—

But, Mr. President, upon a subject fraught with so much interest to us all, and with so much dignity, let me, before I close, speak a few words in all seriousness. If we would properly appreciate the depth and the lasting nature of that traditional friendship between the two nations, which is the child of the French Alliance, we must consider the conditions of history at the time that alliance was formed. For years a desperate war had been waged between the most powerful of nations and the weakest of peoples, struggling to become a nation. The American coffers had been drained, the spirit of the people was waning, hope was fading, and patriot hearts who had never despaired before were now bowed in the dust. The trials of the Continental army had never been matched since the trade of war began. Their sufferings had never been equaled since the days of the early Christian martyrs. While courage still animated the hearts of the people, and their leaders never took counsel of their fears, yet a general gloom had settled down upon the land. Then we saw a light breaking in upon our eastern horizon, a light which grew in brilliancy until it became to us a true bow of promise. That light came from the brave land of France. [Enthusiastic cheering.]

Then hope raised our standards; then joy brightened our crest; then it was, that when we saw Gates and Lincoln and Greene and Washington, we saw standing shoulder to shoulder with them, D'Estaing, De Grasse, Rochambeau, and that princely hero [pointing to a portrait against the wall], that man who was the embodiment of gallantry, of liberty, of chivalry, the immortal Lafayette. [Loud cheers.] Then the two armies moved hand-in-hand to fight the common foe. They vied nobly with each other and by an unselfish emulation and by a generous rivalry, showed the world that the path of ambition had not become so narrow that two could not walk it abreast. [Cries of "Good! Good!" and cheers.]

Two treaties were made; one was military in its terms, and was called the Defensive Treaty. The other we recall with great interest in the presence of an assemblage of business men such as this. The second treaty was called the Treaty of Friendship and Commerce. The results of those treaties have passed into history. That alliance taught many worthy lessons. It taught that tyranny you may find anywhere; it is a weed that grows on any soil. But if you want liberty, you must go forth and fight for it. [Applause.] It taught us those kindly sentiments between nations which warm the heart, liberalize the mind, and animate the courage. It taught men that true liberty can turn blind submission into rational obedience. It taught men, as Hall has said, that true liberty smothers the voice of kings, dispels the mists of superstition, and by its magic touch kindles the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, the flame of eloquence, pours into our laps opulence and art, and embellishes life with innumerable institutions and improvements which make it one grand theater of wonders. [Cheers.]

And now that this traditional friendship between the two nations is to be ever cemented by that generous gift of our ally, that colossal statue, which so nobly typifies the great principle for which our fathers fought, may the flame which is to arise from its uplifted arm light the path of liberty to all who follow in its ways, until human rights and human freedom become the common heritage of mankind.

Ariosto tells us a pretty story of a gentle fairy, who, by a mysterious law of her nature, was at certain periods compelled to assume the form of a serpent and to crawl upon the ground. Those who in the days of her disguise spurned her and trod upon her were forever debarred from a participation in those gifts that it was her privilege to bestow, but to those who, despite her unsightly aspect, comforted her and encouraged her and aided her, she appeared in the beautiful and celestial form of her true nature, followed them ever after with outstretched arms, lavished upon them her gifts, and filled their homes with happiness and wealth.

And so, when America lay prostrate upon the ground, after throwing off the British yoke, yet not having established a government which the nations of the earth were willing to recognize, then it was that France sympathized with her, and comforted her, and aided her, and now that America has arisen in her strength and stands erect before the nations of the world, in the true majesty and glory of that form in which God intended she should thenceforth tread the earth, she always stands with arms outstretched towards France in token of the great gratitude she bears her. [Applause and cheers.]

SIRES AND SONS

[Speech of Horace Porter at the eighty-sixth annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1891. J. Pierpont Morgan, the President, occupied the chair, and called upon General Porter to speak on "Sires and Sons."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—All my shortcomings upon this occasion must be attributed to the fact that I have just come from last night's New England dinner, in Brooklyn, which occurred largely this morning. They promised me when I accepted their invitation that I should get away early, and I did. I am apprehensive that the circumstance may give rise to statements which may reflect upon my advancing years, and that I may be pointed out as one who has dined with the early New Englanders.

I do not like the fact of Depew's coming into the room so late to-night and leaving so short an interval between his speech and mine. His conduct is of a piece with the conduct of so many married men nowadays who manifest such exceedingly bad taste and want of tact in dying only such a very short time before the remarriage of their wives.

I have acquired some useful experience in attending New England Society dinners in various cities. I dine with New Englanders in Boston; the rejoicing is marked, but not aggressive. I dine with them in New York; the hilarity and cheer of mind are increased in large degree. I dine with them in Philadelphia; the joy is unconfined and measured neither by metes nor bounds. Indeed, it has become patent to the most casual observer that the further the New Englander finds himself from New England the more hilarious is his rejoicing. Whenever we find a son of New England who has passed beyond the borders of his own section, who has stepped out into the damp cold fog of a benighted outside world and has been brought up in another State, he seems to take more pride than ever in his descent—doubtless because he feels that it has been so great. [Laughter.]

The New England sire was a stern man on duty and determined to administer discipline totally regardless of previous acquaintance. He detested all revolutions in which he had taken no part. If he possessed too much piety, it was tempered by religion; while always seeking out new virtues, he never lost his grip on his vices. [Laughter.] He was always ambitious to acquire a reputation that would extend into the next world. But in his own individual case he manifested a decided preference for the doctrine of damnation without representation.

When he landed at Plymouth he boldly set about the appalling task of cultivating the alleged soil. His labors were largely lightened by the fact that there were no agricultural newspapers to direct his efforts. By a fiction of speech which could not have been conceived by a less ingenious mind, he founded a government based upon a common poverty and called it a commonwealth. He was prompt and eminently practical in his worldly methods. In the rigors of a New England winter when he found a witch suffering he brought her in to the fire; when he found an Indian suffering he went out and covered him with a shotgun. [Laughter.]

The discipline of the race, however, is chiefly due to the New England mother. She could be seen going to church of a Sabbath with the Bible under one arm and a small boy under the other, and her mind equally harassed by the tortures of maternity and eternity. When her offspring were found suffering from spring fever and the laziness which accompanies it, she braced them up with a heroic dose of brimstone and molasses. The brimstone given here was a reminder of the discipline hereafter; the molasses has doubtless been chiefly responsible for the tendency of the race to stick to everything, especially their opinions. [Laughter.]

The New Englanders always take the initiative in great national movements. At Lexington and Concord they marched out alone without waiting for the rest of the Colònies, to have their fling at the red-coats, and a number of the colonists on that occasion succeeded in interfering with British bullets. It was soon after observed that their afternoon excursion had attracted the attention of England. They acted in the spirit of the fly who bit the elephant on the tail. When the fly was asked whether he expected to kill him he said: "No, but I notice I made him look around." [Laughter.]

Such are the inventive faculty and self-reliance of New Englanders that they always entertain a profound respect for impossibilities. It has been largely owing to their influence that we took the negro, who is a natural agriculturist, and made a soldier of him; took the Indian, who is a natural warrior, and made an agriculturist of him; took the American, who is a natural destructionist, and made a protectionist of him. They are always revolutionizing affairs. Recently a Boston company equipped with electricity the horse-cars, or rather the mule-cars, in the streets of Atlanta. When the first electric-motor cars were put into service an aged "contraband" looked at them from the street corner and said: "Dem Yankees is a powerful sma't people; furst dey come down h'yar and freed de niggers, now dey've done freed de mules." [Laughter.]

The New Englander is so constantly engaged in creating changes that in his eyes even variety appears monotonous. When a German subject finds himself oppressed by his Government he emigrates; when a French citizen is oppressed he makes the Government emigrate; when Americans find a portion of their Government trying to emigrate they arm themselves and spend four years in going after it and bringing it back. [Laughter and applause.]

You will find the sons of New England everywhere throughout the world, and they are always at the fore. I happened to be at a French banquet in Paris where several of us Americans spoke, employing that form of the French language which is so often used by Americans in France, and which is usually so successful in concealing one's ideas from the natives. There was a young Bostonian there who believed he had successfully mastered all the most difficult modern languages except that which is spoken by the brakemen on the elevated railroads.

When he spoke French the only departure from the accent of the Parisian was that *nuance* of difference arising from the mere accidental circumstance of one having learned his French in Paris and the other in Boston. The French give much praise to Molière for having changed the pronunciation of a great many French words; but his most successful efforts in that direction were far surpassed by the Boston young man. When he had finished his remarks a French gentleman sitting beside me inquired: "Where is he from?" I replied: "From New England." Said he: "I don't see anything English about him except his French." [Laughter.]

In speaking of the sons of New England sires, I know that one name is uppermost in all minds here to-night—the name of one who added new luster to the fame of his distinguished ancestors. The members of your Society, like the Nation at large, found themselves within the shadow of a profound grief, and oppressed by a sense of sadness akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement, as they stood with uncovered heads beside the bier of William T. Sherman; when the echo of his guns gave place to the tolling of cathedral bells; when the flag of his country, which had never been lowered in his presence, dropped to half-mast, as if conscious that his strong arm was no longer there to hold it to the peak; when he passed from the living here to join the other living, commonly called the dead. We shall never meet the great soldier again until he stands forth to answer to his name at roll-call on the morning of the last great reveille. At this board he was always a thrice welcomed guest. The same blood coursed in his veins which flows in yours. All hearts warmed to him with the glow of an abiding affection. He was a many-sided man. He possessed all the characteristics of the successful soldier: bold in conception, vigorous in execution, and unshrinking under grave responsibilites. He was singularly self-reliant, demonstrating by all his acts that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute." He combined in his temperament the restlessness of a Hotspur with the patience of a Fabius. Under the magnetism of his presence his troops rushed to victory with all the dash of Cæsar's Tenth Legion. Opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets, never to rise again. He paused not till he saw the folds of his banners wave above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe.

While mankind will always appreciate the practical workings of the mind of the great strategist, they will also see in his marvelous career much which savors of romance as well as reality, appeals to the imagination and excites the fancy. They will picture him as a legendary knight moving at the head of conquering columns, whose marches were measured not by single miles, but by thousands; as a general who could make a Christmas gift to his President of a great seaboard city; as a chieftain whose field of military operations covered nearly half a continent; who had penetrated everglades and bayous; the inspiration of whose commands forged weaklings into giants; whose orders all spoke with the true bluntness of the soldier; who fought from valley's depth to mountain height, and marched from inland rivers to the sea. No one can rob him of his Laurels; no man can lessen the measure of his fame. His friends will never cease to sing pæans in his honor, and even the wrath of his enemies may be counted in his praise. [Prolonged applause.]

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GRANT

[Speech of Horace Porter at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee, upon the occasion of the inauguration of the Grant Equestrian Statue in Chicago, October 8, 1891.]

Mr. Chairman:—When a man from the armies of the East finds himself in the presence of men of the armies of the West, he feels that he cannot strike their gait. He can only look at them wistfully and say, in the words of Charles II, "I always admired virtue, but I never could imitate it." [Laughter.] If I do not in the course of my remarks succeed in seeing each one of you, it will be because the formation of the Army of the Tennessee to-night is like its formation in the field, when it won its matchless victories, the heavy columns in the center. [An allusion to the large columns in the room.] [Laughter.]

Almost all the conspicuous characters in history have risen to prominence by gradual steps, but Ulysses S. Grant seemed to come before the people with a sudden bound. Almost the first sight they caught of him was in the flashes of his guns, and the blaze of his camp-fires, those wintry days and nights in front of Donelson. From that hour until the closing triumph at Appomattox he was the leader whose name was the harbinger of victory. From the final sheath of his sword until the tragedy on Mount McGregor he was the chief citizen of the republic and the great central figure of the world. [Applause.] The story of his life savors more of romance than reality. It is more like a fabled tale of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture, so the singular contrast, the strange vicissitudes in his marvelous career, surround him with an interest which attaches to few characters in history. His rise from an obscure lieutenancy to the command of the veteran armies of the republic; his transition from a frontier post of the untrodden West to the Executive Mansion of the nation; his sitting at one time in his little store in Galena, not even known to the Congressman from his own district; at another time striding through the palaces of the Old World, with the descendants of a line of Kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence [applause]—these are some of the features of his extraordinary career which appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder, and fascinate all who read the story of his life. [Applause.]

General Grant possessed in a striking degree all the characteristics of the successful soldier. His methods were all stamped with tenacity of purpose, with originality and ingenuity. He depended for his success more upon the powers of invention than of adaptation, and the fact that he has been compared, at different times, to nearly every great commander in history is perhaps the best proof that he was like none of them. He was possessed of a moral and physical courage which was equal to every emergency in which he was placed: calm amidst excitement, patient under trials, never unduly elated by victory or depressed by defeat. While he possessed a sensitive nature and a singularly tender heart, yet he never allowed his sentiments to interfere with the stern duties of the soldier. He knew better than to attempt to hew rocks with a razor. He realized that paper bullets cannot be fired in warfare. He felt that the hardest blows bring the quickest results; that more men die from disease in sickly camps than from shot and shell in battle.

His magnanimity to foes, his generosity to friends, will be talked of as long as manly qualities are honored. [Applause.]

You know after Vicksburg had succumbed to him he said in his order: "The garrison will march out to-morrow. Instruct your commands to be quiet and orderly as the prisoners pass by, and make no offensive remarks." After Lee's surrender at Appomattox, when our batteries began to fire triumphal salutes, he at once suppressed them, saying, in his order: "The war is over; the rebels are again our countrymen; the best way to celebrate the victory will be to abstain from all demonstrations in the field." [Applause.] After the war General Lee and his officers were indicted in the civil courts of Virginia by directions of a President who was endeavoring to make treason odious and succeeding in making nothing so odious as himself. [Applause.] General Lee appealed to his old antagonist for protection. He did not appeal to that heart in vain. General Grant at once took up the cudgels in his defense, threatened to resign his office if such officers were indicted while they continued to obey their paroles, and such was the logic of his argument and the force of his character that those indictments were soon after quashed. So that he penned no idle platitude; he fashioned no stilted epigrams; he spoke the earnest convictions of an honest heart when he said, "Let us have peace." [Applause.] He never tired of giving unstinted praise to worthy subordinates for the work they did. Like the chief artists who weave the Gobelin tapestries, he was content to stand behind the cloth and let those in front appear to be the chief contributors to the beauty of the fabric. [Applause.]

One of the most beautiful chapters in all history is that which records the generous relations existing between him and Sherman, that great soldier who for so many years was the honored head of this society, that great chieftain whom men will always love to picture as a legendary knight moving at the head of conquering columns, whose marches were measured not by single miles, but by thousands; whose field of military operations covered nearly half a continent; whose orders always spoke with the true bluntness of the soldier; who fought from valley's depth to mountain heights, and marched from inland rivers to the sea. [Applause.] Their rivalry manifested itself only in one respect—the endeavor of each to outdo the other in generosity. With hearts untouched by jealousy, with souls too great for rivalry, each stood ready to abandon the path of ambition when it became so narrow that two could not tread it abreast. [Applause.]

If there be one single word in all the wealth of the English language which best describes the predominating trait of General Grant's character, that word is "loyalty." [Applause.] Loyal to every great cause and work he was engaged in; loyal to his friends; loyal to his family; loyal to his country; loyal to his God. [Applause.] This produced a reciprocal effect in all who came in contact with him. It was one of the chief reasons why men became so loyally attached to him. It is true that this trait so dominated his whole character that it led him to make mistakes; it induced him to continue to stand by men who were no longer worthy of his confidence; but after all, it was a trait so grand, so noble, we do not stop to count the errors which resulted. [Applause.] It showed him to be a man who had the courage to be just, to stand between worthy men and their unworthy slanderers, and to let kindly sentiments have a voice in an age in which the heart played so small a part in public life. Many a public man has had hosts of followers because they fattened on the patronage dispensed at his hands; many a one has had troops of adherents because they were blind zealots in a cause he represented, but perhaps no man but General Grant had so many friends who loved him for his own sake; whose attachment strengthened only with time; whose affection knew neither variableness, nor shadow of turning; who stuck to him as closely as the toga to Nessus, whether he was Captain, General, President, or simply private citizen. [Great applause.]

General Grant was essentially created for great emergencies; it was the very magnitude of the task which called forth the powers which mastered it. In ordinary matters he was an ordinary man. In momentous affairs he towered as a giant. When he served in a company there was nothing in his acts to distinguish from the fellow-officers; but when he wielded corps and armies the great qualities of the commander flashed forth and his master strokes of genius placed him at once in the front rank of the world's great captains. When he hauled wood from his little farm and sold it in the streets of St. Louis there was nothing in his business or financial capacity different from that of the small farmers about him; but when, as President of the Republic, he found it his duty to puncture the fallacy of the inflationists, to throttle by a veto the attempt of unwise legislators to tamper with the American credit, he penned a State paper so logical, so masterly, that it has ever since been the pride, wonder, and admiration of every lover of an honest currency. [Applause.] He was made for great things, not for little. He could collect for the nation $15,000,000 from Great Britain in settlement of the Alabama claims; he could not protect his own personal savings from the miscreants who robbed him in Wall Street.

But General Grant needs no eulogist. His name is indelibly engraved upon the hearts of his countrymen. His services attest his greatness. He did his duty and trusted to history for his meed of praise. The more history discusses him, the more brilliant becomes the luster of his deeds. His record is like a torch; the more it is shaken, the brighter it burns. His name will stand imperishable when epitaphs have vanished utterly, and monuments and statues have crumbled into dust; but the people of this great city, everywhere renowned for their deeds of generosity, have covered themselves anew with glory in fashioning in enduring bronze, in rearing in monumental rock that magnificent tribute to his worth which was to-day unveiled in the presence of countless thousands. As I gazed upon its graceful lines and colossal proportions I was reminded of that child-like simplicity which was mingled with the majestic grandeur of his nature. The memories clustering about it will recall the heroic age of the Republic; it will point the path of loyalty to children yet unborn; its mute eloquence will plead for equal sacrifice, should war ever again threaten the Nation's life; generations yet to come will pause to read the inscription which it bears, and the voices of a grateful people will ascend from the consecrated spot on which it stands, as incense rises from holy places, invoking blessings upon the memory of him who had filled to the very full the largest measure of human greatness and covered the earth with his renown. [Applause.]

An indescribably touching incident happened which will ever be memorable and which never can be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it. Even at this late date I can scarcely trust my own feelings to recall it. It was on Decoration Day in the City of New York, the last one he ever saw on earth. That morning the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the veterans in that vicinity, arose earlier than was their wont. They seemed to spend more time that morning in unfurling the old battle flags, in burnishing the medals of honor which decorated their breasts, for on that day they had determined to march by the house of their dying commander to give him a last marching salute. In the streets the columns were forming; inside the house on that bed, from which he was never to rise again, lay the stricken chief. The hand which had seized the surrendered swords of countless thousands could scarcely return the pressure of the friendly grasp. The voice which had cheered on to triumphant victory the legions of America's manhood, could no longer call for the cooling draught which slaked the thirst of a fevered tongue; and prostrate on that bed of anguish lay the form which in the New World had ridden at the head of the conquering column, which in the Old World had been deemed worthy to stand with head covered and feet sandaled in the presence of princes, kings, and emperors. Now his ear caught the sound of martial music. Bands were playing the same strains which had mingled with the echoes of his guns at Vicksburg, the same quicksteps to which his men had sped in hot haste in pursuit of Lee through Virginia. And then came the heavy, measured steps of moving columns, a step which can be acquired only by years of service in the field. He recognized it all now. It was the tread of his old veterans. With his little remaining strength he arose and dragged himself to the window. As he gazed upon the battle-flags dipping to him in salute, those precious standards bullet-riddled, battle-stained, but remnants of their former selves, with scarcely enough left of them on which to print the names of the battles they had seen, his eyes once more kindled with the flames which had lighted them at Shiloh, on the heights of Chattanooga, amid the glories of Appomattox; and as those war-scarred veterans looked with uncovered heads and upturned faces for the last time upon the pallid features of their old chief, cheeks which had been bronzed by Southern suns and begrimed with powder, were bathed in the tears of a manly grief. Soon they saw rising the hand which had so often pointed out to them the path of victory. He raised it slowly and painfully to his head in recognition of their salutations. The column had passed, the hand fell heavily by his side. It was his last military salute. [Long continued applause and cheers.]

FRANCE AND THE UNITED STATES

[Speech delivered upon Mr. Porter's return from Europe after serving as Ambassador of the United States to France,—at the dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce, November 21, 1905. The preceding speaker was Mr. Choate.]

Mr. President and Fellow Members of the Chamber of Commerce:—After we had spent at these tables some two hours in paying particular attention to our internal relations, Mr. Choate and I have been expected to speak upon our exterior relations. [Laughter.] When this was announced I said to myself, in Shakespeare's words, "Here will be an odd abusing of God's patience and the King's English." [Laughter.]

Eight years ago we separated, I being sent away by an unfeeling government, sentenced to hard labor for a term of years, and deported to a distant land. I do not know exactly why I was sent abroad, unless it may have been partly at the instigation of the Chamber of Commerce, always ambitious to increase its exports, [laughter,] but after twenty-five years passed in the public service including eight years abroad, I began to think that an American was something like a railway coupon ticket—not good if detached, [laughter,] and I was of opinion if I remained longer abroad I might come to be labeled like the bottles of liniment that we buy in drug stores—For External Use Only. [Renewed laughter.]

Well, I did not feel that I was proceeding very far away from home, for I was going from the oldest Republic in the new world to the newest Republic in the old world, and from the land of Washington to the land of Lafayette. [Applause.]

Diplomacy has changed entirely since the by-gone ages. Once an Ambassador was supposed to go abroad to lie for his country. Now it keeps an American Ambassador very busy to try to tell all the truth about this progressive country. Why, once diplomacy was a mysterious, secretive and befogging art; words were used to conceal ideas, and diplomats spent their time in explaining a great deal to avoid explaining very little; there were men who believed that if their hair knew what their brains were thinking about they would shave it off, and there have been diplomatists, who, it is said, curled their mustaches about their mouths in the form of a parenthesis so that every sentence that escaped might appear like a mere incidental phrase. Now frankness has taken the place of secretiveness. [Laughter.]

My first duty in arriving there was to try and soften down the conditions of the inspection of American pork and the interpretation of the copyright law. I think probably I did render some little service to those two important products of the pen. [Laughter.] I was always glad to see how loyal the commercial agents were to their houses when they were abroad; I was convinced of that when I heard of a man over there who had engraved distinctly the name of his firm upon the knife with which he was about to stab his mother-in-law. [Laughter.] Now, Mr. Choate and I were instructed particularly to have foreign nations assent to the American notes, the object of which was to maintain our trade in the Orient and insist upon the principle of the open door. Well, I thought that would not be very difficult. My observation had shown me in New York how simple it was to maintain the principle of the open door, particularly in the grog shops on a Sunday afternoon. [Laughter.] One of the most delightful things was to have my brilliant and distinguished colleague just across the channel from me. He had commended himself to everybody. He had raised the tone of our whole diplomacy, and when a diplomatic matter was placed in his charge we all knew it was in the hands of a master. But there had to be considered the speaking of the foreign languages. He was sent to a Court where the people generally understood the American language. Of course they don't speak it. [Laughter.] Then the Englishman always pronounces French as it is spelled, while the Frenchman spells English as it is pronounced. I have no doubt that was one of the chief difficulties that led to the confusion of tongues in the construction of the Tower of Babel. [Laughter.] But, Mr. President, I conceded it to be a fact, owing to my connection largely with this Chamber, that this is a commercial age. Think what we may, it has become a practical age of commerce; not, perhaps, as heroic, as picturesque, as romantic as some of the past ages, but still the fact has to be recognized; and I believed that it was the duty of the Embassies to bring every bit of their power to bear in aiding our consuls and others in building up American trade abroad. I believed that it was better to substitute commerce, which is the life blood of a nation, for battles which waste a nation's substance, to replace the science of destruction by the arts of peace, and to bring about the blessings of civilization instead of the devastation of war. I made some remarks of this kind a couple of years ago in Paris and I was picked up by an American newspaper, which said that I wanted to make this an age simply of commercial drummers. Well, my reply was that I had been on both sides of the war and peace question. [Applause.] I had been brought up in the army and spent some years in trying to make men downright; I was then in diplomacy attempting the much more difficult task of trying to make men upright, and my experience had taught me that it was better for the prosperity of nations and the good of mankind to have the commercial drummer abroad in the land than the military drummer.

Addison says, there are no more worthy members of the Commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a common intercourse of good offices; they distribute the gifts of nature; they furnish work for the poor, wealth for the rich and distinction for the great. Now the habits of mind, the chief characteristics of certain classes of men, have not changed with the ages. It is only the opportunities, the field of operations that have changed. In every community in ancient times and at the present day, we find a class of men who are recognized chiefs. They are natural leaders. They are born to command. They can convince when others cannot advise. They are the men who mark the hours while others only sound them. Why, this class of men in ancient days were found carrying off the prizes in the Olympian games, and marching among the cohorts of Alexander and in the tenth legion of Cæsar conquering worlds. They were going to the crusades, marching under the banner of Richard of the Lion Heart, to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the infidels. Now, to-day we have the same great leaders—men of the same characteristics of mind, but they have not the same field open to them for the display of their powers. In the Olympian games some of these gentlemen would find themselves a little stiff of limb and short of wind. There are no more worlds to conquer—they cannot march with Alexander and Cæsar. There are no more crusades, and so they have to turn their minds in other directions. You find these great leaders still at work exhibiting the same great qualities, but now they are digging canals to connect oceans, they are spanning rivers and valleys, they are tunneling mountains, and on the sea, constructing those mighty modern leviathans of the deep which go forth breasting the billows of the mightiest of oceans, breathing the hot breath of their power and at every stroke of their giant engines, throbbing like the heart's pulsations of a thing of life, their holds filled with a wealth greater than that of Ormuz or of Ind, their cabins freighted with the precious cargoes of human souls, and doing more than all things else to bring nearer and still nearer the shores of the Orient and the Occident and to promote intercourse between nations and foster the brotherhood of man. [Great applause.]

Now we talk about the commercial invasion of Europe and other countries. Why, it really has hardly begun. But my experience taught me abroad that when our great, our marvelous, home market fails us, with our large production, we can command those markets, if we go at it in the right way. [Applause.] But there is a way to succeed—there is a way to lose. And let me illustrate it, to show my meaning. A man came into the Embassy one day with letters, and he said, "I have come over here with a certain patented article, and I want to flood Europe with it." I said, "Let me ask you the first question I always ask a man: Do you speak the language of the country?" He said, "No; and I hate to hear these Dagoes themselves speak that jargon." I said, "My second usual question is: How long are you going to stay here?" To which he replied, "I will be in Paris for the next three days, then I am going to Vienna to spend three days there." I said, "My friend, in these old countries you can't get an interview with anybody in three days, and if you did, you could not talk to him; now you take the next vessel and go home." But he didn't. He went to Vienna and other places, but he failed to get a single order abroad.

Another day a young man came in—a bright looking man—and said, "I am over here to try to introduce a certain railway axle lubricant, and it is a good thing." I replied, "Yes; I know all about it; it is a good thing." "Do you know the language of this country?" "Yes," he answered; "I was over here as a boy; I can speak it just as well as the natives." "How long can you remain here?" He replied, "I am still young; and I am going to squat here and spend the rest of my natural life, if necessary, till I introduce this article." I said, "That's business [laughter]; this encourages me to help you."

I gave him letters to people in that line of trade, and spoke of him to men that I happened to know, and he worked there for four or five months, and succeeded in making contracts with nearly every railway in France and in competition with the cheap Russian oils. [Applause.]

Now, the misfortune in this country is that the people do not speak the foreign languages. You see the force of this when you send your commercial agents abroad. One that does not know anything but the English language is seriously handicapped.

We should take example from Germany, for instance, where they have their men well instructed in certain lines of business, and see that they also speak fluently one or two foreign languages. They can then go abroad and talk to the people intelligently. The time has come when we should resort to the same means.

Now, France is a good example in many respects in regard to international trade. It is a high tariff country like our own, and the government is always contending for its tariff laws and principles. But the French people are intelligent, and they are logical in their reasoning. They always know their lesson thoroughly, and anybody that goes to burn one of those men for a fool will lose his wood. France is not vain enough to think that she can compete with America, with its vast resources and the ingenuity and progress of its people, in the great iron and steel products, the building of bridges in all parts of the world, and so forth, but she knows that she is superior in art works, and has made France the art center of the world, and she wants Americans to be rich, because she believes that when Americans have money it burns a hole in their pockets; they are going to spend it, and they are sure to spend it for luxuries. And they have to go to France for these luxuries. Now they say we want to do what a sensible merchant would do who has a good customer, we want him to become just as rich as possible so that he will buy more of our wares. Selling enriches France, and she, year by year, is able to buy more of our products. Why, take the item of cotton oil. One-third of all the cotton oil produced in America goes into France. She makes soap of it, and she has been able by this means to export soap. So that when we can no longer depend upon our home market, I say we should pursue the right methods, and we can produce a real American commercial invasion abroad.

Among the many agreeable things that occurred in the pleasant land of France, one thing touched me deeply. There was a profound sentiment in it. When our Commissioners came to Paris and by their treaty ended the war with Spain they signed that treaty of peace of Paris upon that same table upon which Benjamin Franklin and his colleagues at the close of the Revolution signed the first treaty of Paris, also a treaty of peace, so that our two memorable diplomatic transactions abroad occurred in Paris, and each bore upon it the sign manual of peace. [Applause.]

We have lived in some troublous times in this country. We have seen periods when the American Eagle has had his feathers so ruffled that that patriotic bird has screeched. We have seen times when the caudal appendage of the British Lion has been so twisted that that stately animal has been threatened with a chronic case of curvature of the tail. [Laughter.] But the old Gallic cock of France has always crowed in our favor, and has struck out with both spurs in our defense. [Applause.]

I am glad to-night, Mr. President, to see those three flags in juxtaposition. They are the emblems of three great powers of the world to-day, powers representing advanced thought, a high civilization, a proper sense of liberty; and all hoping that the time may arrive when human freedom and human rights may become the common heritage of mankind. [Applause.] There is that flag on the right which represents the nation with whom we have a common language, a common literature, a common purpose in propagating law, civilization and Christianity throughout the world. [Applause.] I am glad to see displayed that flag upon the left bearing the same trinity of brilliant colors that compose our national standard. They seem to be the true colors of liberty and republicanism. That flag recalls the most momentous crisis in our country's history during the war of the Revolution, that heroic age of the Republic, when there were cabals in Congress, when troops were leaving the standard, when even the great soul of Washington seemed ready to melt. It was the darkest hour of that period, but suddenly a light broke in upon our Eastern horizon, and that light came from the brave land of France. [Applause.] It meant much in those dark days. It meant an army of 6,000 veterans coming to our help under Rochambeau. It meant forty vessels of war under D'Estaing and de Grasse. It meant a loan to us of 24,000,000 francs. It meant the guaranteeing of a loan of 12,000,000 of francs made by Holland, it meant a gift to this country of 12,000,000 of francs for which France refused any reimbursement from us, asking in return only our friendship and our thanks. [Great applause.]

And then it was that Washington and Rochambeau and Lafayette marched shoulder to shoulder out of the trenches of Yorktown and led their men to final and triumphant success. [Great applause.] It was the contact of those brilliant minds that struck the electric spark which illumined the path of victory and consecrated forever and forever the new world to liberty, justice and the rights of man. [Great applause.] America is still too young to be forgetful. She is not yet old enough to be ungrateful, and a common heritage of ancient glory can never be divided. I am glad to see those two flags in close touch to-night. They have a right to be there, they were entwined in battle; they waved together in victory; they have long been interlaced in peace. May the ruthless act of discord never rend them asunder.

[Great applause. Three cheers for Horace Porter.]

CHARLES W. PRICE

KANSAS AND ITS GOVERNOR

[Speech delivered at the dinner given by the Lotos Club, New York, by the Secretary of the Club in honor of Governor Henry J. Allen of the State of Kansas, October 6, 1922.]

It is pleasant indeed to meet and greet one's fellow members in this cheerful Club after a period of rest and absence. Since we were together last some changes without and within the Club House have been made and it is hoped will meet with your approval.

Our esteemed President, Mr. Chester S. Lord, is prevented from being here to-night by a severe cold. This is a most unfortunate illness, for he has temporarily lost his voice. Perhaps a voiceless presiding officer, though a novelty, might prove a distinct attraction to Lotos programs. I see some looks of prompt approval. The voice of the presiding officer tonight, I dare announce by authority, will dilute your pleasure only a few moments.

This sudden responsibility reached me this forenoon in a definite telegram of regret from Mr. Lord.

The tumult in this City at this time, from letting loose upon it eminent editors, baseball fans, and a multitude of bankers, including some financiers, does not give much opportunity to collect one's thoughts. On the contrary, it is rather distracting. My present predicament reminds me of "Mose" the colored man who was discovered one night in Colonel Williams' watermelon patch. Rising with dignity from the vines he exclaimed, "Foh de Lord's sake, dis here darky kain't go nowhere and pray no mo' widout bein' 'turbed."

Our honored guest this evening hails from Kansas—the Chief executive of a great state "Out where the West begins."

His words and deeds have made known to us a wise, capable and clear-visioned official, unflinchingly fearless in the discharge of his duty—a man of the truest patriotism with a heart filled with sympathy for humanity.

He comes with a new idea—a new birth in the statesmanship of the world.

He believes in safeguarding by ordered arbitration the rights of the innocent and generally helpless third party—the public—in the case of strikes and industrial disputes, and he has had a law, to this effect, placed on the statute books of his state, and the Kansas Supreme Court has declared this new enactment constitutional. I hope Governor Allen will tell us more about it—tell us what his Industrial Court has so splendidly accomplished.

All who come in contact with Governor Allen instantly realize his sincerity and earnestness, and his overwhelming desire to benefit and assist his fellow man.

John Brown—"Old Osawatomie Brown"—sometime resident of Osawatomie, Kansas, gave his life in the cause of freedom of the colored race. The lines written by him in his cell just before his execution, it seems to me, are appropriate to the efforts and the vision of this later Kansan. As John Brown said, it is—

> "A great soul's dream
> In a world's new thought."

Editor Allen's patriotism took him from the agreeable duties and environment of successful journalism to the bloody trenches of France and Flanders in the World War. He could not go as a soldier—his years would not permit—but he would not remain at home, and that great-hearted American Red Cross gladly accepted his valuable services. And while on the battlefield, ministering to the wounded and sick at the risk of his life and health, there occurred an incident, that marked the fine quality of the man. A cablegram came from friends back home telling this then comparatively unknown editor from southern Kansas that his opportunity had arrived and if he would return and canvass his state he could no doubt be nominated and elected Governor, which had been his very proper ambition. However, he did not return, he didn't even hesitate, but cabled instant refusal to leave his work at the front.

I have often wondered what that reply was. The Governor would never tell me—and I am in for a scolding for mentioning it. But its meaning undoubtedly was "To—Halifax with the Governorship—my duty is here." It is a matter of happy history, that the absent Editor was nominated and triumphantly elected Governor of Kansas.

Governor Allen represents a wonderfully enterprising and successful commonwealth. Settled by intellectuals from New England seeking wider horizons, by industrious home-loving emigrants from the old world, and by patriotic families of the soldiers of our Civil War, Kansas has ever, through this blend, been in the forefront of progress, of productiveness and of *new ideas*. Some of her ideas have been doubtful ones—Populism and Greenbackism had a brief vogue there—but in many respects she deserves to be called "the courier of the coming millennium" among the states of the union.

Kansas was the first State to adopt and really enforce Prohibition. This happened shortly before I, a youthful Topeka editor, was called to New York to live. Doubting and suspicious friends of mine in this vast city still remark on my timely departure from Kansas so soon after prohibition was established! As a proof of my consistent efforts in other fields, my reply to them now is, "Just look at New York!"

Kansas is 400 miles long and 200 miles wide, and her rich and fertile soil has made prosperous, without parallel, her agricultural communities.

Kansas is a parallelogram of plenty. Her poorhouse and jails are unoccupied, and are rapidly disappearing.

Among her statesmen was John J. Ingalls, one of the most brilliant minds that ever adorned and enlivened the United States Senate. And who has not heard of the intrepid and gallant officer from Iola, Kansas, one of our greatest fighting soldiers, Major-General Frederick Funston? And her distinguished authors are Edgar W. Howe, William Allen White, Captain Henry King, and many others. Eugene Ware—the poet-lawyer, under the name of "Ironquill," in his poem "The Washer Woman's Song," wrote an inspiring classic that will be read through the ages.

No State was ever loved more loyally by her citizens than Kansas, and in conclusion permit me to quote just one stanza from a Kansas poetess, Esther M. Clark, written in her absence from her home prairies while visiting the shores of the Pacific Ocean. It is entitled—

"THE CALL OF KANSAS"

Sweeter to me than the salt sea spray, the fragrance of summer rains;
Nearer my heart than these mighty hills are the windswept Kansas plains.
Dearer the sight of a shy, wild rose by the roadside's dusty way,
Than all the splendor of poppy-fields, ablaze in the sun of May.
Gay as the bold poinsettia is, and the burden of pepper trees,
The sunflower, tawny and gold and brown, is richer to me than these.
And rising ever above the song of the hoarse, insistent sea,
The voice of the prairie calling,
Calling me.
O higher, clearer, and stronger yet, than the boom of the savage sea,
The voice of the prairie calling,
Calling me.

To-night the Lotos Club honors itself in honoring one who is to be numbered among the genuine statesmen of these times.

It is because we have had and still have at the helm in state and nation such leaders unafraid, that the United States of America has become the most powerful and the most important nation in the whole world.

Gentlemen, please rise and express the Lotos welcome to our guest, Hon. Henry J. Allen, Governor of Kansas.

MICHAEL PUPIN

IN HONOR OF MARCONI

[Address by Professor Michael Pupin, professor in Columbia University and noted inventor, proposing Marconi for honorary membership in the New York Electrical Society, April 17, 1912. Mr. Marconi's address on "The Progress of Wireless Telegraphy" is given in Volume VI.]

Mr. Chairman, Members and Guests of the New York Electrical Society—I have been requested by Mr. Marconi to come here and say a few words on the subject of his lecture. I was in Washington, and I cut my visit short, in order to be here in time to respond to his request.

He asked me to say a few words because, as he said, in his opinion I had very sane ideas about wireless telegraphy. Well, that shows, of course, that he is not only a graceful Italian but also an Irishman, with some of the national characteristics, and I am a Slav, easily reached by flattery; so here I am.

Now, I am not here to say anything of any great importance about his invention, as you have already heard so much about it. I want to say a few words about the man who made the invention. [Applause.]

Really, I would not care to go much out of my way to eulogize an inventor, because inventors are numerous and the woods are full of them, and they do not need any eulogy; their work speaks for itself. But when it comes to paying a compliment to a man, that is another story: fine men are not so plentiful. The woods are not so full of them; and fine inventors who at the same time are fine men, are still more rare.

Now, I want to call your attention to the first part of Mr. Marconi's paper—I was not present to hear it, but I read it this afternoon in the train. The first thing that strikes one in this paper is his extreme modesty. He says that Faraday and Henry and Maxwell and Hertz—all great men to be sure—

were predecessors in his work; and you would imagine that all Marconi had to do was just to make one step. Now, as a matter of fact—it is not so. [Laughter.] Joseph Henry and Faraday and Maxwell had nothing to do with it.

Now I am not joking—I am not trying to be funny; nor am I trying to say something that is striking. I am but speaking the truth. I am saying what I have already put on paper on several occasions. In fact I have made affidavits to that effect. [Laughter.]

There was a very famous professor, the late Professor Rowland of Johns Hopkins, who had a lawsuit against the Niagara Construction Company; and on the witness stand was asked, "Who is the greatest physicist in the world?" He said, "I do not know." Then the opposing counsel said, "Who is the greatest physicist in this country?" "I am," he said. His friends were rather disappointed at this display of scientific selfishness and remonstrated. He said, "I was under oath and I had to speak the truth."

Now, in the same way, what I will have to say about Marconi's work is not a matter of compliment or throwing bouquets at him—he does not need them.

The first man who gave the first inkling of wireless telegraphy was Sir William Thompson, who died as Lord Kelvin (he was created a "lord" on account of his scientific achievements); and he gave it at the time when he laid the first Atlantic cable in 1854 or 1855. He was the first to show that electricity under certain conditions will move in an oscillatory fashion—back and forth; and it will oscillate with a rapidity not conceivable in the case of the motion of matter.

Now, you may ask what reason I assign for the oscillatory motion of electricity: Why, the same reason we assign for the oscillatory motion of matter. Why does a piano string oscillate when it is sounded? For the same reason the electricity oscillates—because it has inertia, it has elasticity. And if it has small inertia and large elastic rigidity it will oscillate very fast. That is all there is to it. Thompson was the first to point this out, and there the matter stood from 1858 until 1896.

It is a remarkable fact, in spite of what Mr. Marconi told you about Maxwell, that Maxwell never wrote a line—not a word, not a single word of oscillatory motion of electricity in condensers such as Mr. Marconi used, not a single line. It is nothing against Maxwell! [Laughter.] But why give him credit for anything he did not do or really care to do?

Why did not he care to do it? Because he was busy with another problem. He was busy with the electro-magnetic theory of light. (Read his letters written to his father from Trinity College, Cambridge.) He said: "I am working on the electro-magnetic theory of light, and I have got it; and it is great guns."

Now that is what he was working at, and he did not care about the oscillatory motion of electricity in condensers, and oscillatory spark discharges. He wanted to prove something else. Currents in air exist; every one preceding Maxwell did not suppose that currents could exist in an insulator—in air, or rubber, or paraffin or glass. The old theory of electricity took no account of these currents, Maxwell's theory did, Hertz proved experimentally the correctness of Maxwell's theory.

But all this wonderful work has really nothing to do with wireless electricity, except that Hertz employed in his researches oscillatory spark discharges.

We hear of the Hertz waves in connection with Marconi telegraphy. These waves have really nothing to do with the Marconi system of telegraphy.

The first time wireless telegraphy of the present day was produced was when Mr. Marconi in 1895 connected his sending wire to the ground and his receiving wire to the ground and let the spark go. That was the first wireless wave of to-day, and it was not a Hertzian wave, and has nothing to do with it. If we are to call it a wave let us call it a Marconi wave. [Applause.]

The late Professor Hertz wanted to test the electro-magnetic theory of light. You remember the exhortation of the poet: "Hitch your wagon to a star." Hertz hitched his wagon (his oscillator) to a star—he paid no attention to the earth. But to-day, in real wireless signaling you have got to hitch your wagon to the earth; and Mr. Marconi was the first to hitch his wagon to the earth, when he grounded both his sending and his receiving wires.

Now, that is setting him straight as far as history is concerned. [Laughter and applause.] Provided that I am correct; and I believe I am.

But that is not my reason for mentioning this. I did that to show what an extremely modest man he is. He does not claim anything, as far as I can read; whereas, in my opinion, the first claim for wireless telegraphy belongs to him absolutely and to nobody else.

Now, we come to the other parts. You may ask why bigger progress has not been made during the last fifteen or sixteen years.

Well, I have asked that question myself, and I have heard it put by other people. In the first place there was a great deal of interference on the part of the outside world. When wireless telegraphy came in everybody claimed it; everybody said, "There is nothing new in that." "We don't care for Marconi patents. We will go in ourselves. There is a lot of money in it." And every Tom, Dick and Harry went into wireless telegraphy. Some of them are behind lock and key to-day, thank the Lord!

When you are developing a new art which needs big financial support, and the investors are clamoring for dividends, and the outside people are interfering with you all the time, it is pretty hard to settle down and do real scientific work. Real scientific work can be done only by a man who is not disturbed in mind.

If wireless telegraphy has not made as much progress during the last sixteen years as it might have made, the outside world is to blame, and not Mr. Marconi himself. [Applause.] The outside world interfered too much.

But things are looking better now, a great deal better.

Now as to the progress of to-day and of the future. You have heard Mr. Marconi state his case very clearly. He has done wonderful things, and he is doing wonderful things to-day. Ten years ago, when it was announced that he had succeeded in signaling across the Atlantic the famous letter "S," people did not believe it. They thought it impossible. The American Institute of Electrical Engineers did not share that opinion: they believed in Marconi's word. I believed it and we gave him a dinner that year to congratulate him upon his wonderful success. To-day we receive I do not know how many thousands of words from the other side daily, and nobody thinks anything about it.

Now, that is a huge success in the face of the difficulties; and it took only ten years. As Mr. Marconi pointed out to you there were a great many difficulties that he could foresee, and that any well-trained scientific man could foresee; but there were also many difficulties which nobody could foresee who is not endowed with almost superhuman acumen—as for instance, the inequality of transmission during day and during night. But it happens that men with fine scientific training, and who are particularly bright men, do not always combine with it very good practical judgment. They are too quick. They draw conclusions too quickly. So that this puzzling difficulty was not foreseen, and it had to be met and overcome.

Instead of using short, rapidly alternating electrical waves Marconi used slower ones, finding that slower ones can penetrate through the atmosphere in the day time as well as during the night. Now, that is wonderful progress.

Ten years ago people thought that without using at least 100,000 oscillations per second you could not get any practical wireless telegraphy. To-day they use but 40,000; and Mr. Marconi tells me they are satisfied to use 25,000 per second. This is also a wonderful progress.

You may ask why this is considered to be progress—this stepping down from rapid oscillations to slow ones. The reason is not so open to any one who has not tried to build a machine for rapid electrical ocsillations.

You have seen that Mr. Marconi uses condensers and spark-gaps and interrupted currents, and all that sort of thing, to produce his electrical oscillations. Now, all those things are very objectionable, and for two reasons: one, is because they apply to what I might call "baby engineering"—I do not believe in condensers and spark-gaps, if I can get a real alternator. Give me a high-power alternator that will give 40,000 vibrations per second, and you can have all the spark-gaps and condensers and I shall get ahead of you. I would not express that opinion so boldly perhaps if I were not backed up by Mr. Marconi. He wants to have a real alternating machine that will do away with the spark-gaps and condensers. The General Electric Company makes machines which give oscillations as high as 200,000, but not much power; and if a little more science were put into the General Electric Company [laughter and applause] they could undoubtedly make a 100 K. W. alternator to give 25,000 or 30,000 oscillations per second. That is what Mr. Marconi wants; and he will have it if I can help him. With 100 kilowatts at 25,000 cycles we should be able to telegraph to Australia. Distance means nothing. Hitch your wagon to the earth and shake it hard enough, and there is no reason why you should not shake a message to Australia.

Now, another point is the receiver. You have to tune your receivers so that you will not have interference from Tom, Dick and Harry. Of course you cannot tune a circuit when your transmitted oscillations are not of the proper sort, and the trouble with these is that it is very difficult to make oscillations of the proper sort. When we have a good transmitter that will give us continuous oscillations, then we will have to attend to the receiver and have a receiver that can be properly attuned. We have receiving circuits that can be properly attuned—there is no doubt about that—and scientific research is by no means exhausted in that direction. There is no reason why we should not have a resonance circuit in which the energy that comes there excites a local circuit and makes it do work. That is what we want; and we have got it. I have it.

The amount of work which Mr. Marconi did and about which he has given us a short account is enormous. Nobody who has not worked with rotating discs and condensers and shunting circuits, has any idea of the amount of work Mr. Marconi has done to progress from the "S" in 1902 to the transmission of thousands of words daily in 1912. It is almost incredible.

He is anxious that the man who invests money in wireless telegraphy should get his proper return. Just imagine an inventor worrying about the man who puts in the money getting a return!

Just as I admire Mr. Marconi as an inventor, so do I admire him as a man, and as a friend. It is on that account, members of the New York Electrical Society, that I now wish to propose Mr. Marconi as an honorary member of the New York Electrical Society.

JOSIAH QUINCY, JR.

WELCOME TO DICKENS

[Speech of Josiah Quincy, Jr., at the banquet given by the "Young Men of Boston" at Boston, Mass., February 1, 1842, to Charles Dickens, upon his first visit to America. Mr. Quincy was the President of the evening. About two hundred gentlemen sat at the tables, the brilliant company including George Bancroft, Richard H. Dana, Sr., Richard H. Dana, Jr., Washington Allston, the painter, Oliver Wendell Holmes, George S. Hillard, Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College, the Governor of the State, the Mayor of the city, and Thomas C. Grattan, the British Consul.]

GENTLEMEN:—The occasion that calls us together is almost unprecedented in the annals of literature. A young man has crossed the ocean, with no hereditary title, no military laurels, no princely fortune, and yet his approach is hailed with pleasure by every age and condition, and on his arrival he is welcomed as a long-known and highly valued friend. How shall we account for this reception? Must we not at the first glance conclude with Falstaff, "If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be else —I have drunk medicines."

But when reflection leads us to the causes of this universal sentiment, we cannot but be struck by the power which mind exercises over mind, even while we are individually separated by time, space, and other conditions of our present being. Why should we not welcome him as a friend? Have we not walked with him in every scene of varied life? Have we not together investigated, with Mr. Pickwick, the theory of Tittlebats? Have we not ridden together to the "Markis of Granby" with old Weller on the box, and his son Samivel on the dickey? Have we not been rook-shooting with Mr. Winkle, and courting with Mr. Tupman? Have we not played cribbage with "the Marchioness," and quaffed the rosy with Dick Swiveller? Tell us not of animal magnetism! We, and thousands of our countrymen, have for years been eating and talking, riding and walking, dancing and sliding, drinking and sleeping, with our distinguished guest, and he never knew of the existence of one of us. Is it wonderful that we are delighted to see him, and to return in a measure his unbounded hospitalities? Boz a stranger! Well may we again exclaim, with Sir John Falstaff, "D'ye think we didn't know ye?—We knew ye as well as Him that made ye."

But a jovial fellow is not always the dearest friend; and, although the pleasure of his society would always recommend the progenitor of Dick Swiveller, "the perpetual grand of the glorious Appollers," in a scene like this, yet the respect of grave doctors and of fair ladies proves that there are higher qualities than those of a pleasant companion to recommend and attach them to our distinguished guest. What is the charm that unites so many suffrages? It is that in the lightest hours, and in the most degraded scenes which he has portrayed, there has been a reforming object and a moral tone, not formally thrust into the canvas, but infused into the spirit of the picture, with those natural touches whose contemplation never tires.

With what a power of delineation have the abuses of his institutions been portrayed! How have the poor-house, the jail, the police courts of justice, passed before his magic mirror, and displayed to us the petty tyranny of the low-minded official, from the magnificent Mr. Bumble, and the hard-hearted Mr. Roker, to the authoritative Justice Fang, the positive Judge Starleigh! And as we contemplate them, how strongly have we realized the time-worn evils of some of the systems they revealed to our eyesight, sharpened to detect the deficiencies and malpractices under our own.

The genius of chivalry, which had walked with such power among men, was exorcised by the pen of Cervantes. He did but clothe it with the name and images of Don Quixote de la Mancha and his faithful Squire, and ridicule destroyed what argument could not reach.

This power belongs in an eminent degree to some of the personifications of our guest. A short time ago it was discovered that a petty tyrant had abused the children who had been committed to his care. No long and elaborate discussion was needed to arouse the public mind. He was pronounced a perfect Squeers, and eloquence could go no further. Happy is he who can add a pleasure to the hours of childhood, but far happier he who, by fixing the attention of the world on their secret sufferings, can protect or deliver them from their power.

But it is not only as a portrayer of public wrongs that we are indebted to our friend. What reflecting mind can contemplate some of those characters without being made more kind-hearted and charitable? Descend with him into the very sink of vice—contemplate the mistress of a robber—the victim of a murderer—disgraced without—polluted within—and yet when, in better moments, her natural kindness breaks through the cloud, then she tells you that no word of counsel, no tone of moral teaching, ever fell upon her ear. When she looks forward from a life of misery to a death by suicide, you cannot but feel that there is no condition so degraded as not to be visited by gleams of a higher nature, and rejoice that He alone will judge the sin who knows also the temptation. Again, how strongly are the happiness of virtue and the misery of vice contrasted. The morning scene of Sir Mulberry Hawk and his pupil brings out in strong relief the night scene of Kit Nubbles and his mother. The one in affluence and splendor, trying to find an easier position for his aching head, surrounded with means and trophies of debauchery, and thinking "there would be nothing so snug and comfortable as to die at once." The other in the poorest room, earning a precarious subsistence by her labors at the wash-tub—ugly, and ignorant, and vulgar, surrounded by poverty, with one child in the cradle, and the other in the clothes-basket, "whose great round eyes emphatically declared that he never meant to go to sleep any more, and thus opened a cheerful prospect to his relations and friends"—and yet in this situation, with only the comfort that cleanliness and order could impart, kindness of heart and the determination to be talkative and agreeable throws a halo round the scene, and as we contemplate it we cannot but feel that Kit Nubbles attained to the summit of philosophy, when he discovered "that there was nothing in the way in which he was made that called upon him to be a snivelling, solemn, whispering chap—sneaking about as if he couldn't help it, and expressing himself in a most unpleasant snuffle—but that it was as natural for him to laugh as it was for a sheep to bleat, a pig to grunt, or a bird to sing."

Or take another example, when wealth is attained, though by different means and for different purposes. Ralph Nickleby and Arthur Gride are industrious and successful; like the vulture, they are ever soaring over the field that they may pounce on the weak and unprotected. Their constant employment is grinding the poor and preying upon the rich. What is the result? Their homes are cold and cheerless—the blessing of him that is ready to perish comes not to them, and they live in wretchedness to die in misery. What a contrast have we in the glorious old twins—brother Charles and brother Ned. They have never been to school, they eat with their knives (as the yankees are said to do), and yet what an elucidation do they present of the truth that it is better to give than to receive! They acquire their wealth in the honorable pursuits of business. They expend it to promote the happiness of every one within their sphere, and their cheerful days and tranquil nights show that wealth is a blessing or a curse, as it ministers to the higher or lower propensities of our nature.

Such men are powerful preachers of the truth that universal benevolence is the true panacea of life; and, although it was a pleasant fiction of brother Charles, "that Tim Linkinwater was born a hundred and fifty years old, and was gradually coming down to five and twenty," yet he who habitually cultivates such a sentiment will, as years roll by, attain more and more to the spirit of a little child; and the hour will come when that principle shall conduct the possessor to immortal happiness and eternal youth.

If, then, our guest is called upon to state what are

"The drugs, the charms,
The conjuration and the mighty magic,
He's won our daughters with,"

well might he reply, that in endeavoring to relieve the oppressed, to elevate the poor, and to instruct and edify those of a happier condition, he had only held "the mirror up to Nature. To show virtue her own form—scorn her own image." That "this only was the witchcraft he had used";

and, did he need proof of this, there are many fair girls on both sides of the water who, though they might not repeat the whole of Desdemona's speech to a married man, yet could each tell him,

> "That if he had a friend that loved her,
> He should but teach him how to tell *his stories*,
> And that would win her."

I would, gentlemen, it were in my power to present, as on the mirror in the Arabian tale, the various scenes in our extended country, where the master-mind of our guest is at this moment acting. In the empty school-room, the boy at his evening task has dropped his grammar, that he may roam with Oliver or Nell. The traveler has forgotten the fumes of the crowded steamboat, and is far off with our guest, among the green valleys and hoary hills of old England. The trapper, beyond the Rocky Mountains, has left his lonely tent, and is unroofing the houses in London with the more than Mephistopheles at my elbow. And, perhaps, in some well-lighted hall, the unbidden tear steals from the father's eye, as the exquisite sketch of the poor schoolmaster and his little scholar brings back the form of that gifted boy, whose "little hand" worked its wonders under his guidance, and who, in the dawning of intellect and warm affections, was summoned from the school-room and the play-ground forever. Or to some bereaved mother the tender sympathies and womanly devotion, the touching purity of little Nell, may call up the form where dwelt that harmonious soul, which uniting in itself God's best gifts, for a short space shed its celestial light upon her household, and then vanishing, "turned all hope into memory."

But it is not to scenes like these that I would now recall you. I would that my voice could reach the ear of every admirer of our guest throughout the land, that with us they might welcome him, on this, his first public appearance to our shores. Like the rushing of many waters, the response would come to us from the bleak hills of Canada, from the savannas of the South, from the prairies of the West, uniting in an "earthquake voice" in the cheers with which we welcome Charles Dickens to this new world.

LORD READING

ACROSS THE FLOOD

[Lord Reading, now Viceroy of India, is an after dinner speaker of very unusual grace and distinction. And of all the addresses delivered by him in this country, this was one of the most impressive, spoken as it was just after the great German offensive at the darkest moment of the war at a dinner in Lord Reading's honor at the Lotos Club, New York, March 27, 1918.]

Mr. President, Your Excellency and Gentlemen:—At the outset of my observations permit me to thank you with all my heart for the cordial welcome and reception which you have been good enough to give to the toast proposed to you. I accept, and recognize it with supreme gratification, as testifying your good will to the country which I have the honor to represent.

You, Mr. President, have said in felicitous terms that I am here, not in the capacity of Lord Chief Justice of England, but in that of His Majesty's Ambassador. As Lord Chief Justice it is my duty—and there are some here who know it as well as I—to sit, to listen and to be silent until the moment for pronouncing the decision comes. As Ambassador, I speak as one untutored yet in the region of diplomacy, with all to learn. I have always understood that an ambassador should make but few speeches. He is always in danger of saying something more than he ought, and never is free from the peril of saying something less than is expected of him. But I am here, gladly and proudly, to-night as your guest because my country is one with you at the present moment. We have now been engaged in war for a long period. We have struggled ever since August of 1914. We are still struggling and we shall continue to struggle until the end has come.

It is well, Mr. President, that we should face facts. I do not believe that either you in this country or we in ours are ever the worse for knowing the facts, even though they may be unpalatable. We have had during the last few days conflicting currents of anxiety which have no doubt stirred you as they have stirred our people to the depths. We have an enemy who has concentrated his attacks upon our forces with the object of driving us to a surrender of large bodies of our troops and to break our lines so as to compel on our part the acceptance of a peace at the dictation of Germany.

The attacks have been heavy; we have been driven from positions which we held. The enemy has been enabled, by withdrawing masses of troops from Russia, assisted by the artillery which he has got, not only from there, but also from Austria, to fling them upon the part of the line which was held by the British troops. Heroic deeds have been performed; acts of prodigious valor have been accomplished daily. Many of them, alas, must remain unsung; but in the end the epic will be written which will, I verily believe, be the record of one of the glorious chapters of British arms. Our men have been compelled to give ground in consequence of sheer weight of numbers of men and guns. If you read the stories that are daily appearing in your press, you will know some of the deeds which our people have been called upon to perform. I shall not enumerate them, for the best of all reasons, that I know not the details; they have not yet been chronicled. But I do know, and I have no hesitation in saying to you, speaking as I do as an Englishman and as the representative of my nation, that we have withstood the attacks of the enemy and have held our line under circumstances which may well redound to the credit of any nation called upon to submit to like attacks. In particular, what has held our people together is the dogged determination, the grim tenacity, of our people. When speaking of it I will, if I may, Mr. President and gentlemen, read to you a message received by cablegram today from Mr. Lloyd George, our Prime Minister, to me, with the intention that I should read it to you and through you to Americans. He says:

"We are at the crisis of the war, attacked by an immense superiority of German troops. Our army has been forced to retire. The retirement has been carried out methodically before the pressure of a steady succession of fresh German reserves, which are suffering enormous losses. The situation is being faced with splendid courage and resolution. The dogged pluck of our troops has for the moment checked the ceaseless onrush of the enemy, and the French have now joined in the struggle. But this battle, the greatest and most momentous in the history of the world, is only just beginning. Throughout it French and British are buoyed up with the knowledge that the great republic of the West will neglect no effort which can hasten its troops and its ships to Europe. In war, time is vital. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of getting American reinforcements across the Atlantic in the shortest possible space of time."

Mr. President, possibly it is difficult for you and the members of this club, and indeed the American people—with all your sympathy and with all your sensitiveness—to understand exactly our feelings, who have been in this war so long; who have lost so many; who have all suffered, and who are all anxious at the present moment as to the lives of those who are doing battle on the front at this moment. It is difficult, indeed, to picture to yourselves what all this means to us; but you are about to learn it. You have your troops now in France, you are sending constantly more and more troops, you are taking your part in the line. You are preparing now for any onslaught which may be made upon you. You will have to bear the same kind of suffering which we have had to endure. You will not shrink from it, as we have not shrunk from it; you will not flinch from sacrifice as we have not flinched from it. You will do your duty—I believe in my innermost heart—as we have tried to do ours.

I am not minded, Mr. President—and I could not if I tried—to speak to you to-night in the ordinary manner of an after-dinner speaker. I do not believe it was your intention when you invited me to be present this evening. I believe that you wanted to hear from me as the representative of a country which is fighting in the same cause as yourselves, something of what was happening "Over there," in France, where our fortunes are engaged. These are the days of realities. These are the days of grim earnestness. These are the moments when men understand that life is real and that there can be no play. These are moments when we realize more and more that ideals are worth striving for, that they are worth sacrifices, that lives must be cheerfully spent if they help to attain those great ideals which tend to make humanity noble.

When we consider the present situation, we, Mr. President, and you, if I may say so, must be careful lest we overestimate the effect of withdrawals. In considering whether or not the enemy is successful we must first of all have clearly in our minds what his aim is. It is, as you know very well, to break through our lines and consequently to crush all resistance. Nothing else is of real moment. If the line is not broken, if the line still holds, then there is nothing vital that has been gained by the attack.

And it is of the utmost importance that we should never forget to count the cost to the enemy of any success he may have had. I notice General Von Hindenburg has said that the first act is ended. There have been bell-ringings, flag-wavings and decorations in Berlin. But those who are experienced in the theater, from which the simile is drawn, would tell you that it is unwise to exchange congratulations until the curtain is rung down upon the last act.

It is not the first success that matters so much; what will matter is the end. Your President has said in the message transmitted by him to Field-Marshal Haig that he was confident, and I believe he spoke for the American people, in the ultimate victory. It is that ultimate victory which will be the final act, and then will be the proper moment for the exchange of these congratulations.

We are now being assisted, as appears from the Prime Minister's cablegram, by the French. We are fighting together; once more we are withstanding the shock of the hordes of Germans driven across to our lines, as comrades—indeed, as brothers. For all their heroic and valorous deeds no one can speak in sufficiently high terms. I will not attempt to distinguish, because I do not believe it possible, the valor of the British and the French who are fighting together. They are aiding each other as men of valor, and there is an Eastern proverb which says that a man of valor is the help of God.

And now, Mr. President, as this fight continues, let me remind you that there is a quality in the British people which you know so well,—having, if I may be permitted for once to remind you, had common ancestors of British stock,—which ensures that when once they have made up their minds, when once they have set their will and purpose, they will hold on to the end, they will never give way, and in this instance there is the added force—the strength of which it is difficult for men to gauge—that they know that their cause is just.

Our men are like yours, in the main not trained regular soldiers—men who were civilians, just as yours were, only a little while ago, and who did not think that they would ever be called upon to don a military uniform. All sections of the community joined with us originally in volunteering their services, for it was only at a late stage that we had to have recourse to conscription. All sections of the community are now soldiers doing their share, and it is indeed one of the marvels of the day, that there should be so many men who perform deeds which were thought to be associated with the few, but which nevertheless are the product of the proud heritage, I believe, of our common stock—deeds which are the result of an inborn valor and of a fixed determination which knows not the meaning of giving in.

Mr. President, I think now of the efforts that will be required before this struggle is ended. Do let us remember, as we have tried to remember it in my country, that it is not only courage and enthusiasm for the war that are required; it is the effort of every man and woman in the country. Everything that human ingenuity can bring to bear on this struggle must be accomplished. All resources which can be organized and mustered for the common purpose must be brought together and must be used. All that men can do must be done. That is the lesson we have learned. It is the lesson we are trying to teach our people. It is the lesson, I believe, which must be learned everywhere in war; for, Mr. President, this war is a war in which it is idle to speak as if certain nations only were involved,—it is a war in which the very sacred principles upon which humanity is based are at stake.

It is incalculable what the results would be if, indeed, we were to fail. We cannot fail, because if we did, humanity would stagger, and be crushed. But I do not for one moment contemplate a possible failure. I see before me, speaking for my countrymen and our Allies, the assistance which is being given, and will continue in every-increasing magnitude to be afforded us by this great republic. When at this moment I think of what I have seen and heard and read during the few days in which this great struggle has been continuing, in which this great and momentous battle has been waged, I am indeed encouraged; and I have felt justified in telling them in England how stimulated they should be by all that I have witnessed here.

Can there be a doubt as to the bearing of this great battle upon the United States? Let me answer by reading to you some words of an editorial in one of your leading newspapers:

"To-day we are following the fortunes of Haig's troops as if they were our own. And they are our own. Every man of them is fighting our cause. Every man of them has died for our liberties."

And it is that spirit, which I notice with so much gratification, that I have ventured to communicate home to England.

Mr. President, I feel I ought to say to you that I have not made the speech, perhaps, which you expected. Will you forgive me—the speech I had intended to make I could not make. My mind has traveled for the last few days with all of our forces, with all that we hold dear in France. It is saturated with all that I have read and all that I have heard from there. I cannot speak to you of anything but the struggle of the moment. I cannot address you upon any subject but one which fills my thoughts. I believe that I should be wrong if I attempted it, and that in truth I am right in speaking to you as I would speak to my own people if I were in England.

It is very largely the welcome which you are good enough to give me, the real satisfaction which I believe you feel in the British Ambassador's presence here, that has tempted me to speak to you as I have done to-night. I have not sought in any way to minimize the events that have happened. I believe it is right that we should recognize their importance, and that we should understand them, and whilst not exaggerating, that we should realize their full effect, but at the same time that we should not be dismayed. To-day and this evening, Mr. President, the news we have received is an encouragement and gives an indication of what is to happen next.

I speak for my country when I say to you in conclusion that we have no fear, we have no doubt, we are not shaken in our faith, we are as resolute as ever, we are determined that come what may we will fight on as we are fighting for liberty, that which is dearer even than life itself.

Together, Mr. President, you in America and we of Great Britain and the Allies can do so much, now that we are closely associated, that no human being, however great his foresight, can in my judgment measure it. I have stood from the first moment staggered at the immensity of the problem when striving to picture to myself what you and we together can accomplish—you with your ideals, with your great traditions of liberty, with your battles ever for liberty and for liberty alone—we with our traditions, with our past history, with our clarified vision, with our ideals, the same as yours. We can now walk with you in the path which all with great ideals would wish to tread. Together we can secure almost all that is worth having; together we can accomplish much that hitherto seemed impossible. Together we can work for liberty, for democracy; together we can maintain the peace of the world.

In my view, Mr. President, there is nothing greater in the world's vision, at the present moment, than your great nation and mine assembled together, fighting for the common cause, shedding our blood together for the common ideal, determined together to win a common victory, struggling and striving with all our might and main, not for aggression of any country, not for any dynastic victory, not to make one sovereignty greater than another, but that we may together pursue the path of peace, of justice, of liberty, that in the end it may be said that we with our Allies have done that which seemed impossible,—we have managed to secure peace for humanity and for the world.

WILLIAM C. REDFIELD

THE THREE GRACES

[William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce during the Wilson Administration, has long been known as an effective and original speaker on many occasions. The following speech was given at the Alumni Banquet, University of Alabama, Tuscaloosa, May 30, 1916.]

Mr. President, Mr. Arbiter, Ladies and Gentlemen: Your two chief authorities are my witnesses to-day that it is not ten minutes since I knew that you were to be called upon to endure anything in the way of a speech from me. Consequently you must take me as I at the moment am, and I am going very briefly to speak the thoughts that are running in my own mind.

I could not if I would emulate the humor that has preceded me. I have not had the time to make the necessary clippings. [Laughter.] So I am going to ask you to use that as a background and come with me a long journey now in mind which I must take in body three weeks hence, and go up with me to a little college in the hills of New England where three weeks from now my own son will face life as the graduates of this institution in a day or two are to face it, and let me tell you in a very few simple words what I want to say to my boy as he goes out into the great world of men and women.

I learned from my mother that the oldest and greatest of books had in it the soundest philosophy for life. What she taught me, many years of close touch with industry and commerce in almost every land long ago confirmed. So I want to say to my boy when next month he leaves his college three simple things. The first is this: "My son, now abideth faith; faith in the cleanliness of manhood, faith in the purity and sweetness of womanhood, faith in the dignity of work, faith in the destiny of your country, and that faith which shall be so much greater than yourself that the giving of yourself shall be a little thing to do if so be your faith in your country may be made perfect." [Applause.]

And, second, I should say to my boy, "Now abideth hope; hope because of the faith that is in you, hope because that faith is not feeble but powerful, leading men and women up from sin and meanness and all things small, until out of your growth shall come that other great statement, 'Thou hast taken me and Thou hast set me in a large place.'" [Applause.]

And I should then say to him, "Now abideth love; that love which should make you too fine to 'blend your pleasure or your pride with sorrow for the meanest thing that feels,' that love which should lead you to remember to appreciate him who is socially not yet as high as you, that love which should radiate from your character and your education that which makes life happier, sweeter, and stronger for all whom you may meet.

Those three things I would say to my boy; that he have faith, that because of his faith he shall have hope, and that out of the faith in things that are high above and things that are fine beneath there shall come a hope which, working together with love, will make his life a power for righteousness in his community. [Applause.]

THOMAS B. REED

AT THE DINNER TO JOSEPH H. CHOATE

[Address given at the dinner of the Lotos Club in honor of Mr. Choate on November 16, 1901. A biographical note on Ex Speaker Reed is to be found with his speech on "Protection and Prosperity" in volume X.]

I SUPPOSE that I have been called upon to-night because I am really the only person who can exactly express the state of mind that we all have with regard to Mr. Choate. I suppose that I alone understand the severe nature of the duties which devolve upon him as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. He is the only diplomat in the service of the United States who is required to learn the language of the country to which he is accredited. And it is a most terrible and laborious task, because the *patois* which he brought from Stockbridge would be a delusion and a snare instead of an aid and assistance.

He is, therefore, obliged at the very beginning to learn that language, otherwise he would be roaming around in the railroad stations trying to buy a ticket when he ought to be at the "booking-office," and instead of stopping over from his train he would be "breaking his journey," and he would be otherwise miscellaneously misbehaving himself, as I understand that in that country an annual pass and a statesman are not necessarily companions. He has to understand that a man in order to be clever has got to be intellectual; he has also to learn certain phrases and formulæ of speech, and he has to mention that we have a common Shakespeare, though why he should be called common when everybody finds him uncommon, I never could understand. He also, unfortunately, is not allowed to say that we have a common Joseph Miller—that would not tend to increase, absolutely increase, the intercourse between the countries—not so. And, consequently, he has to be original. He has to invent methods of making the English understand some portions of the deep and delightful fun which underlies the whole American character. In every relation of life he has to conform himself to the custom and fashions of the inhabitants, and that has some points of difficulty.

I don't think you realize and appreciate the difference in the language of the two countries which I have endeavored to picture by simple suggestions. I had an opportunity to see it in full force, for I encountered it the first time I went to the United States Embassy or Legation, as it then was, in London, for I heard a gentleman in pure English meeting a book-agent and upsetting him completely, and I felt that the Ambassador of that period had this man there for the purpose of giving every American who came there a plunge into the well of English, pure and undefiled; and for my part I have never forgotten my plunge.

A great deal has been said and suggested to-night about our relations with England. There has been no country upon the face of the earth for which we have felt all our lives the tenderness felt for England. A young Englishman cannot be made to understand, cannot by any possibility understand, the deep sensibility which every American of English origin has when he sets foot upon English soil. It is living history. Nobody expressed it better than Hawthorne when he gave the title to his book, "The Old Home." We have always had that feeling toward Great Britain; we have always shown it, if in no other way, by the character of the men we have sent there. We began by sending the man who afterward was the second President of the United States. We have sent men of such fame and distinction that there is no body of statesmen in the United States that can by any possibility be compared with the men who have represented the country in England—poets, orators, Presidents; we have sent men of the highest distinction. It has been one continuous testimonial of our regard and affection for the mother country. And if at last they understand us, I am glad of it. Not because I want our people to conform to their ideas, but because I want them to conform to the sentiments and views of our people. I hope that the doctrine which the Ambassador is promulgating to-day, of universal suffrage and universal liberty, will prevail not only over this country but all over the world.

I do not think that we need say anything in praise of ourselves; and I think it is not in the least necessary, because our works do our praising, our works release us from the obligation of having the approval of anybody but ourselves, and having our own, we don't need the others.

I can remember so many famous names, that I don't venture to inflict them upon this company. Your time is passing away, and I shall not speak of all the great men. Mr. Carnegie has anticipated me, but I do say that with perfect propriety on this occasion, we may conclude this great list of those who have represented this country in the mother country with the name of Mr. Choate, who has done this country great honor, and who is the honored guest of this evening.

WHITELAW REID

AT THE DINNER IN HIS HONOR

[Whitelaw Reid had a long distinguished career which terminated with his service as an Ambassador to England. He was a reporter for the New York *Tribune* during the Civil War and later became editor and proprietor of that journal. As Ambassador to England, he maintained the high traditions of that office by abundant hospitality and by his graceful and dignified addresses on public occasions. The first of the following speeches was given at a dinner in his honor by the Lotos Club of New York, May 18, 1905.]

More than ever you convince me that it is all a mistake. We used to talk about the Lotos Club as a land where it seemed always afternoon. But it is nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it seems always in the morning, quite early in the morning, the morning of life, of cheer, of hope, the morning of ardent beliefs and of hearty appreciations.

I am not vain enough to fancy that these smiling faces, these voices of good will, this generous warmth of recognition, are the just due of any merits of mine. I know well how they come from the vivid memories and the red blood of a public-spirited club that has learned to carry the freshness of its morning friendships throughout its full and successful day.

You yourself, Mr. President, illustrate perfectly how long this morning lasts. In spite of all the years that you have held this post, the Lotos charm keeps for you still the air and the quick sympathy of the young lawyer who succeeded to my place and bettered my work away back in the '80's or early '90's.

What memories this very generous and ever fresh greeting of the Lotos evokes! How often have I stood here extending in your name the first welcome to newly arriving guests from the Old Home!

You will recall the proud pleasure we all took in being the first to receive on these shores the author of "The Three Fishers," and "Alton Locke" and "Westward Ho!" Preacher, novelist, and poet, and fascinating alike in each relation, Canon Kingsley's stay was too short for us, though unhappily too long for him, and but a year or two afterward two nations mourned his loss.

Then came, but a few months later, the most brilliant word-painter the study of history has given to English literature in half a century, James Anthony Froude, and you bade me welcome him to your board.

The next year brought another Englishman, Wilkie Collins, whom you took to your hearts from the moment when, in reply to some playful reference of mine, he gallantly avowed to you that his sole mission in life was to produce what heavy people called light literature. And then came another, a statesman and poet whom we still like to call by the name under which we learned to admire his work, Richard Monckton Milnes. Some of you will remember how the proud parent could scarcely keep back his tears when Bayard Taylor spoke admiringly at your table of the manly, broad-shouldered young fellow he had seen at the home of the guest of the evening, a young fellow who would some day be Lord Houghton himself.

How time flies! That broad-shouldered youth who had caught our traveler-poet's fancy, and whose name the Lotos members applauded because they saw it pleased his father, has since been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and is now known as the Earl of Crewe.

But why should I prolong these reminiscences? We could never recount them all. Matthew Arnold, that rarest Greek in the later English world of letters; Sir Edwin Arnold and Sir Henry M. Stanley, Edmund Yates and George Augustus Sala and dear old Tom Hughes (whom you never could learn to call anything but Tom Brown), and Sir Henry Irving belong to the earlier days. William S. Gilbert and Sir Arthur Sullivan came while "Pinafore" and the "Pirates of Penzance" were young. In later years the list of Englishmen whom you have made your guests is far too long for the briefest recital.

And now you are sending me off with God-speed to the other side, as more than once you have sent me before and tolerantly welcomed me back. If but a tithe of your English guests remember me for your sake, I shall find myself surrounded from the first by a host of brilliant friends.

Increasing cares and duties have of late made me a very unworthy member of this club. I am almost ashamed to recall the fact that the last time I stood before you was to thank you for the welcome you gave me on my return from a post whence my colleagues and myself had brought home peace, with national expansion. Whatever may await me in the future, ambition can scarcely hold out a more grateful attainment than the approval then given here by those who have known me longest and best, and given next by the country we tried to serve.

May I add, with reference to the new appointment whose duties I am now about to undertake, that by far the most gratifying thing about it is the way it has been received. We have been living in a strenuous time. No man in this great metropolis and in my place could well escape an active part in the incessant controversies and turmoil of the last third of a century; and my critics, I believe, have generally agreed that I was apt to assume, at any rate, my full share of them. After such a life to have this appointment made by the President of my country, without the filing of a single recommendation, approved by the Senate without a dissenting voice, and received by the press and the public with such apparently general cordiality, fills me with a sobering sense of responsibility beyond anything I have ever felt before, and with earnest aspirations that all this generous confidence may prove in the end not to have been wholly misplaced.

Let me take the opportunity before this club, so largely made up of members of the press and others of literary and artistic pursuits, to say further that the thing that has touched me most of all is the unbroken good will expressed with such heartiness and without distinction of party by my colleagues in the press of the city and State of New York, among whom I have lived and worked and done my share of fighting for more than a generation.

May I presume a little on this? I should like to take the liberty of pointing out that other work may now bring different duties. No one, I trust, will ever find me unmindful of the rights and the just claims of the profession I honor most in the world and am the proudest to have served. No man can have spent his life in newspaper work without being led by all his habits and instincts to a warm sympathy with newspaper workers, and a readiness to facilitate their efforts. And yet may I hint to the general manager of our wonderful Associated Press service, whose wary eye I see upon me, and to others, in less responsible places, who may have chanced to think of the matter hitherto with less scrupulous care than Mr. Stone himself and his representatives in the great capitals always show, that there may—in fact, there must—come a time when it will be my duty to report first and exclusively to the government, instead of reporting to the newspapers?

It is perfectly true that an open course is the best; that a free people wish to know from day to day what is being done in their name and by their authority; that our government is not adapted to secrecy and does not like to make a mystery of its movements and its policy.

But the Japanese have been showing, on a great scale, that there is a duty in war which under any sagacious government must come before the duty of furnishing bulletins for the daily press. Diplomacy, if it is to be sagacious or successful, even the diplomacy of a republic, must be somewhat in the same class. Neither can always be advantageously conducted *coram publico.*

There is another phase of our newspaper activities that merits more serious consideration from all of us than we generally give it. The free press largely rules a free country. It may make peace or war; it has done both. But it is quite capable of fomenting very grave difficulties which it never desired, or intended, or even thought of. In our great distances and isolation between two oceans, and general feeling of remoteness and elbow-room and independence, it has sometimes been apt in moments of excitement to measure its words as little in dealing with a high-spirited and sensitive nation as with a candidate for the office of town constable or for the board of Alderman. Is it not time for the press, when it exercises its power, to recognize also the obligations of rule, consideration, moderation, and a scrupulous regard both for the rights and the susceptibilities of others.

We have ourselves resented at times with the utmost asperity the slightest foreign interference in our own domestic discussions. More than once those of us of maturer years have seen this country lashed into a fury almost belligerent merely by the critical or carping references in foreign newspapers. It might be well now, in some quiet hour, to consider the other side, and reflect how they may feel over our free-spoken comment on their affairs. Have we not, in fact, taken sides, and led our people to take sides, habitually and even vehemently, on almost every foreign question that comes to our notice? Would it not comport better sometimes with our position now if we were a little less dogmatic in laying down the duty of this or that nation in its own domestic affairs, and a little less partisan in our view of the unhappy conflicts between contending nations? Do not misunderstand me, I am arraigning no one, and making no criticism of others which I do not take to myself also. But has not the time come, in the development of this country and in the increased intimacy and importance of its relations to other countries, when we may advantageously practice a little more reserve in commenting upon other people's affairs, a little more impartiality between countries at war, and a friendlier tone to each when we are on good terms with both, and have every interest to remain so? What is good policy for individuals in the disagreements of their neighbors might sometimes in these international cases be pretty good policy for newspapers, too, and for the people at large, an attitude of friendly neutrality, while meantime diligently minding our own business, and letting that of other people alone.

Meanwhile, Mr. President and gentlemen, may I hope to see you from time to time in London? You will know where to find me, and you will not need my assurance that I shall try to make you as welcome as you have made me. The great kindness you extend now, and the confidence you bestow, are purely on credit. I shall have deserved it all only if, while taking the greatest care for our own interests, I can still maintain in full force that good understanding between ourselves and Great Britain which has grown clearer and stronger at each step of our advance, in the paths that have been steadily broadening before us every year and month since our peace with Spain.

THE FOURTH OF JULY

[Speech at the dinner of the American Society in London, July 4, 1911.]

My Lords and Gentlemen:—With all my heart I thank you for these most generous words in which the eminent jurist and Peer (Hon. Lord Mersey) who has just spoken has referred to my poor services, and I thank you all still further for the more than generous way in which you have received them. But this is no new experience. In a somewhat protracted residence I have never encountered throughout the length and breadth of this land any other reception than that which seemed like a cordial family greeting. [Applause.] From this Society I have had a constant support, which quite beggars me in thanks—a goodwill and an unhesitating confidence, which makes me very humble and very proud. But the American Ambassador is an old and trite theme at these banquets. The Special Representative of the President of the United States for the Coronation is quite another story. [Laughter.] Twice in my life I have had the honor to fill that position, or a somewhat similar one, myself, and I know its difficulties and embarrassments. Only a year ago I had the honor to receive in my house as my personal guest during his official term, a great man with a very great career behind him, discharging a mournful duty connected with this same office, and I then saw with what distinction that work might be done and how greatly it tended to make more cordial the international relations which it promoted. Well, gentlemen, it is no mere after-dinner compliment to say that the latest of these envoys has recognized the opportunity and has improved it. [Applause.] He was sent here by one of the greatest rulers of the world [applause]; a ruler too great to be swerved from his judicial poise by any partisan appeals or by any insolent offers of political advantage; a ruler great enough—in spite of foes without and false friends within—to have achieved in this very last year such triumphs as I may venture to call quite unexampled. Let me mention two or three of them. He has at last succeeded in getting an apparently workable and practical arrangement between the Government and the people on the one hand, and the most colossal combinations of capital that the world ever saw on the other. He has wiped the slate clean of difficulties between the United States and the Mother Country or her Dominions overseas. [Hear, hear.] He has greatly promoted peace among our sister Republics in the South, has advanced their prosperity, and has certainly in at least two or three instances actually prevented war. He has secured an agreement between the four great nations, controlling the seal-fisheries of the world, which promises at last to put an end to an old international scandal, and to save the seals. He has largely extended our foreign trade and opened new fields in distant countries for the employment at profitable rates—do not forget the profitable rates [laughter]—of our superfluous capital. He has introduced and brought to a hopeful stage a general treaty of arbitration between the United States and the Mother Country [applause], and, not to prolong the enumeration, finally, not the least—in fact, one of the most important of his achievements, is the substantial success already of his movement for Canadian reciprocity. [Applause.] These are certainly achievements of high constructive statesmanship. But if you think they are not, then at least show me a ruler anywhere in the world who during the same period has matched or surpassed them. [Applause.] Well, gentlemen, the Special Representative is not unworthy of his Chief. [Applause.] He has made friends wherever he has gone, he is returning with universal goodwill from the people to whom he was sent, and he is bearing it back from them in most liberal measure to the great ruler who sent him. [Loud Applause.]

Without further preface, then, I shall ask you to join with me in drinking health, long life, prosperity, a pleasant voyage home, a hearty welcome there, and further useful and long career, for your guest, Mr. John Hays Hammond—of various parts of the world [laughter], but chiefly of the United States. [Loud applause.]

D. B. ST. JOHN ROOSA

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

[Speech of Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, as President of the Holland Society of New York, at the eleventh annual dinner of the Society, New York City, January 15, 1896.]

Gentlemen, Members of the Holland Society, and our Honored Guests:—My first duty is to welcome to our Board the representatives of the various societies who honor us by their presence: St. George's, St. Nicholas, New England, St. Andrew's, Colonial Order, and Colonial Wars, Southern Society, the Holland Society welcomes you most heartily. I ought to say that the Holland Society, as at present constituted, could run a Police Board [applause], furnish the Mayors for two cities, and judges to order, to decide on any kind of a case. As a matter of fact, when they get hard up down-town for a judge, they just send up to the man who happens to be President of the Holland Society and say "Now we want a judge," and we send Van Hoesen, Beekman, Truax, or Van Wyck. [Applause.] They are all right. They are Dutch, and they will do. [Laughter.] All the people say it does not make any difference about their politics, so long as the blood is right.

Gentleman, there seems to be an impression that the Holland Society, because it does not have a Club-house—and it may have a Club-house, that remains for you to decide; and because it does not have a great many other things, has no reason for its existence. But, gentlemen, there is one sufficient reason for the existence of the Hollanders in a Society. We have eight hundred and forty members, and each one of us has a function—to teach our neighboring Yankees just exactly what we are, whence we came, and where we mean to go. [Laughter and applause.] The colossal ignorance of the ordinary New Englander [laughter and applause]—I mean in regard to the Dutch [laughter]—is something that I would delineate were it not for the presence of the President of the Mayflower Society. [Renewed laughter.] Why, it was only the other night that at one of these entertainments when I was representing you and doing the best I could with my medal and my ribbon, that a friend came up to me and said: "You belong to the Holland Society, don't you?" I said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "you Dutch did lick us on the Excise question, didn't you?" [Great laughter and applause.] Now what are you going to do with a people like that? There is a Governor of Connecticut here to-night [P. C. Lounsbury], and I was going to say something about Governors of Connecticut of years and years ago. A man could not properly relate the history of New Amsterdam without remarking on the Governors of Connecticut, but out of respect to the distinguished gentleman, whom we all delight to honor, I shall draw it very mild. I shall only tell one or two things that those Governors of Connecticut used to do. There was one of them, I have forgotten his name and I am glad I have [laughter], who used to say in all his letters to his subordinates when they were pushing us to the wall and getting the English over to help them push: "Don't you say anything to those people, don't you talk to those people, but always keep crowding the Dutch." [Laughter.] That is what a Connecticut Governor gave as official advice years ago. And they did crowd us. But Governor Lounsbury told me that if they really had their rights Manhattan Island would belong to Connecticut. So you see they are crowding the Dutch still. [Laughter.]

Now, every once in a while, one of these New Englanders that owns the earth, especially that little stone portion called Plymouth Rock, which we never begrudged them, gets up at a great dinner and reads a fine speech and talks about civil and religious liberty which the Puritan came over to cause to flourish. Why, the poor Puritan did not know any more about religious liberty than an ordinary horse does about astronomy. What the Puritan came over here for, was to get a place to do what he liked, in his own way, without interference from anybody else, with power to keep everybody out that wanted to do anything the least bit different from his way.

I want to tell you just a thing or two about this business. The Dutch tried very hard to teach them civil and religious liberty before they came over, and then they put the Yankees on a ship and sent them over from Leyden and Delfshaven, saying: "It is utterly useless; we cannot teach you." [Great laughter.] But we came over to New Amsterdam and we had free schools in New York until the English took the city by treachery when there was only Peter Stuyvesant to fire one gun against the invaders, and then they abolished free schools and had their church ones, and they are fighting over that question in England now. Free schools! New York established them when we were free again, years and years afterwards, but they are an invention of the Dutch.

Civil and religious liberty! it was born in Holland, it was nourished by the valor of the Beggars of the Sea, and finally it began to grow into the minds of the peoples of the earth, that it was not only right to enjoy your own religion, but it was also right to let your neighbor enjoy his. [Applause.]

Then there is another story, that the English conquered Manhattan Island, and that we are here by the grace of any people on earth except our own. That is another mistake. Just read Theodore Roosevelt's "Rise of New York." [Great laughter.] Now I am going to tell you this story because you must go up to Ulster County and up to Dutchess and Albany Counties, and you must tell every Yankee you meet the truth about this, and not let him talk any more about the English having subjugated the Dutch.

It is true the English captured Manhattan Island, but nine years afterwards Admiral Evertsen and another Admiral whose name escapes me, came up the harbor in two frigates with guns well shotted, got beyond Staten Island, and gave the military authorities of New York notice that they were going to take that town, and granted them thirty minutes to make up their minds whether they would give it up or not. When the thirty minutes elapsed, six hundred Dutch troops were landed just back of where Trinity Church now is, and New York became New Amsterdam again. Then how did we lose it. Because the Dutch States-General, which did not know enough, in deciding between New York and Surinam, to choose New York, took Surinam, and they have been wishing ever since they never had been born. Now talk about anybody conquering the Dutch! We generally get there. They sometimes say: "That is all very well, they were very brave people and all that, but they don't do anything now." Waterloo, Van Speyk, Majuba Hill, and the Boers of the Transvaal show what their courage has been in the later generations. What are the Dutch? Why, we are the salt of the earth! We do not pretend to be the bread and butter and the cheese, but we are the salt [laughter], and I think the Boers in South Africa very lately salted some people I know of. [Great laughter and applause.]

If you want to see a city that is well salted, look at New York. Go to the St. Nicholas Society dinner and see that grand assembly; if there is ever a society in New York that is well salted with Dutch, that is, and we are all proud of it. And so it is with every other society, New York society, but not on the paternal side! [Great laughter and applause.]

But if you want to see a place where the Yankee is salt, pepper, bread and butter, and everything, go to Boston. It is a great city. That is all right. But we prefer New York, and we prefer just what God has ordained us to be—the people not always getting the credit of it, but always accomplishing all the good that is ever accomplished on the face of the earth! [Laughter and applause.] Now you may think that I have not whooped it up enough for the Dutch [great laughter], so I will go on, just for a minute.

The State of North Carolina is always talking about having had a Declaration of Independence in Mecklenburg County, about six months before they had one in Philadelphia. Why, the Dutch farmers up in the Mamacotting Valley of Ulster County signed a Declaration of Independence in April, 1775, and they would have signed it six months before if the New York Council of Safety had given it to them! [Laughter.] They knew what they meant. They said, "We shall never be slaves." If you will excuse the fact that I did have a great-grandfather—I am happy to say that my great-grandfather signed that paper and he had a commission in the Continental Army, which I possess, signed by John Hancock, and he was at Saratoga. He was in the 2d New York Line. The Dutch knew that what we wanted was to be free and independent people, even if our friends over there had not made up their minds. The Dutch are satisfied with a very modest position in the world—so that they have the goods and control its destinies. [Great laughter.] Others may call it New York, if they like, or Manhattan, but we call it Dutch.

It is a strange thing that this great city of New York has allowed the Puritans first to commemorate the virtues of their heroic race which we all admire, and all love to speak of in terms of praise in our serious moments. It is strange that Central Park is adorned by them with that beautiful statue, while the Dutch have no monument. I shall remember the day that that silver-tongued orator, George William Curtiss, made the dedication address. But why is it that on this Hudson, which was first plowed by a Dutch keel, over which first of all a Dutch flag floated, along this Hudson which was first discovered and explored and made habitable by Dutch industry and Dutch thrift, there is no Dutch monument to which we may proudly point as we pass by. There ought to be a statue of that great Dutchman, William the Silent, on Riverside Drive. [Great applause.] Do you ever think of him? Do you ever think of his career, that of the prototype of our own Washington? At fifteen years of age the companion of an emperor; at twenty-one years of age, the commander of a great army, and later giving up wealth and pomp and power, preferring to be among the people of God, than to dwell at ease in the tents of wickedness; giving up everything for a life of tedious struggle in the cold marshes of the Netherlands, finally to die at the hand of an assassin with a prayer for his country upon his lips as he passed away. He was the first human being on the face of this earth, who fairly and fully understood the principles of religious and civic freedom. This great city, the exemplifier of those principles to which it owes so much for its prosperity and magnificence, has not yet commemorated that man. How long shall it be, sons of Hollanders, before William the Silent shall be there looking out upon the Hudson and lifted on high as an example for all time? I hope our eyes will see the day! [Great applause.]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE HOLLANDER AS AN AMERICAN

[Speech of Theodore Roosevelt at the eleventh annual dinner of the Holland Society of New York, January 15, 1896. The President, Dr. D. B. St. John Roosa, said: "The next regular toast is: 'The Hollander as an American,' and I shall have the pleasure of introducing a gentleman who is a member of this Society, and, therefore, descended on the male line [laughter] from some one who came here before 1675, is it not? [A voice—"That is right; 1675."] One of the first Roosevelts came very near outstripping Robert Fulton and inventing the steamboat. He did invent a steamboat, and you know the Roosevelts have had something of a steamboat in them ever since. Now there is another thing I want you Dutchmen to teach the Yankees to do—pronounce his name Rosavelt and not Rusevelt. And, by the way, mine is pronounced Rosa too. Now Mr. Roosevelt is a man, evidently, who has the courage of his convictions [A Voice—"That is right." Applause], and it will be a cold day for the party to which he belongs if they undertake to turn him down. I hoped that you all thought so. There was an old darky that used to say about the Commandments: 'Yes, preacher, they are all right, but in this here neighborhood the eighth Commandment ought to be taught with some discreetions.' [Great laughter.] [A Voice: "Which is the eighth Commandment?"] 'Thou shalt not steal.' Now in New York there are some people who think there are some commandments that ought to be taught with some 'discreetions.' But they had better alter their law if they don't like it, and they had better not put a Dutchman in office after an oath to enforce the law and then ask him why he does enforce it. [Great applause.] This gentleman does not need any introduction, evidently—the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt." [Great applause. Three cheers were proposed and given for Mr. Roosevelt. A Voice: "Tiger!"] Mr. Roosevelt: "In the presence of the judiciary, no!" [Laughter.] There was great cheering when Mr. Roosevelt rose to respond.]

Mr. President, Gentlemen, and Brethren of the Holland Society:—I am more than touched, if you will permit me to begin rather seriously, by the way you have greeted me to-night. When I was in Washington, there was a story in reference to a certain President, who was not popular with some of his own people in a particular Western State. One of its Senators went to the White House and said he wanted a friend of his appointed postmaster of Topeka. The President's Private Secretary said: "I am very sorry, indeed, sir, but the President wants to appoint a personal friend." Thereupon the Senator said: "Well, for God's sake, if he has one friend in Kansas, let him appoint him!" [Great laughter.]

There have been periods during which the dissembled eulogies of the able press and my relations with about every politician of every party and every faction have made me feel I would like to know whether I had one friend in New York, and here I feel I have many. [Great applause.] And more than that, gentlemen, I should think ill of myself and think that I was a discredit to the stock from which I sprang if I feared to go on along the path that I deemed right, whether I had few friends or many. [Cries of "Good! Good!" and great applause.]

I am glad to answer to the toast, "The Hollander as an American." The Hollander was a good American, because the Hollander was fitted to be a good citizen. There are two branches of government which must be kept on a high plane, if any nation is to be great. A nation must have laws that are honestly and fearlessly administered, and a nation must be ready, in time of need, to fight [applause], and we men of Dutch descent have here to-night these gentlemen of the same blood as ourselves who represent New York so worthily on the bench, and a Major-General of the Army of the United States. [Applause.]

It seems to me, at times, that the Dutch in America have one or two lessons to teach. We want to teach the very refined and very cultivated men who believe it impossible that the United States can ever be right in a quarrel with another nation—a little of the elementary virtue of patriotism. [Cries of "Good! Good!" and applause.] And we also wish to teach our fellow-citizens that laws are put on the statute books to be enforced [cries of "Hear! Hear!" and applause]; and if it is not intended they shall be enforced, it is a mistake to put a Dutchman in office to enforce them.

The lines put on the program underneath my toast begin: "America! half-brother of the world!" America, half-brother of the world—and all Americans full brothers one to the other. That is the way that the line should be concluded. The prime virtue of the Hollander here in America and the way in which he has most done credit to his stock as a Hollander, is that he has ceased to be a Hollander and has become an American, absolutely. [Great applause.] We are not Dutch-Americans. We are not "Americans" with a hyphen before it. We are Americans pure and simple, and we have a right to demand that the other people whose stocks go to compose our great nation, like ourselves, shall cease to be aught else and shall become Americans. [Cries of "Hear! Hear!" and applause.]

And further than that, we have another thing to demand, and that is that if they do honestly and in good faith become Americans, those shall be regarded as infamous who dare to discriminate against them because of creed or because of birthplace. When New Amsterdam had but a few hundred souls, among those few hundred souls no less than eighteen different race-stocks were represented, and almost as many creeds as there were race-stocks, and the great contribution that the Hollander gave to the American people was, as your President has so ably said, the inestimable lesson of complete civil and religious liberty. It would be honor enough for this stock to have been the first to put on American soil the public school, the great engine for grinding out American citizens, the one institution for which Americans should stand more stiffly than for aught other. [Great applause.]

Whenever America has demanded of her sons that they should come to her aid, whether in time of peace or in time of war, the Americans of Dutch stock have been among the first to spring to the aid of the country. We earnestly hope that there will not in the future be any war with any power, but assuredly if there should be such a war one thing may be taken for certain, and that is that every American of Dutch descent will be found on the side of the United States. We give the amplest credit, that some people now, to their shame, grudge to the profession of arms, which we have here to-night represented by a man, who, when he has the title of a Major-General of the Army of the United States [Thomas H. Ruger], has a title as honorable as any that there is on the wide earth. [Applause.] We also need to teach the lesson, that the Hollander taught, of not refusing to do the small things because the day of large things had not yet come or was in the past; of not waiting until the chance may come to distinguish ourselves in arms, and meanwhile neglecting the plain, prosaic duties of citizenship which call upon us every hour, every day of our lives.

The Dutch kept their freedom in the great contest with Spain, not merely because they warred valiantly, but because they did their duty as burghers in their cities, because they strove according to the light that was in them to be good citizens and to act as such. And we all here to-night should strive so to live that we Americans of Dutch descent shall not seem to have shrunk in this respect, compared to our fathers who spoke another tongue and lived under other laws beyond the ocean; so that it shall be acknowledged in the end to be what it is, a discredit to a man if he does not in times of peace do all that in him lies to make the government of the city, the government of the country, better and cleaner by his efforts. [Great applause.]

I spoke of the militant spirit as if it may only be shown in time of war. I think that if any of you gentlemen, no matter how peaceful you may naturally be, and I am very peaceful naturally [laughter], if you would undertake the administration of the Police Department you would have plenty of fighting on hand before you would get through [renewed laughter]; and if you are true to your blood you will try to do the best you can, fighting or not fighting. You will make up your mind that you will make mistakes, because you won't make anything if you don't make some mistakes, and you will go forward according to your lights, utterly heedless of what either politicians or newspapers may say, knowing that if you act as you feel bound according to your conscience to act, you will then at least have the right when you go out of office, however soon [laughter], to feel that you go out without any regret, and to feel that you have, according to your capacity, warred valiantly for what you deemed to be the right. [Great applause.]

These, then, are the qualities that I should claim for the Hollander as an American: In the first place, that he has cast himself without reservation into the current of American life; that he is an American, pure and simple, and nothing else. In the next place, that he works hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder with his fellow Americans, without any regard to differences of creed or to differences of race and religion, if only they are good Americans. [Great applause.] In the third place, that he is willing, when the need shall arise, to fight for his country; and in the fourth place, and finally, that he recognizes that this is a country of laws and not men, that it is his duty as an honest citizen to uphold the laws, to strive for honesty, to strive for a decent administration, and to do all that in him lies, by incessant, patient work in our government, municipal or national, to bring about the day when it shall be taken as a matter of course that every public official is to execute a law honestly, and that no capacity in a public officer shall atone if he is personally dishonest. [Tremendous applause.]

ELIHU ROOT

THE HOME OF THE ONEIDAS

[Mr. Root is represented by speeches in later volumes (see Index). It may be noted that these after-dinner speeches are on an unusual variety of subjects and occasions. Two were delivered in the course of his special diplomatic mission to Russia as Ambassador Extraordinary. His addresses have been collected in two volumes published by the Harvard University Press, copyright 1920. Those included here are by special permission of author and publisher. The first was made before the Society of the Sons of Oneida, New York, March 14, 1903.]

I OBSERVE that our president has omitted in his enumeration the Tribe of Tammany. Is it possible that they alone of all the tribes of the Atlantic Coast failed to tremble when they heard the war-whoop of the Oneidas?

I have just come from the land of the Parting of the Waters. For one whole week I have been living within sight of the house in which I was born and every day looking out over the Valleys of the Oriskany and the Mohawk up to the far blue hills of the Royal Grants on the western edge of the Adirondacks; I looked down from the hills to the west of the Oriskany over the field where first floated in the smoke of battle the Stars and Stripes, and where, at the close of that fierce struggle, old Herkimer sat and smoked his pipe as life ebbed away; I looked down on the spires of Utica and Whitestown, at the country which was able to give to the state such men as Henry R. Storrs, Joseph Kirkland, Samuel Beardsley, Green C. Bronson, Hiram Denio, Joshua Spencer, Roscoe Conkling and Francis Kernan; I looked down upon the pathway of empire, upon the path along which dragged the weary way of the wagons that peopled the Great West; on the silvery stream up which were poled the flat boats whose cargoes landed at Fort Stanwix, were transferred to Wood Creek, and so on down to Oneida Lake and Ontario; on the great strategic pathway along which armies have marched

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ELIHU ROOT

and the fate of empire has been decided; at the seat of the power which was dominant in the North American Continent, above all other powers, before the whites asserted their supremacy; I lived under the shadow of the walls raised in answer to the pious wish of the Missionary Kirkland for the education and the salvation of the children of the Indians with the children of the whites, and which, in response to his Christian hope, gave to the religious faith and education of the country Edward Robinson and Albert Barnes. And now I have come here to see how you have brought from that favored land the power, the resolution, the hardness of fiber and the capacity for labor and for achievement native to the soil of Oneida.

I am glad to see here so many gentlemen from other countries, Mr. President, that they may profit by the influence and the spirit of Oneida. If we can exercise over them the same influence which the Iroquois exercised over the tribes from the sea-coast to the Mississippi we will make better and wiser men of them.

I was led to some reflections during this last visit home. Why is it that the price of farm land in central and northern New York is to-day, as it is in a large part of New England, less than it was thirty, forty or fifty years ago? The market is better; farmers have a better opportunity to sell their milk, for I believe they are sending milk from Oneida County to New York to-day; they have a better opportunity to sell their corn, potatoes, and other vegetables—all the products of the farm, for the canning factory has come almost to the farmer's door, affording a means of preserving and conveying their products to the remotest regions; and still the price of farm land is to-day less than it was when I was a boy in Oneida County. I suppose it is the trend of population towards the cities. I suppose it results from a comparison between the life of the farmer, with its hard conditions, and its severe labor, and the life which is possible to the young man who goes to the cities and embraces a profession or gets into a business. There is a serious side to it. With the twenty-five million of people whom we have now in the United States living in cities—indeed, more than that number, I believe, according to the last census—we are facing a new set of conditions in the formation of national character. Life in the city tends to alertness, to activity of mind, to the sharpening of the faculties, but it also tends to a straining and intensity and refinement of the nervous system which will in time make a different race of men. There is much in the old Antaean myth that is true for mankind at large. If the strong man is to continue the race he must continue it in contact with the soil. No body of men who have lived in cities alone can perpetuate themselves as a strong, self-possessed, self-controlled and dominating race. We must steady the nerves, strengthen the sinews, enlarge and build deep the foundations of body and of morals in our characters by contact with the soil, by the sweetening, steadying, and calming influences of nature, of sky, and tree, and field, and water, if we would continue the American people as the American people were when we were young on the hillsides of Oneida.

We do well to gather here to recall the memories of our old life in our old homes, but the best thing about it will be if it leads some of us back to our old homes; if it leads some of us to reflect upon the wretchedness of the poor boys and girls that are born and bred in city streets, and leads us to take them back where they can have the freedom and the joy of the country. If I were to undertake to repeat the experiment of Ben Franklin, to propose a change in the national bird of America, I would not seek to make it the wild turkey instead of the predatory eagle, but I would say let the homing pigeon be the bird that we imitate.

It is a beneficent provision of nature that as age comes, as the capacity to wrestle in the thick and stress of life's struggle declines, the memories of childhood come up through the strata of experience with which middle life has overlaid them; that as one ceases to live in the future because the possibilities of life have become settled and leave no further room for hope, as one ceases to live in the present because the weakness of sinews makes it impossible longer to struggle with the bustling throng, memory goes back to the days of childhood; and the old man lives over again the experiences of youth; and old forms and faces, old scenes of childhood's days, become vivid once again. Happy the man who in his declining years can return in memory to the home to which our hearts turn to-night! How beautiful the green hillsides of the Mohawk! How mighty the river in its flood in the spring! How sweet and clear the bubbling stream of the Oriskany! How glorious and superb the forests of beech and maple in the autumn! How crisp and nerving and strengthening the autumn nights! And, above all, how inspiring the great sweep of the snow field down the sides of the hills and across the broad valleys, thirty, forty, fifty miles away, of pure, unbroken white, except for the dark patches of the hemlock here and there! How cheery the sleigh bells! How sweet the girls we remember! How loud the shouts of merry youth! How rings the skate! How swift speeds the sled! How happy were the days we have left behind us in old Oneida! How happy the memories of them that we treasure for our old age!

HUMAN FREEDOM

[Address at a luncheon given by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Petrograd, July 4, 1917.]

I AM sure I speak not only for myself and the other members of the Diplomatic Mission from the United States, but also for the Ambassador of the United States to Russia and these gentlemen who have come as an advisory commission to endeavor to help in the transportation problems of Russia—I speak for them all in returning most hearty thanks both for the expressions which have been used to-day and for the substantial and real feeling we have found behind the expression. We have met in Russia everywhere the most kindly and hospitable reception. We have been met with the utmost frankness and sincerity and helpfulness. Everywhere in the government and among the many citizens of Russia with whom we have been brought into contact this has been true. We are deeply grateful for all that you have done for us, and for the spirit you have exhibited; and we shall go back to the United States to carry a report of all possible evidence of real friendship, real coöperation, real union, in a common spirit, between the two great democracies.

As we of the Diplomatic Mission are about to depart from Russia upon the coming Monday, I wish to say that we leave Russia with cheerful hope and confidence for the successful accomplishment of the great task which the people of Russia have undertaken. We leave with renewed faith in your competency, in all branches of your government and in all sections and grades of your people, to do the great work which you undertook when you dethroned your czar. And we base our confidence on substantial grounds—not upon patriotic words, not upon the expression of theories; not upon noble sentiments alone, but upon what we find in the character of the Russian people—upon the real and extraordinary progress which the Russian people have made in organization under the most unfavorable circumstances—the organization of local self-government followed by the organization of local governments into great unions, with national scope and purpose, which have been so efficient in making possible a strong support of the Russian armies in the field during the war. And it is a knowledge of that great work which makes the presence of Prince Lyoff as president of the Provisional Government a source of satisfaction, and of confidence for the future.

We base our opinion also upon the evidences of capacity for individual enterprise which we have found in Russia—the capacity to inaugurate and carry on great enterprises by private initiative and independently of the great government; and we base it still further upon the self-control, the essential kindliness, the tendency toward order and peaceful relations among the men in all Russian communities. These are the qualities which are the most essential for free government. All of those qualities which have wrecked attempts at self-government in the past because passion became supreme, seem to be absent from Russian character, and those qualities which have made permanent self-government by the people, seem to be in a high degree developed in Russian character. So we have faith in you. We shall go back and carry a message of confidence in the future of Russia and a message of cheer to our country, because we have no ideas of a fleeting friendship, but a certainty of a permanent and persistent and effective ally in Russia, in the great war upon which we have so recently entered.

You so very kindly referred to the day which the people of the United States all celebrate. That day was marked by the American Declaration of Independence which framed the issue in what was really civil war between two groups of the people of Great Britain. With many adherents upon both sides in the American colonies and in England, that war completely established not merely for the American colonies but for Great Britain, upon a broader and surer foundation, the principles of English freedom; and Sir George Buchanan and I look with kindly eyes at one another across this table, enjoying the inheritance of that same great principle of individual freedom which triumphed in what we know as the American Revolution. That principle is at stake again in the world today. Because it is at stake again, the grandchildren and great grandchildren of those who fought in the American Revolution are joining hands with each other for a new struggle to enthrone the principle of individual liberty and to cast down the principle of the divine right of one man to keep a people in servitude. The two principles cannot live together. The Declaration of Independence which marks this day sets up the principle of freedom in these words:

> That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.

That is the principle of democracy. That is opposed to the existence of a divine right to govern others. Governments are instituted to secure the unalienable rights of all men and of every man. The other principle—the principle of autocracy is diametrically and eternally opposed to the principle of democracy. The two principles cannot live together. The conflict between them is inevitable and eternal. One or the other must conquer. We must be either all free or all slaves; and it is in defense of that great and necessary principle of human liberty that the people of the United States abandon their security, with no enemy at their doors, with no one inflicting injury upon their smiling fields nor on their rich towns. It is in support of that principle necessary to human liberty that the people of the United States come to fight, to shed their blood and their treasure in the war which they hate as a peace-loving people, in order that our children may all live in peace and in justice and that the hateful principle of evil that has come down from a dark and cruel past may no longer oppress the earth, but may pass away and the new order of things may come. No one can tell what the issue of to-day or to-morrow may be! No one can tell what sacrifice and suffering stand between, but the ultimate supremacy of the principle of human freedom is as certain as the sunrise to-morrow. It cannot be turned back. It may be retarded here or there for the moment, but with the great movement of the human race, the conception of a sovereign power as necessary to the maintenance of order, is passing away, and the conception of a great free peoples governing and maintaining order by the laws that they impose upon themselves is taking its place; and the majestic progress of an enlightened world will go on and on to the necessary result of a triumphant democracy the world over.

God grant, my friends and all of our allies, that the day may come quickly and that the suffering and death—the agony—may soon end; but however long it may be, we must not permit human freedom to end—it is better to die than to be slaves.

AT A LUNCHEON GIVEN BY GENERAL BRUSILOFF

[On June 27, 1917, the Russian general, Alexis Brusiloff, gave a luncheon at general staff headquarters, in Mogileve, in honor of the American Diplomatic Mission. After the luncheon, General Brusiloff welcomed Ambassador Root in the folllowing address.

Mr. Ambassador, I am glad that I have the honor to welcome you as representative of our new great ally.

Russia and America,—these are two worlds divided by oceans; but it is my wish that you who have conquered distances and have come as our dear and welcome guests shall gain the impression that your beautiful country is not distant, but close to Russia. Here, as across the ocean, you will find the same banner bearing the same great device,

—liberty, civil, social, political, and national. America, which has long ago acquired the former, has now declared herself for the latter; as, without the independence and liberty of nations, all others are mere visions. Having just passed through changes such as history has seldom known, we are now deeply satisfied, feeling that our glorious allies are strengthened by a new and powerful support—the great transatlantic republic. Continuing the war with all the powers at our disposal, we shall fight not only for our own cause, fortifying the liberty we have recently acquired, but at the same time—hand in hand with you—we shall fight for the right of all nations to shape their destinies in accordance with their own desires.

With deep faith in our common and just cause, allow me, in the name of the Russian Army, to welcome our great democratic ally and its glorious army, and also you gentlemen whom we are glad to welcome to our fraternal military circle.]

I THANK you sincerely for your courteous and friendly greeting and for the kind things you have said about my country. It is most encouraging for America, which has entered the great war to be the friend and ally of the new democracy of Russia, to know that in the warfare in our common cause against the hateful autocracy of Germany, we will still have the advantage of your military genius, which the world esteems so well; and will still have the benefit of that bulwark of liberty which the dauntless courage and fortitude of the soldiers of Russia are able to maintain against the aggressions of military autocracy.

We are peaceful people in America, but we have learned that we cannot continue a free people unless we prevent the supremacy of autocratic German power in the world. We have no hatred towards Germany, but we will not be subjugated by her, nor ruled by her. We have learned that her professions of friendship are false. For a long time, when we objected to Germany's murder of our innocent people, men and women and children, upon the high seas through her submarine warfare, Germany put us off with friendly words, and specious promises, and professions of desire to observe our interests. At last we learned by her own confession that she was but keeping us quiet in order that she might have time to build more submarine boats to murder our citizens more readily; just as Germany sends her troops to fraternize with the kindly Russians upon your front, and while protesting friendship there, she is at the same time murdering the Russian soldiers in German prison camps by cruel and inhuman treatment.

We are glad that you know the truth regarding this foe of liberty and honor; we are glad that you know that no faith and no morality and no humanity is to be found in the class that rules Germany; we are glad that you have learned, as we have learned, that if we are to maintain our liberty in Russia and in America, we must be able to make sacrifices for it, to fight for it, and if need be to die for it, in order that our beloved countries may live in freedom and not be subjected to a foreign power. And as brothers in that cause, the greatest that the world has ever seen; in behalf of the whole people of the United States, I give you the toast: To the indomitable Russian Army and to its heroic Commander-in-Chief, to whom be honor and success and glory to the end!

BUSINESS AND POLITICS

[Address of Mr. Root at a reception of the Union League Club of Philadelphia, in his honor March 23, 1915.]

It is very difficult to respond to such expressions as I have heard to-night, where my cooler judgment refuses to go in agreement, and where I know that a dispassionate stranger would withhold his approval. Such things as have been said within the past hour are, however, inexpressibly grateful to me, because they reveal the wealth of friendship and the partial judgment of affection.

I did not know until a few minutes ago of the purpose of The Union League to bestow this great honor upon me, in the gift of the medal of the League. I accept it with gratitude and deep appreciation which will continue during all my remaining life. We confer no titles of nobility in this republic, but we do what is better: from the promptings of patriotic hearts we repay in double measure to overflowing, every debt which we think we owe to a public servant who has commended himself to our judgment as Americans. No title could be worth so much as your judgment; no office could be worth so much as your approval. And it comes to me with all the more weight because I have a sentiment for Philadelphia and its people, and for this club, that has continued through all my active life. A throng of associations compels me as I come into this old club-house to remember the good men, the strong men and the noble hearts that I knew in days past who are here no more. When I remember how great a part this organization has played in the strength and courage of this great land of justice and liberty; when I remember how much I owe and my children and children's children will owe to you, to realize that you are thanking me seems almost too much to believe.

I had been thinking, as I came over in the train this afternoon, of my associations with Philadelphia, and I found, strangely enough, that of all the dear friends I have known here, my mind went back constantly to McKinley. I recall how, eighteen years ago, I came here upon a telegram to meet him, to talk about the condition of things in Spain. I remember how he said, "There is danger of war; there must not be war with Spain; there shall not be war with Spain. It must be and it shall be prevented at all hazards." Then I thought of how little any one man can do. The tendencies of the mighty eighty millions of people moved on along the path of their destiny, and even that great and skillful man with all the power of his high office could not prevent it. And I remember how, a couple of years after, one of my first journeys as a member of his Cabinet was to come here to this club to be with him in one of those great receptions for which you are so famous. And that led to reflection, not upon specific differences between President McKinley and this Administration, between the legislation or the policies of that time and this, but to reflection upon what in the retrospect can be seen to have been a great nation-wide movement along the path of the nation's unconscious purpose.

When we elected McKinley in 1896 and again in 1900, it was the business men of the United States who controlled the election. It was the general, the almost universal awakening of judgment on the part of men who carried on the great production and commerce and transportation and finance in the business of this mighty and prosperous country, which elected McKinley and inaugurated and maintained the policies of his administration.

How great has been the change. The scepter has passed from the business man. The distinguishing characteristic of recent years has been the conduct of the government of the country by men who have but little concern with the business of the country, by men who distrust the man of business, who suspect the man of business. Measures relating to the great business and the small and multitudinous business of the country have been framed and put into effect under influences which have rejected the voice of those whom they most immediately affect. The railroad man's testimony of what legislation there should be affecting railroads has been rejected, because he was a party in interest. The banker's testimony about finance has been rejected because he was a party in interest. The manufacturer's testimony about manufacturing has been rejected because he was a party in interest. The merchant's testimony about commerce has been rejected because he was a party in interest. The shipowner's testimony about the merchant marine has been rejected because he was a party in interest. Knowledge of the business affairs of the country has disqualified men from taking any part in the conduct of the increasing participation of the government in the control and direction of business affairs.

Now, this has not been accidental. It is not a matter of individuals. It has not come because particular men have been elected to office and other particular men have failed. It has been a development of the feeling of the whole country; it has been to some degree sectional, but not in the old way. The men concerned in agriculture, in the main, have come to suspect and misunderstand the men concerned in business in the main. This is the distinguishing feature of this great change which has occurred since we elected McKinley.

It has had several causes. It has been partly because of the old hatred of wealth. Those parts of the country in which all of the people have been of comparatively small means have been filled with men who came to hate the rich in the great industrial communities in the North and East. Of course I need not tell you that this hatred of wealth is more than half mere vulgar worship of wealth. God knows that too much money does no man any good; too much money is more apt than not to ruin his children and invite for him kidney disease or hardening of the arteries.

But to the poor farmer on the prairies of the West or the cotton-fields of the South, it seems as if the rich men of the Eastern cities were living in heaven at his expense.

Another element of this change has been an entire or an almost entire failure of understanding of the processes, the conditions, the requirements and the results of the vast and complicated business by which the wealth of the country is created and maintained. Under simple conditions we all understood each other. Every man of the community understood in general about the life, the business and affairs of the other men in the same community. But life is so complicated now, the affairs of this great country are so involved, that there is very little real understanding by one community of the affairs of another. How can the man who raises a crop of wheat in Dakota really understand the complicated machinery by which his wheat goes onto the breakfast table in Europe, and the price comes back to him? So, through a feeling of envy of the greater wealth of the East and North, of these industrial communities of which this city is a conspicuous example, and through misunderstandings, there has come about a feeling of adverse interest instead of the feeling of common interest that is so essential to the prosperity and perpetuity of a country. And that feeling has had its result in a series of laws and in the method of administering those laws. We have the Interstate Commerce Commission following every step taken by the great transportation companies. Understand, I am not now criticising these laws. I am citing them as elements—stating them as facts; but forming elements in a general condition to which they lead. We have the Interstate Commerce Commission keeping tab on the railroads. We have the Central Reserve Board of the Treasury Department and the office of the Comptroller of Currency following every move of the banks. We have the new Trade Commission which is empowered to go into your factories and mills and inquire into your personal affairs for the purpose of seeing whether you conform to that vague and indefinite standard which they are to apply to trade. We have the Internal Revenue Collector empowered to go into your personal affairs for the purpose of seeing whether your returns for the graduated income tax are full and complete. We have the Pure Food law, under which a vast range of production is subjected to inspection and regulation in the most minute detail. Everywhere, in every direction, supervision of business is the characteristic of the day.

And with the exercise of power over business under the Constitution as it is, comes the desire for enlargement of power, so we have proposals for amendments to the Constitution which will give to the national Government opportunity to extend and increase its control over the conduct of affairs in every state and in every locality. That finds its outlet first in matters that have much popularity. The proposal to amend the Constitution by putting in a prohibition amendment, is the first step toward national control of sumptuary laws directing what shall and shall not be done in every community; amendments to the Constitution in respect of the franchise, to direct who in every state shall or shall not have the right to the elective franchise. In general, the great industrial communities of the North and East are more and more being subjected to government control and regulation by the people of the parts of the country that know little of the business of the country.

I say the scepter has passed. The control has changed, and it is impossible to resist the conclusion that there lies the reason for the stagnation, the hesitation, the timidity, the unwillingness of American enterprise to-day. You cannot say it was the tariff alone. You cannot say it is the restrictions upon the trusts, the suits against the trusts or the great corporations which are called the trusts, alone. You cannot say it is the Clayton law or the Trade Commission law alone. But the men who are controlling the government of our country to-day are men who have been fighting the tariff so many years; have been fighting the trusts, or what they thought were the trusts—the great corporations—so long; have been fighting the railroad companies, the express companies and the telegraph companies so long; have been fighting the banks and the bankers so long, that when they come to administer the Government of the United States they cannot rid themselves of an underlying hostility to American enterprise. Many of them are good and sensible men, and patriotic American citizens—friends of mine and friends of all of us. I have talked with them personally and they do not believe it, but it is true. Underlying all their actions is an uneradicated but not uneradicable hostility to the men who they think have profited unduly by the tariff, to the men who they think have unduly profited by the trusts, to the men who they think have profited unduly by the control of the banking funds of the country, and to the men who they think have made undue profits or dividends out of the railroads and the enterprises that surround the proper administration of a railroad. And the reason why business does not start is because way down in the heart of Americans there is a doubt as to what is going to happen at the hands of a hostile Government.

Now, what is going to be done about it? It is not something to be disposed of by conquest. It is not something which we ought to be satisfied with disposing of by mere votes. Merely electing a Republican President in 1916 ought not to be enough. The country cannot live and prosper with such misunderstanding. The people who are doing these things are honest and good Americans, but they misunderstand a great part of the country. They do not realize that you do your business in the city of Philadelphia on the same principles that they use when they drive a load of wheat to the elevator or a load of potatoes to the nearest town—upon no other principles, just as honestly and fairly. All the glamor of occasional wealth and the magnitude of operations have blinded them to the essential identity of the way in which they do their business and the way in which you do yours. I say that this ought not to be permitted to continue; this misunderstanding ought to be cleared away. It is a question, it is a serious question, it is a question again of preserving the Union, for we cannot live with that kind of misunderstanding between the people of one section and the people of other sections.

Now the first thing which is plain is that the business men of America, the honest, reliable, good, fair citizens who are doing the great business of our country, should become vocal and take pains to see to it that they are no longer misrepresented or misunderstood. What does an honest and fair man do when he finds that somebody whose good opinion he respects, misunderstands him? He does not try to shoot the other fellow or injure him; he tries to remove the misunderstanding, and that is what we ought to do. The business men of America should wake up—get out of the condition of mind which they have been in for some time past, in which they have taken all sorts of misrepresentations and aspersions lying down. They should assert themselves; they should put upon foot a campaign of education and instruction for a clearing of the air, so that all over our broad land every American may come to respect every other American in whatever business he may be engaged; so that American citizenship shall be forever for the American citizen a title of respect and regard and brotherly affection. We ought to put an end to the condition in which a number of people in our country feel no regret at the disasters of the people of other parts of the country. It is not an easy task, for this is a tremendous country. But if the men who elected McKinley will rise to the same standard of courage and determination that prevailed in 1896 and 1900, the task can be accomplished.

We have had missionaries of reform, missionaries of new theories, missionaries of every kind and character, except missionaries of good understanding. The business men of America should undertake their mission to make themselves understood by the people of America.

There is one thing I want to say, and that is that all this regulation, and inspection, and inquiry into the affairs of the business man, present a danger that can be met in only one way. There is a tendency for the railroads to be afraid of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and for the banks to be afraid of the Central Reserve Board and the Comptroller of Currency, and for the express companies to be afraid of the Postmaster-General, and for the industrial establishments to be afraid of the new Trade Commission, and for the manufacturers of everything that comes under the Pure Food law to be afraid of the Department of Agriculture. It is a critical question for the people of the United States, whether that fear is going to control. For if it does, the power will be abused. There is only one way to meet that kind of power, and that is with courage.

What happens to-day or to-morrow is of little consequence. The tendencies of a nation are all that count. If we permit by cowardice or timidity, by cringing before official power—if we permit a great body of bureaucracy to establish itself in control over the affairs of our daily lives, the most vital possession of a free people will be destroyed; that is, the independence of individual character.

I grieve to see business halting, to see men out of work, to see honest people deprived of their income, to see the pains of contracting expenditure in the household, to see the unemployed on the street; but all of that is nothing compared with the danger that the people of the United States shall become subservient to power; all that is nothing compared with the danger that we lose all independence of individual character which has been built up through all the thousands of years of growth of Anglo-Saxon freedom. If we lose it, we are slaves to the first conqueror. The subject is too high and too great for politics. I would not venture to treat it as a political question, for it goes to the very basis of the future of our beloved country.

It seems that it is the important mission of the Republican party to reassert the individual independence, individual rights, the individual integrity of the people of the United States. We are not justly subjects of suspicion. We are not justly subjects of condemnation. We are citizens of these great states, of these busy communities of industry. We are honest, free, true Americans, and we must not and we will not live in an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust. We will not be governed by men who look upon us as unfit to participate in government.

The mission of this Union League is not ended. Not only is eternal vigilance the price of liberty; eternal struggle is the price of liberty. You have again to strike with the weapons of your intelligence and your courage upon the battlefields of public discussion, of public education and instruction; to strike and yet again to strike with all your power for the perpetuity of the Union, for the continuance of freedom, for the sure foundation of justice, for the memory of the great man who gave you birth as an organization. In your efforts you have my prayers, and always my grateful and affectionate remembrance.

ROCKING CHAIRS AND RESPECT FOR LAW

[Address by Mr. Root at the banquet of the American Society of International Law, April 30, 1921.]

It has been a rule of these dinners that they should not be prolonged beyond the limit to which an ordinary, private dinner would run. The American Society of International Law felt that there was no better place for it to begin in reforming the world than by abjuring those dreadful functions in which a lot of tired people are obliged to sit hour after hour listening to people who are making the greatest efforts of their lives, and, accordingly, we restrain ourselves and by example we restrain our guests to a period ending from ten o'clock to half past ten; and you will then be going home to your wives and husbands and children.

I was told the other day by a friend of a visit he made to a great public institution in which there was provision for the insane. He was taken to a room in which there were twenty-odd women in rocking chairs, all rocking as hard and as fast as they could—rock, rock, rock—saying nothing, doing nothing but rocking. He said: "What does this mean?"

"Well," the director said to him, "these women are all violent lunatics and this rocking enables them to work off steam and it satisfies their strong impulse to do something violent. If they were not able to do this they would be doing the most outrageous things."

Now, in the disturbed condition of international affairs, with the one hundred persons in this room, each one of whom knows perfectly well what ought to be done and what can be done for the reconstruction and regeneration of the world, a very useful thing it is to get together here and rock for a while, to restrain our dispositions towards great and violent deeds by genial fellowship, by that magnetic influence which comes from association with others and the realization that other people have ideas too, and that perhaps we do not all have the same ideas, and that it is useful to compare, and that, one of the most beneficial things for the world may be to set the example of consideration for other people's ideas.

Some years ago in Russia I was taken to see a very great anarchist, Prince Kropotkin, a close friend of Tolstoi's, and after Tolstoi's death the leader of all the guilds and sects of anarchists of Russia. I had a delightful afternoon with him. He was one of the most genial and philosophical fellows I ever knew.

When we were coming away the gentleman who had made the arrangements and who had taken me there, a man who bore a great name in Russia, said to me, "You are going to have a revolution in America."

I said, "Is that so? Why? People there make their own laws and they select the people to execute them. I don't see why they should revolt."

"Oh," he said, "you are going to have a revolution. You cannot have real freedom in America until you have destroyed two things."

I said, "That is very interesting. Pray, tell me what they are."

He said, "One is capital and the other is public opinion."

I have thought a great deal about that. He was a man of intelligence. He was not one of the class of men anxious to pull everything to pieces with a view to picking up the pieces for himself. He was a man of position and standing.

It seemed to me that what was really in the back of his head was that the public opinion of the community constrained by its force individual conduct and that that constraint was tyranny; that to be truly free every member of civil society should be at liberty to do just what he chose to do without any reference to the unwritten laws of society.

I am inclined to think that, without its being stated so boldly, the world at large is pursuing that idea. One of the results of the war is an intolerance of the restraint of those rules which have grown up through the centuries for the conduct of civil society in the state, in the conduct of nations, and in the conduct of individuals. I am inclined to think that under the disruptive force of war the cement which binds the members of civil society together has been running out, that cement which consists of tradition, respect for that past upon which we found our efforts for a more glorious future, respect for the laws which embody and express the common judgment of the millions of sane and honest people who have lived through the generations and centuries, the laws which were the growth from their lives and their sense of need for order. All over the world, I believe it to be true that the great need of civilization now is a renaissance of respect for law. And when that comes you will find a decrease in the hold-ups and the exploits of Dick Turpin on our highways, and the multitude of crimes which we call a crime wave.

To one field of human thought and human struggle for effective organization this Society is devoted, and effective influence or action in that direction cannot come from individual effort alone. It must be by associated effort, and associated effort requires a consideration of others, respect for the opinions of others, a conception of liberty which is not liberty for one's self alone but a willingness to accord the same liberty to others, a conception of justice which means not getting an allowance of one's own claims but a willingness to do justice to others, and the attrition of intercourse and good fellowship and kindly feeling and personal recognition, all of which are being promoted by a thousand gatherings of various kinds all over the country. All are playing their part towards the accomplishment of the great end of the restoration of law in the world, which when it comes, will be indeed the real, not the ephemeral or phantasmal end of war.

Priscilla said to John Alden, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" and I feel bound to apply the rule in regard to these dinners I announced a little while ago and say, "Why don't I stop speaking myself?" and, accordingly, I have the very great pleasure and honor of introducing to you as the first speaker the one whom I should select, if I were called upon to designate the man who of all the men in America, not merely by reading but by personal association, intelligent observation, and human contact was the best informed regarding the public life of Europe, Mr. Nicholas Murray Butler.

LORD ROSEBERY
(ARCHIBALD PHILIP PRIMROSE)

PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE PAINTING

[Speech of Lord Rosebery at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 5, 1894. Sir Frederic Leighton, President of the Royal Academy, was in the chair, and in proposing "The Health of Her Majesty's Ministers," to which Lord Rosebery replied, he said: "No function could be more lofty, no problem is more complex than the governance of our Empire, so vast and various in land and folk as that which owns the scepter of the Queen. No toast, therefore, claims a more respectful reception than that to which I now invite your cordial response—the health of the eminent statesmen in whose hands that problem lies—Her Majesty's Ministers. And not admiration only for high and various endowments, but memories also of a most sparkling speech delivered twelve months ago at this table, sharpens the gratification with which I call for response on the brilliant statesman who heads Her Majesty's Government, the Earl of Rosebery."]

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN:—No one, I think, can respond unmoved for the first time in such an assembly as this in the character in which I now stand before you. You have alluded, sir, to the speech which I delivered here last year. But I have to confess with a feeling of melancholy that since that period I have made a change for the worse. [Laughter.] I have had to exchange all those dreams of imagination to which I then alluded, which are, I believe, the proper concomitants of the Foreign Office intelligently wielded, and which, I have no doubt, my noble friend on my right sees in imagination as I did then—I have had to exchange all those dreams for the dreary and immediate prose of life—all the more dreary prose because a great deal of it is my own.

There is one function, however, which has already devolved upon me, and which is not without interest for this Academy. My great predecessor, much to my regret, left in my hands the appointment of a successor to Sir Frederic Burton. That has cost me probably more trouble and travail than any other act of this young administration. [Laughter.] I have sought, and I have abundantly received, counsels, and it is after long consideration, and with the most earnest and conscientious desire to do what is most agreeable to individuals themselves, but what is best for art in general, that I have nominated Mr. Poynter to succeed Sir Frederick Burton. [Cheers.]

I have at the same time made a change in the minute relating to the conditions of that post, which to a greater extent than was formerly the case associates the trustees of the National Gallery in the work of selection with the new director. The trustees have been hitherto rather those flies on the wheel of which we read in ancient fable. It is now proposed to make them working wheels, and to make them work well and coöperatively with the new director. ["Hear! Hear!"] I hope that this arrangement will be satisfactory in its results. But, Mr. President, I have long thought, as an individual, that the task of a Minister or of a Government in coöperating with the Royal Academy, and with those who have art at heart, ought not to end with a mere appointment of this description. I take a larger view of the responsibilities of my office, and I should be glad to offer to you with great respect a few suggestions that have recently occurred to me with regard to the present position of English art, which I regard with some misgivings.

There is, first, the subject of portraiture. I am deeply concerned for the future condition of portrait-painting. It is not, as you may imagine, with any distrust whatever of those distinguished men who take a part in that branch of art; it is much more for the subjects that I am concerned. [Laughter.] And it is not so much with the subjects as with that important part of the subject which was illustrated in the famous work "Sartor Resartus," by the great Carlyle, that I chiefly trouble myself. How can it be that any man should make a decent portrait of his fellow-man in these days? No one can entertain so vindictive a hatred of his fellow-creature as to wish to paint him in the costume in which I am now addressing you. [Laughter.] I believe that that costume is practically dropped for all purposes of portraiture; and if that be so, in what costume is the Englishman of the present century to descend to remotest posterity through the vehicle of the gifted artists whom I see around me? We are not all sufficiently fortunate to be the Chancellor of the University. [Laughter and cheers.] We have not always even the happy chance to be a municipal dignitary, with a costume which I will not at present characterize. [Laughter.] We are not all of us masters of hounds; and I think that the robes of a peer, unattractive in their æsthetic aspect, have lost something of their popularity. [Laughter.] Again, the black velvet coat, with which we are accustomed to associate deep thought and artistic instincts, has become a little faded. [Laughter.]

I am told, and told four or five times every day in speeches delivered in various parts of the country, that I have no right to offer a criticism without offering a suggestive remedy. Well, Sir Frederic, I am prepared to offer my remedy for what it is worth, and for that reason I ask your coöperation. Why should not a committee of the Royal Academy gather together in order to find some chaste and interesting national costume, in which the distinguished men of the nineteenth century might descend to posterity without the drawbacks which I have pointed out? Robespierre had such a costume designed, and other great sumptuary legislators have had the same idea in their minds; and I would not push the suggestion so far as to imply that we should be compelled to wear this costume in ordinary life. It might be one kept to gratify the artistic instincts of those to whom we sit. [Laughter.] And I will make a practical suggestion by which this costume—when you, sir, have selected it—might be associated with the ordinary run of life. It might be made an official costume of a justice of the peace, and in that way the great mass of our fellow-countrymen, with only a few and insignificant exceptions, of whom I am one, might descend to remotest posterity in a graceful, becoming, and official costume. [Laughter.]

I pass on from that, because I should not limit myself to portraiture in a great survey of this kind; and I may say that I am curiously concerned for the prospects of landscape painting in this country. I have of late been doing a great deal of light traveling in behalf of the respectable firm which

I represent [laughter], and I beg at once to give notice, in the hearing of the noble marquis who is more to your left [Lord Salisbury], that I now nail to the counter any proposal to call me a political bagman as wanting in originality and wit. [Laughter.]

But I have been doing a certain amount of light traveling in behalf of our excellent and creditable firm. The other day, on returning from Manchester, I was deeply and hideously impressed with the fact that all along that line of railway which we traversed, the whole of a pleasing landscape was entirely ruined by appeals to the public to save their constitutions but ruin their æsthetic senses by a constant application of a particular form of pill. [Laughter and cheers.]

Now, Sir Frederic, I view that prospect with the gravest misgiving. What is to become of our English landscape if it is to be simply a sanitary or advertising appliance? [Laughter.] I appeal to my right honorable friend the Chancellor of the Duchy [James Bryce], who sits opposite to me: His whole heart is bound up in a proposition for obtaining free access to the mountains of the Highlands. But what advantage will it be to him, or to those whose case he so justly and eloquently espouses, if at the top of Schiehallion, or any other mountain which you may have in your mind's eye, the bewildered climber can only find an advertisement of some remedy of the description of which I have mentioned [cheers], an advertisement of a kind common, I am sorry to say, in the United States—and I speak with reverence in the presence of the ambassador of that great community—but it would be in the Highlands distressing to the deer and infinitely perplexing even to the British tourist. [Laughter and cheers.]

But I turned my eyes mentally from the land, and I said that, after all, the great painter of the present may turn to the sea, and there at least he is safe. There are effects on the ocean which no one can ruin, which not even a pill can impair. [Laughter.] But I was informed in confidence—it caused me some distress—that the same enterprising firm which has placarded our rural recesses, has offered a main-sail free of expense to every ship that will accept it, on condition that it bears the same hideous legend upon it to which I have referred. [Laughter.] Think, Mr. President, of the feelings of the illustrious Turner if he returned to life to see the luggers and the coasting ships which he has made so glorious in his paintings, converted into a simple vehicle for the advertisement of a quack medicine—although I will not say "quack," because that is actionable [laughter]—I will say of a medicine of which I do not know the properties. [Laughter.]

But I turned my eyes beyond the land and ocean, and I turned them to the heavens, and I said, "There, at any rate, we are safe." The painter of the present may turn his eye from the land and ocean, but in the skies he can always find some great effect which cannot be polluted. At this moment I looked from the railway-carriage window, and I saw the skeleton of a gigantic tower arising. It had apparently been abandoned at a lofty stage, possibly in consequence of the workmen having found that they spoke different languages at the height at which they had arrived. [Laughter.] I made inquiries, and I found that it was the enterprise of a great speculator, who resides himself on a mountain, and who is equally prepared to bore under the ocean or ascend into the heavens. I was given to understand that this admirable erection comprised all the delights of a celestial occupation without any detachment from terrestrial pursuits. [Laughter.] But I am bound to say that if buildings of that kind are to cover this country, and if they are to be joined to the advertising efforts to which I have alluded, neither earth, nor sea, nor sky in Great Britain will be fit for any painter. [Cheers.]

What, then, is the part of Her Majesty's Government in this critical and difficult circumstance? We have—no, I will not say we have, because there would be a protest on the left—but different governments have added allotments to the attractions of rural neighborhoods. I venture to think that an allotment is not an unpicturesque thing. Certainly, small holdings are more picturesque than large holdings, but I do not say that from the point of view in which Sydney Smith said that the difference between the picturesque and the beautiful was that the rector's horse was beautiful, and that the curate's horse was picturesque. [Laughter.] I simply mean that a small holding is more picturesque than a large holding, and I think we may hope that the parish councils, if they meet, as they did in primeval times, under the shade of some large spreading oak, and not in the public house which so much fear, as their headquarters, may yet add a picturesque feature to the rural landscape of Great Britain.

But there is one feature at which a government can always aim as adding to the landscape of Great Britain. In a very famous but too little read novel, "Pelham," by the late Lord Lytton, there is a passage which always struck me greatly. It is where Pelham goes to see an uncle from whom he is to inherit a great estate, and he asks what the uncle has done to beautify that exquisite spot. The uncle says that he has done nothing but added the most beautiful feature of landscape, which is happy faces. Well, the Government in its immediate neighborhood has little to do with making happy faces. [Laughter.] It certainly does not make its opponents happy, except on rare occasions when it leaves office, and it is not always so unfortunate as to make its supporters happy. [Laughter.] But I believe that in this country all governments do aim in their various ways and methods at making a happy population around them; and in that respect, in adding happy faces to the landscape, whether we fail or whether we succeed, we have a good will in the work, and I am quite sure we have the hearty encouragement of the great and brilliant assembly which I address. [Loud cheers.]

BARON ROSEN

RUSSIA

[This speech was delivered by the Ambassador of the Russian Empire responding to the toast, "His Majesty Czar Nicholas II" at the banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, November 21, 1907.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—Whenever a diplomat is called upon to deliver a public address, he finds himself in a position of singular embarrassment. To me, personally to-night, it is enhanced by the fact that I have to follow the extremely eloquent, serious, witty and admirable speech of my friend and colleague. As a matter of fact, a diplomat is trained professionally rather in the science of keeping mum—there is no liquid allusion in that [laughter]—than in the art of speaking out, especially publicly; for the game of diplomacy is usually supposed to be played best, like the game of whist, by silently watching the fall of the cards and raking in the tricks that may come your way or that are being made for you by your partner; [laughter and applause] and besides there always is a danger. But that is another story. I will, however, proceed to tell it to you, because it is short, and will, I think, best illustrate the point I wish to make. Many of you gentlemen no doubt remember the great blizzard of March, 1888. I was then living in New York, and it made me feel like home. So I got out my furs and my snow boots and went out to have a look at snowbound New York. It was indeed a sight to see. The storm had banked up enormous masses of snow against the west side of Broadway, nearly covering the stoops and reaching high up on the show windows of the shops. On one of these snow banks some street urchins had rigged up a signboard, bearing this highly appropriate inscription, "Keep off the grass." [Laughter.] These four weighty words then and there impressed themselves on my brain, and ever since I have been endeavoring to live up to the wise advice of these young and precocious philosophers. [Laughter and applause.] The safest way of keeping off any oratorical grass would naturally be to practice the teaching of that Oriental sage who held that speech was silver but silence was gold; and I would therefore feel sorely tempted just now to place myself on a gold basis and to stand pat on that proposition. [Laughter.]

But having the honor of addressing the men who with those who preceded them as members of this ancient and venerable and honorable body who were so greatly instrumental in making the City what it is to-day, and who are going to make it what it is soon destined to be, the center of the world's commerce and finance, [applause], I cannot resist the temptation to register my claim to a modest share—not, indeed, in their achievements, but in their civic pride in the phenomenal growth and greatness of their city. I venture to base this claim on the fact that there was a time, nearly a quarter of a century ago, when it was my good fortune to have been so to speak, a New Yorker myself, and ever since then I have kept a particularly warm place in my heart for this city, where I did what some of you undoubtedly did likewise—I mean some of those among you who do not believe in race suicide—I spent my honeymoon here. [Applause.] You will see, therefore, gentlemen, that New York has always been to me much more than a temporary home, a place of transitory residence. I have never sailed from your magnificent harbor without regret, and I have never again set my feet on the soil of Manhattan without experiencing a feeling of joyful elation at again breathing that bracing atmosphere of boundless energy and buoyant hopefulness which has made this happy land the mecca of the toiling millions of another older, more crowded and more sedate continent, and which has inspired the author of that charming book, "The Land of Contrasts," to dedicate it in the following words: "To the land where I first realized how much life was worth living." [Applause.]

Gentlemen, your President, in his very kind and cordial introductory remarks, has been pleased to refer to events of days long gone by, whose memory, however, is still kept green in many hearts, as I have been happy to find upon my return to this country, after a long absence. This has been more of a gratification to me as I belong myself to a generation who witnessed and who shared in the soul-stirring enthusiasm that greeted everywhere in Russia the mission after the close of the war of Mr. Fox and Admiral Farragut, the mission of the American people to the great nation on the other side of the globe that had extended to them the hand of friendship in the hour of their trial. [Great applause.] Nature seems to have destined our two countries so similarly situated in many respects to be, and to always remain, the best of friends. There never have been, and I trust never will be, any justifiable grounds for political rivalry between them.

Gentlemen, in conclusion, permit me to express the fervent wish that the time-honored traditional friendship between our countries may never be clouded by any temporary misunderstandings and that it may endure forever and ever. [Great applause and cries of "good"!]

LORD SALISBURY

(ROBERT ARTHUR TALBOT GASCOGNE-CECIL)

KITCHENER IN AFRICA

[Speech of Robert Cecil, Marquis of Salisbury, at a banquet given in honor of Lord Horatio Herbert Kitchener, by the Lord Mayor of London, Right Hon. Horatio David Davies, at the Mansion House, London, November 4, 1898.]

My Lord Mayor, Your Royal Highness, My Lords, and Gentlemen:—The task has been placed in my hands of proposing the toast of the evening: "The Health of the Sirdar." [Loud cheers.] It is the proud prerogative of this city that, without any mandate from the Constitution, without any legal sanction it yet has the privilege of sealing by its approval the reputation and renown of the great men whom this country produces; and the honors which it confers are as much valued and as much desired as any which are given in this country. [Cheers.] It has won that position not because it has been given to it, but because it has shown discrimination and earnestness and because it has united the suffrage of the people in the approval of the course that it has taken and of the honors it has bestowed. [Cheers.] My Lord Mayor, it is in reference to that function which you have performed to-day and the most brilliant reception which has been accorded to the Sirdar that I now do your bidding and propose his health. [Cheers.] But if the task would be in any circumstances arduous and alarming, it is much more so because all that can be said in his behalf has already been said by more eloquent tongues than mine. I have little hope that I can add anything to the picture that has been already drawn [allusion to previous speeches made by the Earl of Cambridge, Lord Landsdowne, and Lord Rosebery], but no one can wonder at the vast enthusiasm by which the career of this great soldier has been received in this city. It is not merely his own personal qualities that have achieved it. It is also the strange dramatic interest of the circumstances, and the conditions under which his laurels have been won. [Cheers.]

It has been a long campaign, the first part of which we do not look back to with so much pleasure because we had undertaken a fearful task without a full knowledge of the conditions we had to satisfy or the real character of the foes to whom we were opposed. ["Hear! Hear!"] The remembrance of that heroic figure whose virtues and whose death are impressed so deeply upon the memory of the whole of the present generation of Englishmen, the vicissitudes of those anxious campaigns in which the most splendid deeds of gallantry were achieved are yet fresh in the minds of the English people and Lord Rosebery has not exaggerated when he has said that the debt was felt deeply in the mind of every Englishman, however little they might talk of it at the time and when the opportunity arrived with what eagerness, in spite of any possible discouragement—with what eagerness the opportunity was seized. [Cheers.] It was a campaign—the campaign which your gallant guest has won—it was a campaign marked by circumstances which have seldom marked a campaign in the history of the world. [Cheers.] I suppose that wonderful combination of all achievements and discoveries of modern science, in support of the gallantry and well-tried strategy of a British leader—I suppose these things have not been seen in our history before. [Cheers.] But the note of this campaign was that the Sirdar not only won the battles which he was set to fight, but he furnished himself the instruments by which they were won, or rather, I should say, he was the last and perhaps by the nature of the circumstances the most efficient of a list of distinguished men whose task it has been to rescue the Egyptian army from inefficiency and contempt in order to put it on the pinnacle of glory it occupies now. [Cheers.]

I remember in our debates during that terrible campaign of 1884–85 a distinguished member of the Government of that day observing with respect to Egyptian troops that they were splendid soldiers if only they would not run away. [Laughter.]

It was a quaint way of putting it, but it was very accurate.

They had splendid physique; they had great fidelity and loyalty to their chiefs; they had many of the qualities of the soldier, but like men who had been recruited under the slave whip, and who had been accustomed to the methods of despotism, they had not the courage which can only be obtained by freedom and by united military training. [Cheers.] What they lacked has been supplied to them, and the Egyptian army, as it has issued from the hands of Sir Evelyn Wood, Sir Francis Grenfell, and the Sirdar, is a magnificent specimen of the motive power of the English leader. [Cheers.] We do not reflect on it, yet if we have any interest in the administrative processes that go on in various parts of the Empire we cannot help being impressed by the fact that numbers on numbers of educated young men, who at home, in this country, would show no very conspicuous qualities except those we are accustomed to look for in an English gentleman, yet, if thrown on their own resources, and bidden to govern and control and guide large bodies of men of another race, they never or hardly ever fall short of the task which has been given to them; but they will make of that body of promising material splendid regiments by which the Empire of England is extended and sustained. [Cheers.]

It is one of the great qualities of the Sirdar that he has been able to direct the races that are under him, to make them effective and loyal soldiers, to attach them to himself, and insure their good conduct in the field of battle. [Cheers.] He has many other qualities upon which I might dilate if time permitted. Lord Cromer, who I am glad to see Lord Rosebery noted as one who ought to have his full share in any honors you confer on those who have built up Egyptian prosperity, who is one of the finest administrators the British race has ever produced—Lord Cromer is in the habit of saying that the Sirdar has almost missed his vocation, and that if he was not one of the first generals in the world, he would be one of the first Chancellors of the Exchequer. [Laughter and cheers.] I daresay many people think it a small thing that a soldier should be able to save money [laughter], but it is not so if you will only conceive for yourselves the agony of mind with which in former times the Chancellors of the Exchequer or financial members of the Council have received from time to time accounts of brilliant victories, knowing all the time what a terrible effect upon the ultimate balance of the budget those victories will entail. [Laughter.] It is a hazardous thing to say, but I am almost inclined to believe that the Sirdar is the only general that has fought a campaign for £300,000 less than he originally promised to do it. [Laughter.] It is a very great quality, and if it existed more generally, I think that terror which financiers entertain of soldiers, and that contempt which soldiers entertain for financiers would not be so frequently felt. ["Hear! Hear!" and laughter.]

Well then, the Sirdar has another great quality: he is a splendid diplomatist. It would require talents of no small acuteness and development to enable him to carry to so successful a result as he did that exceedingly delicate mission up the Nile which conducted him into the presence of Major Marchand. The intercourse of that time has ended apparently in the deepest affection on both sides [laughter]—certainly in the most unrestricted and unstinted compliments and expressions of admiration and approval. I think these things show very much for the diplomatic talents of the Sirdar. He recently expressed his hope that the differences which might have arisen from the presence of Major Marchand would not transcend the powers of diplomacy to adjust. I am glad to say that up to a certain point he has proved a true prophet. [Cheers.] I received from the French Ambassador this afternoon the information that the French Government had come to the conclusion that the occupation of Fashoda was of no sort of value to the French Republic. [Loud cheers and some laughter.] And they thought that in the circumstances to persist in an occupation which only cost them money and did them harm merely because some bad advisers thought it might be disagreeable to an unwelcome neighbor, would not show the wisdom by which I think the French Republic has been uniformly guided, and they have done what I believe the government of any other country would have done, in the same position—they have resolved that that occupation must cease. [Cheers.] A formal intimation of that fact was made to me this afternoon and it has been conveyed to the French authorities at Cairo. I believe that the fact of that extremely difficult juxtaposition between the Sirdar and Major Marchand has led to a result which is certainly gratifying and, to some extent, unexpected; and that it is largely due to the chivalrous character and diplomatic talents which the Sirdar displayed on that occasion. [Cheers.] I do not wish to be understood as saying that all causes of controversy are removed by this between the French Government and ourselves. It is probably not so, and I daresay we shall have many discussions in the future; but a cause of controversy of a somewhat acute and dangerous character has been removed and we cannot but congratulate ourselves upon that. [Cheers.]

I will only say that alike in his patient and quiet forethought, lasting over three years, in his brilliant strategy on the field of battle, in his fearless undertaking of responsibility and his contempt of danger, and last but not least in the kindness and consideration which he displayed for men who were for a moment in a position of antagonism to himself—in these things he has shown a combination of the noblest qualities which distinguish the race to which he belongs and by the exercise of which the high position of England in this generation in the world and in her great Empire has been won. [Loud cheers.]

WILLIAM THOMAS SAMPSON

VICTORY IN SUPERIOR NUMBERS

[Speech of Rear-Admiral William T. Sampson at a banquet given in his honor by citizens of Boston, Mass., February 6, 1899. Hon. Richard Olney presided on the occasion.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I rise to thank you for your most generous greeting for myself, for my friends, and for all of the Navy that you have included in the various remarks which have been made. I want you to understand that I do not take it all to myself, but that this is divided with all the men; and while with great hesitation I attempt to make a speech at all, I feel that this is an opportunity which should not be thrown away. I do not propose to say anything, as you might expect, about the battle of Santiago, but I would like to say a few words about the lessons which we have learned, or should learn, from that battle.

First, I would say that neither that battle nor any other that I know of, was won by chance. It requires an adequate means to accomplish such a result. That battles are not won by chance, you have only to consider for a moment a few—one or two—of the principle battles of the world. Not that I mean to class the battle of Santiago as one of the great battles of the world—but just as an illustration. You will see the result of adequate means in the case of the battle of Waterloo, for instance. When we remember that Wellington fought that battle with 130,000 men opposed to Napoleon's 80,000, we are not surprised that it was Wellington's battle. Take another decisive battle—Sedan. When the Germans had 125,000 men opposed to 84,000, it does not seem possible that the result could have been anything else.

So we might go over a long list. The sea fights furnish many instances where it was found that the most powerful fleet was the one that was successful. Nelson was always in favor of overwhelming fleets, though he did not have them always at his command. Our own war of 1812 furnishes numerous instances where our victories depended upon the superior force. It seems unnecessary that such self-evident truths should be stated before this assemblage of intelligent gentlemen, but we are apt to forget that a superior force is necessary to win a victory. As I said before, victory is not due to chance. Had superior force not been our own case at the battle of Santiago, had it been the reverse, or had it been materially modified, what turned out to be a victory might have been a disaster; and that we must not forget.

The second lesson, if we may call it so, is closely allied, perhaps, to the first. Shall we learn the lesson which is taught us in this recent war? Shall we rest on the laurels which we may have won, or shall we prepare for the future? Shall we not imagine our foe in the future, as might well be the case, to be superior to the one over which we have been victorious? It is a question that comes home to us directly. On July 3d, when Cevera was returned, on board the "Iowa," to the mouth of the harbor at Santiago, he requested permission to send a telegram reporting the state of the case to Captain-General Blanco. Of course, no objection was raised to this, and Cervera wrote out a telegram and sent it on board the flagship to be scrutinized and forwarded to Blanco. He stated in this telegram that he obeyed his (General Blanco's) orders and left the harbor of Santiago at 9.30 Sunday morning, and "now," he said, "it is with the most profound regret that I have to report that my fleet has been completely destroyed. We went out to meet the forces of the enemy, which outnumbered us three to one."

I had so much sympathy with old Admiral Cervera that I did not have it in my heart to modify or change in any respect the report which he proposed to make to Captain-General Blanco. I felt that the truth would be understood in the course of time, and that while I would not now, or then, under any circumstances, admit that he was outnumbered in the proportion of three to one, I still felt that he should be at liberty to defend himself in that manner.

The fleets that were opposed to each other on that Sunday morning were, as regards the number of the ships, about six to seven. Leaving out the torpedo-destroyers and the "Gloucester," which may be said not to have been fighting ships, the proportion was six to four. The fleet of the Spaniards consisted of four beautiful ships. I think I am stating the case within bounds when I say that they were—barring their condition at that time, which, of course, we did not know, in many respects—that they were all our imaginations had led us to suppose. We outnumbered them, but this is only another illustration of the fact which I wish to bring before you, that it is necessary to have a superior force to make sure of victory in any case.

It seems to me that you, gentlemen, who are so influential in determining and deciding what the Navy of the United States should be, should bear this emphatically in mind—that we must have more ships, more guns, and all that goes to constitute an efficient navy. I am not advocating a large navy. I do not believe that we should support a large navy, but that it should be much larger than it is at present I think you will all concede. The increased territory which we have added to our country will probably produce an increase in our chances for war by at least one hundred per cent.—not that we need increase the Navy to that extent—but probably will.

CARL SCHURZ

THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW

[Speech of Carl Schurz at a banquet given by the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York, New York City, November 5, 1881, in honor of the guests of the Nation, the French diplomatic representatives in America, and members of the families descended from our foreign sympathizers and helpers, General Lafayette, Count de Rochambeau, Count de Grasse, Baron von Steuben, and others, who were present at the centennial celebration of the victory at Yorktown. The chairman. James M. Brown, Vice-President of the Chamber of Commerce, proposed the toast, "The Old World and the New," to which Carl Schurz was called upon for a response.]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce:—If you had been called upon to respond to the toast: "The Old World and the New" as frequently as I have, you would certainly find as much difficulty as I find in saying anything of the Old World that is new or of the New World that is not old. [Applause.]

And the embarrassment grows upon me as I grow older, as it would upon all of you, except perhaps my good friend, Mr. Evarts, who has determined never to grow old, and whose witty sayings are always as good as new. [Laughter.] Still, gentlemen, the scenes which we have been beholding during the last few weeks have had something of a fresh inspiration in them. We have been celebrating a great warlike event—not great in the number of men that were killed in it, but very great in the number of people it has made happy. It has made happy not only the people of this country who now count over fifty millions, but it has made happier than they were before the nations of the Old World, too; who, combined, count a great many more. [Applause.]

American Independence was declared at Philadelphia on July 4, 1776, by those who were born upon this soil, but American Independence was virtually accomplished by that very warlike event I speak of, on the field of Yorktown, where the Old World lent a helping hand to the New. [Applause.] To be sure, there was a part of the Old World consisting of the British, and I am sorry to say, some German soldiers, who strove to keep down the aspirations of the New, but they were there in obedience to the command of a power which they were not able to resist, while that part of the Old World which fought upon the American side was here of its own free will as volunteers. [Cheers.]

It might be said that most of the regular soldiers of France were here also by the command of power, but it will not be forgotten that there was not only Lafayette, led here by his youthful enthusiasm for the American cause, but there was France herself, the great power of the Old World appearing as a volunteer on a great scale. [Cheers.] So were there as volunteers those who brought their individual swords to the service of the New World. There was the gallant Steuben, the great organizer who trained the American army to victory, a representative of that great nation whose monuments stand not only upon hundreds of battle-fields of arms, but whose prouder monuments stand upon many more battle-fields of thought. [Cheers.] There was Pulaski, the Pole, and De Kalb who died for American Independence before it was achieved. And there were many more Frenchmen, Germans, Swedes, Hollanders, Englishmen even, who did not obey the behests of power. [Cheers.] And so it may be said that the cause of the New World was the cause of the volunteers of the Old. And it has remained the cause of volunteers in peace as well as in war, for since then we have received millions of them, and they are arriving now in a steady stream, thousands of them every week; I have the honor to say, gentlemen, that I am one of them. [Cheers.]

Nor is it probable that this volunteering in mass will ever stop, for it is in fact drawn over here by the excitement of war as much as by the victories of peace. It was, therefore, natural that the great celebration of that warlike event should have been turned or rather that it should have turned itself into a festival of peace on the old field of Yorktown—peace illustrated by the happy faces of a vast multitude, and by all the evidence of thrift and prosperity and well-being; peace illustrated by the very citizen-soldiery who appeared there to ornament as a pageant, with their brilliant bayonets that peaceful festival; peace illustrated by the warmth of a grand popular welcome offered to the honored representatives of the Old World; peace illustrated, still more, by their friendly meeting upon American soil whatever their contentions at home may have been; peace glorified by what has already been so eloquently referred to by Dr. Storrs and Mr. Evarts; that solemn salute offered to the British flag, to the very emblem of the old antagonism of a hundred years ago; and that salute, echoing in every patriotic American heart, to be followed as the telegraph tells us now, by the carrying of the American flag in honor in the Lord Mayor's procession in London—all this a cosmopolitan peace festival, in which the Old World sent its representatives to join in rejoicing over the prosperity and progress of the New. [Cheers.]

There could hardly have been a happier expression of this spirit of harmony than was presented in the serenade offered to these gentlemen—representatives of the honored name of Steuben on the evening of their arrival in New York, the band playing first "The Watch on the Rhine," followed by the "Marseillaise" and "God Save the Queen," and then the martial airs of the Old World resolving themselves into the peaceful strains of the crowning glory of "Hail, Columbia!" and "Yankee Doodle." [Cheers.]

The cordiality of feeling which binds the Old and the New World together, and which found so touching, so tender, so wonderful an expression in the universal heart-felt sorrow of all civilized mankind at the great national bereavement, which recently has befallen us [the assassination of President Garfield], can hardly fail to be strengthened by this visit of the Old World guests whom we delight to honor. [Cheers.]

They have seen now something of our country, and our people; most of them, probably, for the first time, and I have no doubt they have arrived at the conclusion that the country for which Lafayette and Steuben and Rochambeau fought is a good country, inhabited by a good people [cheers]; a good country and a good people, worthy of being fought for by the noblest men of the earth; and I trust also when these gentlemen return to their own homes they will go back with the assurance that the names of their ancestors who drew their swords for American liberty stand in the heart of every true American side by side with the greatest American names, and that, although a century has elapsed since the surrender of Yorktown, still the gratitude of American hearts is as young and fresh and warm to-day as it was at the moment when Cornwallis hauled down his flag. [Applause.]

It seems to me also, gentlemen, that we have already given some practical evidence of that gratitude. The independence they helped to achieve has made the American nation so strong and active and prosperous that when the Old World runs short of provisions, the New stands always ready and eager even, to fill the gap, and by and by we may even send over some products of other industries for their accommodation. [Applause.]

In fact, we have been so very liberal and generous in that respect, that some of our friends on the other side of the sea are beginning to think that there may be a little too much of a good thing, and are talking of shutting it off by tricks of taxation. [Laughter.] However, we are not easily baffled. Not content with the contribution of our material products, we even send them from time to time, some of our wisdom, as, for instance, a few months ago, our friend, Mr. Evarts, went over there to tell them about the double standard—all that we knew and a good deal more. [Laughter.] We might even be willing to send them all the accumulated stock of our silver, if they will give us their gold for it. [Cheers.] It is to be apprehended that this kind of generosity will not be fittingly appreciated and in that respect they may prefer the wisdom of the Old World to that of the New. [Laughter.]

However, we shall not quarrel about that, for seriously speaking, the New and the Old World must and will, in the commercial point of view, be of infinite use one to another as mutual customers, and our commercial relations will grow more fruitful to both sides from year to year, and from day to day, as we remain true to the good old maxim: "Live and let live." [Cheers.] Nor is there the least speck of danger in the horizon threatening to disturb the friendliness of an international understanding between the Old World and the New. That cordial international understanding rests upon a very simple, natural, and solid basis. We rejoice with the nations of the Old World in all their successes, all their prosperity, and all their happiness, and we profoundly and earnestly sympathize with them whenever a misfortune overtakes them. But one thing we shall never think of doing, and that is, interfering in their affairs. [Cheers.]

On the other hand they will give us always their sympathy in good and evil as they have done heretofore, and we expect that they will never think of interfering with our affairs on this side of the ocean. [Loud cheers.] Our limits are very distinctly drawn, and certainly no just or prudent power will ever think of upsetting them. The Old World and the New will ever live in harmonious accord as long as we do not try to jump over their fences and they do not try to jump over ours. [Cheers.]

This being our understanding, nothing will be more natural than friendship and good-will between the nations of the two sides of the Atlantic. The only danger ahead of us might be that arising from altogether too sentimental a fondness for one another which may lead us into lovers' jealousies and quarrels. Already some of our honored guests may feel like complaining that we have come very near to killing them with kindness; at any rate, we are permitted to hope that a hundred years hence our descendants may assemble again to celebrate the memory of the feast of cordial friendship which we now enjoy, and when they do so, they will come to an American Republic of three hundred millions of people, a city of New York of ten million inhabitants, and to a Delmonico's ten stories high with a station for airships running between Europe and America on the top of it [cheers], and then our guests may even expect to find comfortable hotels and decent accomodations at the deserted village of Yorktown. [Laughter and cheers.]

But, in the meantime, I am sure our Old World guests who to-night delight us with their presence, will never cease to be proud of it that the great names of which they are the honored representatives are inscribed upon some of the most splendid pages of the New World's history, and will live forever in the grateful affection of the New World's heart. [Loud Applause.]

WILLIAM H. SEWARD

THE PIOUS PILGRIMAGE

[Speech of William H. Seward at a banquet held at Plymouth. Mass., December 21, 1855. Preceding this banquet Mr. Seward delivered an oration on "The Pilgrims and Liberty." The speech here given is his response to the toast proposed at the banquet, "The Orator of the Day, eloquent in his tribute to the virtues of the Pilgrims; faithful, in his life, to the lessons they taught."]

Ladies and Gentlemen:—The Puritans were Protestants, but they were not protestants against everybody and everything, right and wrong. They did not protest indiscriminately against everything they found in England. On the other hand we have abundant indications in the works of genius and art which they left behind them that they had a reverence for all that is good and true; while they protested against everything that was false and vicious. They had a reverence for the good taste and the literature, science, eloquence, and poetry of England, and so I trust it is with their successors in this once bleak and inhospitable, but now rich and prosperous land. They could appreciate poetry, as well as good sense and good taste, and so I call to your recollection the language of a poet who had not loomed up at the time of the Puritans as he has since. It was addressed to his steed, after an ill-starred journey to Islingtontown. The poet said:—

"'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine."

Being a candid and frank man, as one ought to be who addresses the descendants of the Puritans, I may say that it was not at all for your pleasure that I came here. Though I may go back to gratify you, yet I came here for my own purposes. The time has passed away when I could make a distant journey from a mild climate to a cold though fair region, without inconvenience; but there was one wish, I might almost say there was only one wish of my heart that I was anxious should be gratified. I have been favored with many occasions to see the seats of empire in this western world, and had never omitted occasions to see where the seats of empire were planted, and how they prospered. I had visited the capital of my own and of many other American States. I had regarded with admiration the capital of this great Republic, in whose destinies, in common with you all, I feel an interest which can never die. I had seen the capitals of the British Empire, and of many foreign empires, and had endeavored to study for myself the principles which have prevailed in the foundation of states and empires. With that view I had beheld a city standing where a migration from the Netherlands planted an empire on the bay of New York, at Manhattan, or perhaps more properly at Fort Orange. They sought to plant a commercial empire, and they did not fail; but in New York now, although they celebrate the memories and virtues of fatherland, there is no day dedicated to the colonization of New York by the original settlers, the immigrants from Holland. I have visited Wilmington, on Christina Creek, in Delaware, where a colony was planted by the Swedes, about the time of the settlement of Plymouth, and though the old church built by the colonists still stands there, I learned that there did not remain in the whole State a family capable of speaking the language, or conscious of hearing the name of one of the thirty-one original colonists.

I have stood on the spot where a treaty was made by William Penn with the aborigines of Pennsylvania, where a seat of empire was established by him, and, although the statue of the good man stands in public places, and his memory remains in the minds of men, yet there is no day set apart for the recollection of the time and occasion when civil and religious liberty were planted in that State. I went still farther south, and descending the James River, sought the first colony of Virginia at Jamestown. There remains nothing but the broken, ruined tower of a poor church built of brick, in which Pocahontas was married, and over the ruins of which the ivy now creeps. Not a human being, bond or free, is to be seen within a mile from the spot, nor a town or city as numerously populated as

Plymouth, on the whole shores of the broad, beautiful, majestic river, between Richmond at the head, and Norfolk, where arms and the government have established fortifications. Nowhere else in America, then, was there left a remembrance by the descendants of the founders of colonies, of the virtues, the sufferings, the bravery, the fidelity to truth and freedom of their ancestors; and more painful still, nowhere in Europe can be found an acknowledgment or even a memory of these colonists. In Holland, in Spain, in Great Britain, in France, nowhere is there to be found any remembrance of the men they sent out to plant liberty on this continent. So on the way to the Mississippi, I saw where De Soto planted the standard of Spain, and, in imagination at least, I followed the march of Cortez in Mexico, and Pizarro in Peru; but their memory has gone out. Civil liberty perishes, and religious liberty was never known in South America; nor does Spain, any more than other lands, retain the memory of the apostles she sent out to convert the new world to a purer faith, and raise the hopes of mankind for the well-being of the future.

There was only one place, where a company of outcasts, men despised, contemned, reproached as malcontents and fanatics, had planted a colony, and that colony had grown and flourished; and there had never been a day since it was planted that the very town, and shore, and coast, where it was planted had not grown and spread in population, wealth, prosperity, and happiness, richer and stronger continually. It had not only grown and flourished like a vigorous tree, rejoicing in its own strength, but had sent out off-shoots in all directions. Everywhere the descendants of these colonists were found engaged in the struggles for civil and religious liberty, and the rights of man. I had found them by my side, the champions of humanity, upon whose stalwart arms I might safely rely.

I came here, then, because the occasion offered, and if I pretermitted this, it might be the last, and I was unwilling that any friend or any child, who might lean upon me, who reckoned upon my counsel or advice, should know that I had been such a truant to the cause of religious liberty and humanity, as never to have seen the Rock of Plymouth.

My mission being now accomplished, having shed tears in the first church of the Puritans, when the heartfelt benediction was pronounced over my unworthy head by that venerable pastor, I have only to ask that I be dismissed from further service with your kind wishes. I will hold the occasion ever dear to my remembrance, for it is here I have found the solution of the great political problem. Like Archimedes, I have found the fulcrum by whose aid I may move the world—the moral world—and that fulcrum is Plymouth Rock.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON

PENGUINS

[This speech was made at a dinner of The Pilgrims held at the Waldorf-Astoria on February 4, 1913. Mr. Choate, the Chairman, in introducing the speaker said: "Another Englishman of great renown has honored us with his presence to-night, and when I announce his name you will recognize one of the most daring explorers that has ever made assaults upon the hard and fast places of the globe. He made that desperately courageous and dangerous onset to the South Pole which led the way to its final conquest. I understand that on the way down there, far beyond the reach of civilization, he met with a body of pilgrims; he himself a Pilgrim he met the great family of penguins, of whom your shining and closely packed heads must inevitably remind him to-night. I hope he will tell us something about them. I give you the health of Sir Ernest Shackleton." [Cheers and applause.]]

MR. CHOATE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Before I speak of the colony of penguins, or pilgrims in the Antarctic, I would like to make a few remarks, and only a few, because I do not want to make a long speech and I know you do not want to hear me; and I don't want to be in the situation of the man who, when the clergyman had been speaking to his congregation for forty minutes on the prophets, and finally said, "Now we come to Hezekiah; where shall we place Hezekiah?" the man in the back seat got up and said, "You can place him right here, because I am going out." [Laughter and applause.]

Also I don't want to be reminded that I am going to speak about ten "minutes" and nothing else,—like Harry Lauder, whom I met and asked what he was going to spend in America, and he replied that he was going to spend nine weeks and nothing else. [Laughter.]

I listened with interest to Mr. Mitchell Innes's speech and why Mr. Bryce was not here and was reminded of an incident of two years ago when one morning as I was standing in his window a motor car came by with about twenty-five miserable looking people in it and a man with a megaphone, and I asked, "What is it?" I was told they were "rubber necks." I said, "What are rubber necks?" "People who are looking at the sights of the city." And by and by the megaphone spoke and I heard, "This is the house of Mr. James Bryce, a highly respected gentleman, Ambassador from England to this country. There he is coming out of his gate," and just then I saw a clerk going out. [Laughter.] This is how I learned the American word "rubber," which is to stare. A certain Englishman traveling on the New York Central was up on the elevated railroad one day [uproarious laughter], sitting there, and he saw a woman with a very ugly baby sitting in front of him. He was fascinated by the ugliness of the baby, and so he stared and stared and stared. At last the woman could stand it no longer and she said to him, "rubber." He replied, "Thank God, madam; I thought it was real." [Laughter.]

Mr. Mitchell Innes has spoken of the difficulties he had in preparing his speech—which we did not observe to-night when he really did speak. He said two days in the public library, two days in polishing it down, two days in learning it; and I was reminded of the Englishman who came for the first time to the United States and made a trip to San Francisco. He got on the train with all his golf clubs and all his other paraphernalia, his umbrellas and walking sticks, sat down and asked the guard—I mean the conductor [laughter]—when they would reach San Francisco. The conductor told him to sit down and he would be told when they reached San Francisco. A day and a night passed, and the train reached Chicago. The Englishman gathered up his golf clubs, his umbrellas and walking sticks and was getting out. "No," says the guard—the conductor—"Sit right down, and I will tell you when we get to San Francisco." A day and a night passed, they arrived at Denver. The Englishman gathered up his sticks and his umbrellas and his overshoes, and started for the platform; "Sit down," said the guard; "didn't I tell you I'd let you know when we got to San Francisco?" A day and a night passed, and the train arrived at Salt Lake City. He again gathered his impediments and was climbing out when the conductor said, "Sit down; sit down. I told you when we got to San Francisco I would tell you." A day and a night passed and finally the train reached San Francisco. He once more gathered his stuff together and said, "Thank goodness, we are here at last. Where is the man that found this country?"

The conductor said, "Christopher Columbus discovered this country." "Discovered it!" said the Englishman; "how the dickens could he have missed it." [Laughter and applause.]

Now, in my wanderings over the world I have met many Pilgrims, being a Pilgrim myself. Mr. William Jennings Bryan once took the chair near me in a place called Lincoln, which is in Nebraska, somewhere in America. [Laughter.] Months afterwards, I met Mr. Bryan going down to Bristol, England, and his wife and family, or some other people, were with him and he was looking rather down in the mouth, as we say. I went into his carriage and said, "Hello, Mr. Bryan, how are you? Very glad to see you." "Very glad to see you," he said. I said, "Aren't you feeling quite well?" or something like that. He told me he had come over to the other side to lecture, his subject being The Value of an Ideal, and they only charged 12½ cents for the seats. I said, "Where are you lecturing?" He said, "Scotland." [Howling laughter and applause.]

Now, I really am up here to talk about penguins, and I really don't know how much I may say, because I know a whole lot about them. In the first place, they have the human conscience, the fear of being found out. [Laughter.]

They too, have their peculiar domestic habits—at least not peculiar, but very natural and human. It is very interesting to see the penguins in the Antarctic and we used to watch them for hours when we had nothing else to do. We would see the old father bird going down to the sea to fill up on shrimps, and when he would fill up he would come back to feed his family; but on the way he would see another little penguin, not his own at all—not by any means—[laughter] and he would feed this little penguin, and by the time he would get back to his own little family circle there would be a most awful row because he had no food left for them. [Laughter.] It was very curious and very interesting to see them all mating at the same time, along about the 13th or 14th of October, when they make their great pilgrimage over the ice and build their little nests of stones. Then they all come together and marry, and at night they start their honeymoon. After a bit they lay an egg—only one egg; so you see it is a very small and select family party. It is very interesting to watch the birds carry the egg in their feet, and you can't see the egg unless you knock over the bird, and then the egg falls on the icy ground. One day I saw one of the sailors knock over two or three of the birds; and the first one he knocked over he says, "Squeeze his neck, Bill; and he'll lay his egg." [Laughter.]

We had a most interesting experience with penguins. We watched them all the time, and it was a very curious thing to see them. If the old father penguin had been out later than he should have been, when he got home you would see the crest, or back hair, or feathers, of his wife become very much ruffled and you could see that he was making a very lame excuse for his late home-coming. [Laughter.] And I do not want any Pilgrims here to be in that same predicament, so I think I have talked long enough, and although there are many ladies in the galleries I expect some of you have wives at home [laughter], and you may want to get home to them; and so I am going to stop with just a word to tell you what a pleasure it has been for me to be here amongst these Pilgrims to-night—myself as well as the other Pilgrims from the other side of the pond, as I have heard it called to-night; and although I have been a sailor for twenty years I never saw anything less like a pond when I came across about three weeks ago.

I heard Bishop Carpenter make a speech which sounded more like the speech of a man of business than of the Church, and it shows that his eyes are open. I would like to quote one word by a man who is a great business man in this country, in fact his name is known all over the world.

Bishop Carpenter spoke just now in an optimistic vein, but this man used an expression that I shall treasure always, because in the Antarctic we men who go there need optimism, we need imagination; and this man, who is a successful man, said, "In business I am an optimist with a vivid imagination."

That is what we all want in this age of rush, hurry and scurry, we want to be optimists with vivid imaginations. For the honor of allowing me to speak and for the courtesy in listening I thank you very much. [Enthusiastic applause.]

WILLIAM TECUMSEH SHERMAN

THE ARMY AND NAVY

[Speech of General William T. Sherman at the first annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of Brooklyn, December 21, 1880. The President, Benjamin D. Silliman, on announcing the toast, "The Army and Navy—great and imperishable names and deeds have illustrated their history," said: "In response to this toast, I have the privilege of calling on the great Captain who commands the armies of the Republic; of whom it has been said, that he combines the skill and valor of the soldier, with the wisdom of the statesman, and whose name will ever live in the history of the nation. We shall have the great satisfaction of listening to General Sherman."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—While in Washington I was somewhat embarrassed by receiving invitations from two different New England Societies to dine with them on different days in commemoration of the same event. I hoped, under cover of that mistake, to escape one or the other, but I find that each claims its day to be the genuine anniversary of the landing of their Fathers on Plymouth Rock. I must leave some of you to settle this controversy, for I don't know whether it was the 21st or 22d; you here in Brooklyn say the 21st; they in New York say it was the 22d. Laboring under this serious doubt, when I came on the stand and found my name enrolled among the orators and statesmen present, and saw that I was booked to make a speech, I appealed to a learned and most eloquent attorney to represent me on this occasion. I even tried to bribe him with an office which I could not give; but he said that he belonged to that army sometimes described as "invincible in peace, invisible in war." [Laughter.] He would not respond for me. Therefore I find myself upon the stand at this moment compelled to respond, after wars have been abolished by the Honorable Secretary of State, and men are said to have risen to that level where they are never to do harm to each other again—with the millennium come, in fact, God grant that it may be so? [Applause.]

I doubt it. I heard Henry Clay announce the same doctrine long before our Civil War. I heard also assertions of the same kind uttered on the floor of our Senate by learned and good men twenty years ago when we were on the very threshold of one of the most bloody wars which ever devastated this or any other land. Therefore, I have some doubt whether mankind has attained that eminence where it can look backward upon wars and rumors of war, and forward to a state of perpetual peace.

No, my friends, I think man remains the same to-day, as he was in the beginning. He is not alone a being of reason; he has passions and feelings which require sometimes to be curbed by force; and all prudent people ought to be ready and willing to meet strife when it comes. To be prepared is the best answer to that question. [Applause.]

Now my friends, the toast you have given me to-night to respond to is somewhat obscure to me. We have heard to-night enumerated the principles of your society—which are called "New England ideas." They are as perfect as the catechism. [Applause and laughter.] I have heard them supplemented by a sort of codicil, to the effect that a large part of our country—probably one-half—is still disturbed, and that the Northern man is not welcome there. I know of my own knowledge that two-thirds of the territory of the United States are not yet settled. I believe that when our Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, they began the war of civilization against barbarism, which is not yet ended in America. The Nation then, as Mr. Beecher has well said, in the strife begun by our fathers, aimed to reach a higher manhood—a manhood of virtue, a manhood of courage, a manhood of faith, a manhood that aspires to approach the attributes of God Himself.

Whilst granting to every man the highest liberty known on earth, every Yankee believes that the citizen must be the architect to his own fortune; must carry the same civilization wherever he goes, building school-houses and churches for all alike, and wherever the Yankee has gone thus far he has carried his principles and has enlarged New England so that it now embraces probably a third or a half of the settled part of America. That has been a great achievement, but it is not yet completed. Your work is not all finished.

You who sit here in New York, just as your London cousins did two hundred and fifty years ago, know not the struggle that is beyond. At this very moment of time there are Miles Standishes, under the cover of the snow of the Rocky Mountains, doing just what your forefathers did two hundred and fifty years ago. They have the same hard struggle before them that your fathers had. You remember they commenced in New England by building log cabins and fences and tilling the sterile, stony, soil, which Mr. Beecher describes, and I believe these have been largely instrumental in the development of the New England character. Had your ancestors been cast on the fertile shores of the lower Mississippi, you might not be the same vigorous men you are to-day. Your fathers had to toil and labor. That was a good thing for you, and it will be a good thing for your children if you can only keep them in the same tracks. But here in New York and Brooklyn, I do not think you now are exactly like your forefathers, but I can take you where you will see real live Yankees, very much the same as your fathers were. In New York with wealth and station, and everything that makes life pleasant, you are not the same persons physically, though you profess the same principles, yet as prudent men, you employ more policemen in New York—a larger proportion to the inhabitants of your city than the whole army of the United States bears to the people of the United States. You have no Indians here, though you have "scalpers." [Applause and laughter.] You have no "road-agents" here, and yet you keep your police; and so does our Government keep a police force where there are real Indians and real road-agents, and you, gentlemen, who sit here at this table to-night who have contributed of your means whereby railroads have been built across the continent, know well that this little army, which I represent here to-night, is at this moment guarding these great roadways against incursions of desperate men who would stop the cars and interfere with the mails and travel, which would paralyze the trade and commerce of the whole civilized world, that now passes safely over the great Pacific road, leading to San Francisco. Others are building roads north and south, over which we soldiers pass almost yearly, and there also you will find the blue-coats to-day, guarding the road, not for their advantage, or their safety, but for your safety, for the safety of your capital.

So long as there is such a thing as money, there will be people trying to get that money; they will struggle for it, and they will die for it sometimes. We are a good-enough people, a better people it may be than those of England, or France, though some doubt it. Still we believe ourselves a higher race of people than have ever been produced by any concatenation of events before. [Laughter.] We claim to be, and whether it be due to the ministers of New England, or to the higher type of manhood, of which Mr. Beecher speaks—which latter doctrine I prefer to submit to—I don't care which, there is in human nature a spark of mischief, a spark of danger, which in the aggregate will make force as necessary for the government of mankind as the Almighty finds the electric fluid necessary to clear the atmosphere. [Applause.]

You speak in your toast of "honored names"; you are more familiar with the history of your country than I am, and know that the brightest pages have been written on the battlefield. Is there a New Englander here who would wipe "Bunker Hill" from his list for any price in Wall Street? Not one of you! Yet you can go out into Pennsylvania and find a thousand bigger hills which you can buy for ten dollars an acre. It is not because of its money value, but because Warren died there in defense of your government which makes it so dear to you. Turn to the West. What man would part with the fame of Harrison and of Perry? They made the settlement of the great Northwest by your Yankees possible. They opened that highway to you, and shall no honor be given to them? Had it not been for the battles on the Thames by Harrison, and by Perry on Lake Erie, the settlement of the great West would not have occurred by New England industry and thrift. Therefore I say that there is an eloquence of thought in those names as great as ever was heard on the floor of Congress, or in the courts of New York. [Applause.]

So I might go on, and take New Orleans, for example, where General Jackson fought a battle with the assistance of pirates, many of them black men and slaves, who became free by that act. There the black man first fought for his freedom, and I believe black men must fight for their freedom if they expect to get it and hold it secure. Every white soldier in this land will help him fight for his freedom, but he must first strike for it himself. "Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow." [Cheers.] That truth is ripening, and will manifest itself in due time. I have as much faith in it as I have that the manhood, and faith, and firmness, and courage of New England has contributed so much to the wealth, the civilization, the fame, and glory of our country. There is no danger of this country going backward. The Civil War settled facts that remain recorded and never will be obliterated. Taken in that connection I say that these battles were fought after many good and wise men had declared all war to be a barbarism—a thing of the past. The fields stained with patriotic blood will be revered by our children and our children's children, long after we, the actors, may be forgotten. The world will not stop; it is moving on; and the day will come when all nations will be equal "brothers all," when the Scotchman and the Englishman will be as the son of America. We want the universal humanity and manhood that Mr. Beecher has spoken of so eloquently. You Yankees don't want to monopolize all the virtues; if you do, you won't get them. [Laughter.]

The Germans have an industry and a type of manhood which we may well imitate. We find them settling now in South America, and in fact they are heading you Yankees off in the South American trade. It won't do to sit down here and brag. You must go forth and settle up new lands for you and your children, as your fathers did. That is what has been going on since Plymouth Rock, and will to the end. The end is not yet, but that it will come and that this highest type of manhood will prevail in the end I believe as firmly as any man who stands on this floor. It will be done not by us alone, but by all people uniting, each acting his own part: the merchant, the lawyer, the mechanic, the farmer, and the soldier. But I contend that so long as man is man there is a necessity for organized force, to enable us to reach the highest type of manhood aimed at by our New England ancestors. [Loud applause.]

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR

[Speech of General William T. Sherman at the eighty-first annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1886. Judge Horace Russell presided and introduced General Sherman as a son of New England whom the Society delighted to honor. The toast proposed was, "Health and Long Life to General Sherman." The General was visibly affected by the enthusiastic greeting he received when he rose to respond.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY OF NEW YORK:—Were I to do the proper thing, I would turn to my friend on the left [T. DeWitt Talmage] and say, amen; for he has drawn a glorious picture of war in language stronger than even I or my friend, General Schofield, could dare to use. But looking over the Society to-night—so many young faces here, so many old and loved ones gone—I feel almost as one of your forefathers. [Laughter and applause.] Many and many a time have I been welcomed among you. I came from a bloody Civil War to New York twenty or twenty-one years ago, when a committee came to me in my room and dragged me unwillingly before the then New England Society of New York. They received me with such hearty applause and such kindly greetings that my heart goes out to you now to-night as their representatives. [Applause.] God knows I wish you, one and all, the blessings of life and enjoyment of the good things you now possess, and others yet in store for you.

I hope not to occupy more than a few minutes of your time, for last night I celebrated the same event in Brooklyn, and at about two or three o'clock this morning I saw this hall filled with lovely ladies waltzing [laughter], and here again I am to-night. [Renewed laughter. A voice, "You're a rounder, General."] But I shall ever, ever recur to the early meetings of the New England Society, in which I shared, with a pride and satisfaction which words will not express; and I hope the few I now say will be received in the kindly spirit they are made in, be they what they may, for the call upon me is sudden and somewhat unexpected.

I have no toast. I am a rover. [Laughter.] I can choose to say what I may—not tied by any text or formula. I know when you look upon old General Sherman, as you seem to call him [Oh, oh!]—pretty young yet, my friends, not all the devil out of me yet, and I hope still to share with you many a festive occasion—whenever you may assemble, wherever the sons of New England may assemble, be it here under this Delmonico roof, or in Brooklyn, or even in Boston, I will try to be there. [Applause.]

My friends, I have had many, many experiences, and it always seems to me easier to recur to some of them when I am on my feet, for they come back to me like the memory of a dream, pleasant to think of. And now, to-night, I know the Civil War is uppermost in your minds, although I would banish it as a thing of trade, something too common to my calling; yet I know it pleases the audience to refer to little incidents here and there of the great Civil War, in which I took a humble part. [Applause.] I remember, one day away down in Georgia, somewhere between, I think, Milledgeville and Millen, I was riding on a good horse and had some friends along with me to keep good-fellowship. [Laughter.] A pretty numerous party, all clever good fellows. [Renewed laughter.] Riding along, I spied a plantation. I was thirsty, rode up to the gate and dismounted. One of these men with sabers by their side, called orderlies, stood by my horse. I walked up on the porch, where there was an old gentleman, probably sixty years of age, whitehaired and very gentle in his manners—evidently a planter of the higher class. I asked him if he would be kind enough to give me some water. He called a boy, and soon he had a bucket of water with a dipper. I then asked him for a chair, and called one or two of my officers. Among them was, I think, Dr. John Moore, who recently has been made Surgeon-General of the Army, for which I am very glad—indebted to Mr. Cleveland. [Laughter and applause.] We sat on the porch, and the old man held the bucket, and I took a long drink of water, and maybe lighted a cigar [laughter], and it is possible I may have had a little flask of whiskey along. [Renewed laughter.]

At all events, I got into a conversation; and the troops drifted along, passing down the roadway closely by fours, and every regiment had its banner, regimental or national, sometimes furled and sometimes afloat. The old gentleman says:—

"General, what troops are these passing now?"

As the color-bearer came by, I said: "Throw out your colors. That is the 39th Iowa."

"The 39th Iowa! 39th Iowa! Iowa! 39th! What do you mean by 39th?"

"Well," said I, "habitually, a regiment, when organized, amounts to 1,000 men."

"Do you pretend to say Iowa has sent 39,000 men into this cruel Civil War?" [Laughter.]

"Why, my friend, I think that may be inferred."

"Well," says he, "where's Iowa?" [Laughter.]

"Iowa is a State bounded on the east by the Mississippi, on the south by Missouri, on the west by unknown country, and on the north by the North Pole."

"Well," says he, "39,000 men from Iowa! You must have a million men."

Says I: "I think about that."

Presently another regiment came along.

"What may that be?"

I called to the color-bearer: "Throw out your colors and let us see," and it was the 21st or 22d Wisconsin—I have forgotten which.

"Wisconsin! Northwest Territory! Wisconsin! Is it spelled with an O or a W?"

"Why, we spell it now with a W. It used to be spelled Ouis."

"The 22d that makes 22,000 men?"

"Yes, I think there are a good many more than that. Wisconsin has sent about 30,000 men into the war."

Then again came along another regiment from Minnesota.

"Minnesota! My God! where is Minnesota?" [Laughter.] "Minnesota!"

"Minnesota is away up on the sources of the Mississippi River, a beautiful Territory, too, by the way—a beautiful State."

"A State?"

"Yes; has Senators in Congress; good ones, too. They're very fine men—very fine troops."

"How many men has she sent to this cruel war?"

"Well, I don't exactly know; somewhere between 10,000 and 20,000 men probably. Don't make any difference—all we want." [Laughter.]

"Well," says he, "now we must have been a set of fools to throw down the guage of battle to a country we didn't know the geography of!" [Laughter and applause.] "When I went to school that was the Northwest Territory, and the Northwest Territory—well," says he, "we looked upon that as away off, and didn't know anything about it. Fact is, we didn't know anything at all about it."

Said I: "My friend, think of it a moment. Down here in Georgia, one of the original thirteen States which formed the great Union of this country, you have stood fast. You have stood fast while the great Northwest has been growing with a giant's growth. Iowa to-day, my friend, contains more railroads, more turnpikes, more acres of cultivated land, more people, more intelligence, more schools, more colleges—more of everything which constitute a refined and enlightened State—than the whole State of Georgia."

"My God," says the man, "it's awful. I didn't dream of that."

"Well," says I, "look here, my friend; I was once a banker, and have some knowledge of notes, indorsements, and so forth. Did you ever have anything to do with indorsements?"

Says he: "Yes, I have had my share. I have a factor in Savannah, and I give my note and he indorses it, and I get the money somehow or other. I have to pay it in the end out of the crop."

"Well," says I, "now look here. In 1861 the Southern States had 4,000,000 slaves as property, for which the States of Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and so forth, were indorsers. We were on the bond. Your slaves were protected by the same law which protects land and other property. Now, you got mad at them because they didn't think exactly as you did about religion, and about this thing and t'other thing; and like a set of fools you first took your bonds and drew your pen through the indorser's names. Do you know what the effect will be? You will never get paid for those niggers at all." [Laughter.] "They are gone. They're free men now."

"Well," says he, "we were the greatest set of fools that ever were in the world." [Laughter.]

And so I saw one reconstructed man in the good State of Georgia before I left it. [Laughter and applause.]

Yes, my friends, in those days things looked gloomy to us, but the decree came from a higher power. No pen, no statesman, in fact, no divine could have solved the riddle which bound us at that time; nothing but the great God of War. And you and your fathers, your ancestors, if you please, of whom I profess to be one [applause], had to resort to the great arbiter of battles, and call upon Jove himself. And now all men in America, North and South, East and West, stand free before the tribunal of the Almighty, each man to work out his own destiny according to his ability, and according to his virtue, and according to his manhood. [Applause.] I assure you that we who took part in that war were kindly men. We did not wish to kill. We did not wish to strike a blow. I know that I grieved as much as any man when I saw pain and sorrow and affliction among the innocent and distressed, and when I saw burning and desolation. But these were incidents of war, and were forced upon us—forced upon us by men influenced by a bad ambition; not by the men who owned those slaves, but by politicians who used that as a pretext, and forced you and your fathers and me and others who sit near me, to take up arms and settle the controversy once and forever. [Cries of "good," and loud applause.]

Now, my friends of New England, we all know what your ancestors are recorded to have been; mine were of the same stock. Both my parents were from Norwalk, Connecticut. I think and feel like you. I, too, was taught the alphabet with blows, and all the knowledge I possessed before I went to West Point was spanked into me by the ferrule of those old schoolmasters. [Laughter.] I learned my lesson well, and I hope that you, sons of New England, will ever stand by your country and its flag, glory in the achievements of your ancestors, and forever—and to a day beyond forever, if necessary, giving you time to make the journey to your last resting-place—honor your blood, honor your forefathers, honor yourselves, and treasure the memories of those who have gone before you. [Enthusiastic applause.]

SIR JOHN SIMON

TOAST TO "HIS EXCELLENCY, THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR"

[This speech by the distinguished English lawyer and statesman was given at a dinner of the American Society in London on July 5, 1920. The response by the Ambassador the Hon. John Davis is found in Volume 1.]

Your Excellencies, My Lords and Gentlemen:—I have had conferred upon me to-night the honor—and it is a great honor—of proposing, on behalf of this company, the health of the American Ambassador. In thus choosing the proposer of this toast, you follow the significant custom of your Society which selects an Englishman, such as Mr. Fisher or myself, to propose, on the day when you celebrate American Independence, the great American toasts of the evening. And, my lords and gentlemen, Mr. Fisher and I, and any other British subjects whom you are so good as to invite to this banquet, do not come here as unwilling victims, dragged to Savoy Hotel that they may be exhibited at an American triumph: we come here as grateful guests, rejoicing with you with all our hearts in the Day which you celebrate. The Minister of Education, as befits his calling, has referred to the school history books, and I have been told that, even down to comparatively recent times, in the more remote parts of the American continent, there might perhaps still be found, on the shelves of the smaller schools, some treatises on history which do not display the behavior of my country towards yours in times past in the most favorable light. But let us remember that, even in those distinct days of quarrel and of controversy, now happily gone for ever—even in those dismal days—there were far-sighted patriotic British subjects—Chatham, Burke, Fox, and Adam Smith—who tried to teach their fellow countrymen the policy of conciliation and goodwill which now prevails from one end of our country to the other. It is not unfitting to-night to remember that when the War of Independence arose, there were officers in the British Army who resigned their Commissions sooner than fight against their cousins on American soil. And the sympathy which was behind such action a hundred years ago and more has long since, my lords and gentlemen, been learned by the whole people of Britain. Therefore it is in no half-hearted or affected sense that we of the Old Country join with you of the New in rejoicing in the independence of the United States of America.

Since then, between our two countries there have been a hundred years of continuous peace, and it is not the baseless fabric of a vision, it is the sober judgment of practical men on both sides of the Atlantic which believes and which affirms that after our experience—and most of all after our recent experience—the day will never dawn, from this time forward, when the American people and the British people will find themselves opposed in armed conflict.

Do not, my lords and gentlemen, let us expect—certainly I neither expect nor desire—a dull uniformity of opinion, a constant complacency with one another's point of view. I will not conceal from you that when I learned that a Scotsman had defeated all comers, including some very expert Americans, in the Golf Championship, my feelings and emotions were quite different from my feelings when I learned that an American had defeated all comers, including an Australian, in the Lawn Tennis Championship. That will always be so, and it is right and healthy that it should be so. But, after all, the great matter is that we should keep these things in the family. And, underlying all our differences, explaining our essential unity, is the constant knowledge that we have the same standards and ideals in all matters of honorable controversy.

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honor while you strike him down
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer still the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.

These are the common sentiments of all honest Britishers and of all honest Americans. Therefore, my lords and gentlemen, let us rejoice that to the end of time we shall continue to differ, and differ intensely, the American and the British people, because each of us alike will be obstinately persuaded that our country is the best country in the world. And when we reflect for a moment, as Mr. Fisher has reminded us to-night, on the still closer bond which has been forged by the sacrifice and the struggle of the last few years, I feel, my lords and gentlemen, that we may say with confidence and with a full heart, "nothing on earth can sever the bond that unites us now."

But I must not forget that the toast which is entrusted to me is not only that of the American Ambassador as the honored representative in this country of the great American people, but is the toast of Mr. Davis as a man. I had the good fortune to make Mr. Davis' acquaintance before he undertook his present duties in London, and at a time when he had nothing more to recommend him to my fellow countrymen than the fact that he was a distinguished lawyer. And that, I regret to say, is not everywhere regarded as so good a recommendation as it ought to be. We lawyers in this country are accustomed to that form of criticism which dismisses sound reasoning and clear expression, with the patronizing comment that "that is the mere lawyer's view." And I venture to say to my friend, Mr. Beck, as well as to the Ambassador, we lawyers in England console ourselves by reflecting that this is the grudging tribute which is paid by muddled comprehension to the exact truth. But America is the paradise of lawyers. In America a distinguished lawyer may be a candidate for the highest political position in the States: he may, peradventure, even attain such a position with the certain knowledge that, whatever else happens to him, his critics will never throw it in his teeth that "after all, he was brought up as a lawyer." And that is one of the differences between the Old Country and the New. And I am saying what everybody in this company will approve, and what we all in this company—and great numbers outside—know, when I say that in the list of distinguished men whom the United States have sent here to represent them—a list which now covers so long a period of time and which comes down to the silver-voiced Choate and the wise, the benignant and the deeply lamented Page—there is no one that has ever come to our Capital on behalf of the American Republic who has more completely captured the affections of the British people than has your present Ambassador, Mr. Davis.

When I think of the feelings of the inhabitants of this Island towards Mr. Davis, I am reminded of a passage of Shakespeare in "The Tempest." You will remember how, in that play, in the Enchanted Isle, Miranda makes the acquaintance of visitors from the New World, and how she expresses her feelings when she observes what manner of man Ferdinand is. I think our great National Poet, the Poet whom Americans and ourselves are equally entitled to claim as theirs, must almost have had this evening in mind when he put into the mouth of the admiring Miranda the words

"O, brave New World,
To have such people in't."

These, my lords and gentlemen, are the sentiments of the British people towards Mr. Davis, and, if I may presume to say so, I strongly suspect they are feelings of the American people towards him too. He has justified his high calling as the interpreter of American opinion to the British race. We wish him to-night, whatever be the tasks which he may hereafter be called upon to undertake, the best of good fortune. And I am sure I have you with me when I assure him that we rejoice to have the opportunity of drinking his health to-night. [The toast was warmly given.]

ALFRED EMANUEL SMITH

THE GOVERNORSHIP OF NEW YORK

[Alfred E. Smith was governor of New York 1919–1920, and was elected again in 1922. He was born in New York City, 1873 and has risen from the ranks to political leadership. This address was delivered at the Lotos Club, March 29, 1919, on the occasion of a dinner in his honor.]

For a great many years I was the majority and minority leader of the State Assembly, and according to the unwritten rules of that body the leaders on both sides summed up, and I found that you could start off, knowing nothing at all about a bill, having no understanding of what you were going to speak about, and because you were the last speaker you would always be able to make a speech which would cover most of the essential points. That experience stood me in very good stead to-night.

I desire to call your attention at the outset to the souvenir menu card. There is something on it that to my way of thinking needs explanation. I believe I am the man who should explain it so that it will be properly explained. The mermaid is holding up underneath my photograph a wreath of flowers upon which is inscribed the various public positions that I have held; majority and minority leader, Speaker of the Assembly, Member of the Constitutional Convention, Sheriff of New York County, and the President of the Board of Aldermen. Over here on the left is a large bouquet dropping down from the wreath and on it you will find the letters F. F. M., and I will tell you what that means. One day in 1911, while I was the majority leader of the Assembly, a member from an upstate county presented a bill to change the method of appointing the Commissioner of Jurors in that county, not that he was dissatisfied with the existing method, but he did not have very much use for the Commissioner. He wanted him removed and he wanted the assistance of the Legislature and the Governor to get rid of him. I proceeded to defend his position. On the other side of the Chamber some of the very able members of the minority party took exception to the bill. One of them was the now Superintendent of Insurance, Jesse Phillips, from Monroe County, and the other one was a dear departed friend of mine, one of the greatest figures during his life time in the public life of this State, Ed. Merritt from Schoharie County. The debate grew very hot. We were all on our feet. No attention was paid to parliamentary law or the rules of the Assembly. It looked for a while as if the man with the loudest voice was going to win, when an elderly member of the body from Erie County arose from his place and commanded the attention of the Chair, and the Speaker, believing he rose to argue the question, recognized him, and he said, "Mr. Speaker, I desire to announce that Cornell has just won the boat race." He then sat down. Jesse Phillips then arose and said, "I am a U. of M.," meaning he graduated from the University of Michigan. Another man said, "It has no great interest for me, I am a Yale man," and Merritt said, "It does not particularly interest me, I am a Harvard man." Of course, I was in the argument, but I was all alone. I could not let the other side say anything I did not say. I then said, "Well, Mr. Speaker, if this is the way it is, I am an F. F. M. man." Everybody kept quiet. Jimmy Hully was sitting behind me, and he asked "What is that, Al?" and I said, "That is Fulton Fish Market." It is needless for me to say that when the clerk called the roll the market won. That is the meaning of F. F. M. on the menu card.

I understand, in accordance with the remarks of our Chairman, that every Governor has been brought here to be advised by the Lotos Club. I was advised not to try to be the Legislature. Probably not in the history of the club has there been any man entertained by you as Governor of the State who has had a better understanding of the fact that he ought not to try to be the Legislature than I have, because I was studiously engaged for a number of years in convincing some governors that they could not do that; but, of course, that does not mean that the Executive must send to the Legislature on the first of January a recommendation and then lie down himself entirely after that. You also advised me, Mr. President, to take care and be careful of bosses and log rollers and machines. While I know the methods of all of these institutions, I am not busy taking care of myself as against these things; I am protecting myself from the candidates that are around. My election and my entrance into the Executive Chamber gave great encouragement to members of the Legislature who served with me in years gone by, and my job is to try to convince them that they can follow me, not by trying to pull me down, but by helping me along.

My distinguished friend Frank Cobb said that prohibition was never fought out as an issue in this country. I think his memory is at fault there. I think there was a lot said about it only a few months ago. I want to trespass upon your time to give you a little idea and a little information about the question of prohibition. I recommended in my first annual message to the Legislature that we hold an election in the State of New York and that all men and women who registered and voted at the last election be permitted to go into the voting booth and say "Yes" or "No," as to whether or not they believe that the State of New York ought to ratify the federal amendment of the Constitution providing for prohibition.

Now, a man who had implicit confidence in the justice of this cause never was afraid to submit it to all the people. What would have been the effect of it? It would have had the effect of making everybody satisfied with it when they felt sure that the majority wanted it. What is the fundamental, underlying, basic principle of democratic government, if it is not the will of the majority.

I remember back in 1912 we had the first Socialist elected to the assembly from Schenectady County. He came down to the assembly with all kinds of notions about government, he voted for himself for speaker; failing in that he voted for himself as clerk; failing in that he finally voted for himself for sergeant-at-arms, and he made the record. When he arrived in Albany on the 1st of January he wore long hair and he had some queer notions, but before the 17th of March he went down to the Ten Eyck and got as perfect a hair cut as any man ever had in his life. If there was one thing more than another that satisfied him about the operations of the legislature it was the calling of the roll. He had every opportunity given to every other member to express himself on any subject, to the last degree, but when the clerk called the roll and seventy-six men voted against him, he was then entirely satisfied.

Governor Whitman said that the legislators went back to the people. I desire to inform him that some of those that voted for the ratification of the prohibition amendment have not gone home since.

If I may be permitted just a serious word on the ratification of the amendment by this State, it is this: that what is at present underlying a great deal of the dissension over the prohibition amendment in Albany is the well-known fact in the mind of every man who wants to speak thoroughly and impartially about it, and that is that if each member of the legislature had been left to express his own free independent thought upon it it could not have been passed. That is particularly so of the Assembly. It was passed by virtue of the old-time vehicle, the party Caucus. The men were brought into a room and were told they would either vote that way or they would vote themselves out of the party. That is the answer. There is no question about it.

We have only had during my time in public life two amendments to the Constitution, one was to give the government the power to impose the income tax and the other was the direct election of United States Senators. Both of these questions admit of no argument. There was never any one who made any argument why the people should not elect the U. S. Senators. No one attempted to say it was not fundamentally right. But the prohibition amendment is an entirely different thing. It is the exercise of police power by the federal government that is the inherent right of the states themselves.

Of course, I agree with the thought that there is a very great feeling throughout this State against the saloon. However, the cure for the evil was not to cut the arm off entirely; the State had it within its power to regulate the saloon. It had it within its power to abolish the saloon, but it did not do it, and if I was asked to-night what, in my personal opinion, helped to create some of the great sentiment against the liquor traffic in this State I would have to say that it was because the liquor interests have opposed stubbornly, for as many years back as I can remember, every attempt at the regulation of their business.

I am given to understand that according to precedent this dinner should have taken place in the month of January. It is probably my fault. While we are on that subject, and going back over my three months in the Executive Chamber, let me digress for a moment on another topic. If the governors of the State are going to keep alive, if they are going to be able to do the business of the State, an amendment to the Constitution is absolutely necessary electing two governors, one business man and one social man, so that there can always be a governor on tap for every public gathering and one in Albany to attend to the business of the State. Whether it was because of the stress of the times I do not know; probably Governor Whitman went through the same experience as I went through; but between the 1st of December, up to and including to-night, I have been invited to some three hundred and fifty functions of all kinds, dinners, opening up of bicycle shows, opening of the automobile show, public gatherings of all names, kinds and descriptions, and I am responsible for the fact that this dinner did not take place on schedule time in the month of January. It was postponed until this late date so that I would have a clear conscience when I told those who invited me to attend dinners that I had not attended one this year.

Governor Hughes spoke about his $25,000,000 appropriation bill. It is nothing. I will have a $90,000,000 one. It looks as if I will only have the consolation of saying if I had not been elected it would have been $100,000,000.

That brings us to a very important question, around which all other questions are revolving at the present time—the one big question that is pressing for immediate solution, and that is where to get the money to run the government. The State itself is about $20,000,000 short in its anticipated revenues as compared to its overhead expenses. I am informed that the cities of the State are about $33,000,000 short; that is, all the cities grouped together, so that the legislature and the government at Albany are confronted with the proposition not alone of finding the necessary money to carry on the State's business, but it must also enable the different municipalities to find the money to carry on their business.

In the past a great deal of the state revenue has come from indirect sources, the only direct tax being that which is sufficient to amortize the bonds of the State and pay the interest upon them. The indirect system of taxation has undoubtedly led to extravagant ideas; I mean extravagant ideas as against the statement of extravagance in government. Why? Because no one ever felt the pinch of it, the man on the street never pays anything, he thinks, towards the maintenance of the government of this State, and $20,000,000 of it alone came from the Excise Tax. No man thought when he was taking a drink of wine or a glass of beer, that he was making any contribution to the maintenance of the government of the State. Surely no hotel proprietor or no saloon keeper when he put down his $1200 for his license believed he was paying any tax to the State. His idea was he was simply paying what the law required for the privilege he was going to enjoy.

Now, there may have been a time when the system of indirect taxation could be said to be all right. That was before the government gave to the man and the woman on the street the service that it is giving to-day. At that time the Health Department of the government cost less than $80,000 a year, whereas the cost to-day is closer to $500,000. At that time we had no Public Service Commission; the great public service corporations were regulated by general laws. Now and then the legislature passed a special one, applying to a certain given locality of the State. We had no great Industrial Commission. The total expense of the Labor Department was less than $150,000 a year. To-day it is more than $1,000,000 so that the State to-day is giving its service to the individual, the man on the street, the like of which has never been given before, and the only way to have him understand that the service costs something is to devise some means of taxation that will reach him.

It will have a good effect in another way. When he feels that he has to pay, he will not be so ready to vote for everything that comes along that costs money. In 1911 there were submitted to the people of this State, and this, by the way, furnishes a very good argument against the referendum, two amendments to the State Constitution, one proposition was to bond the State for $21,000,000 for Canal Terminals, and one of the Constitutional provisions was intended to safeguard the $21,000,000, to safeguard the expenditure of money in condemnation proceedings, and the people of this State went to the polls and voted on the proposition that would safeguard this expenditure, and voted for the expenditure of $21,000,000. That is history.

In conclusion I want to thank the Lotos Club from the bottom of my heart for the honor they have shown to me by this complimentary dinner to-night. I want to thank the President, who, in speaking for the club, said so many kind things, and leave this thought with the Lotos Club: I am not a candidate for anything in the world. I am trying to demonstrate with all the ability and energy at my command, that the ordinary everyday man who plays on the sidewalks of New York can be elevated to the governorship and can be a real governor.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH

THE PRESIDENT'S PRELUDE

[Speech of Charles Emory Smith at the thirteenth annual dinner of the New England Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, December 22, 1893. Mr. Smith, then President of the Society, delivered the usual introductory address of the presiding officer, immediately after ex-President Benjamin F. Harrison had spoken.]

HONORED GUESTS AND FELLOW-MEMBERS:—I am sure that you have greatly enjoyed the brilliant and witty speech to which you have just listened—a speech which shows that our distinguished guest is as felicitous at the dinner-table as he is signally successful in other fields of oratory. But if you have deluded yourself with the idea that because of this change in the program you are to escape the infliction of the usual address by the President of the Society, it is now my duty to undeceive you. [Laughter.] Even the keen reflections of General Harrison respecting the prepared impromptu speeches shall not deter us. The rest of us who are not as gifted as he is have expended too much midnight oil and sacrificed too much of the gray matter of the brain to lose our opportunity. You will see that we have anticipated his impromptu observations by careful premeditating our impromptu reply. [Laughter.] Lord Beaconsfield said that Carlyle had reasons to speak civilly of Cromwell, for Cromwell would have hanged him. [Laughter.] General Harrison has been hanging the rest of us—yes, hanging and quartering us—though this is far from being the only reason for speaking civilly of him, and yet we must go on with the exhibition.

You have observed that on the program, as arranged by the Committee, the first number is a prelude by the President and the last a hymn by the Society. The Committee evidently intended to begin and end with music. What particular solo they expect me to perform I am somewhat uncertain. But the truth is you have already had a part of the music and you will have the rest when I am done. For my part is only that of the leader in the old Puritan choir—to take up the tuning fork and pitch the key; and I do this when I say that we are assembled for the two hundred and seventy-third time [laughter] to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. If any one doubts the correctness of that chronology, let him consult Brothers Shortridge and Lewis and Clark and Cornish, who have been with us from the beginning. [Laughter.] We have met to celebrate these fourfathers [laughter], as well as some others, and to glorify ourselves. If we had any doubts about the duty we owe our ancestors, we have no scruples about the satisfaction we take in their posterity. "My idea of first rate poetry," said Josh Billings, "is the kind of poetry that I would have writ." So our idea of first-rate posterity is the kind of posterity we are. [Laughter.]

But while not forgetting the posterity, it is not forbidden at these dinners to make an occasional and casual allusion to the Pilgrim Fathers. Thackeray tells us of an ardent young lady who had a devotion of the same sort to "Nicholas Nickleby." When she wanted instruction, she read "Nicholas Nickleby." When she wanted amusement, she read "Nicholas Nickleby." When she wanted leisure she read "Nicholas Nickleby." When she was busy, she read "Nicholas Nickleby." When she was sick, she read "Nicholas Nickleby," and when she got well, she read "Nicholas Nickleby" over again. [Laughter.] We return with the same infrequent, inconstant and uncertain fidelity to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. If we seek the light persiflage and airy humor of the after-dinner spirit, we find an inexhaustible fountain in the quaint customs and odd conceits of the Pilgrim Fathers. If we seek the enkindling fire and the moral elevation of high principle and profound conviction and resolute courage, we find a never-ceasing inspiration in the unfaltering earnestness and imperishable deeds of the Pilgrim Fathers. [Applause.] After praying for all the rest of mankind, the good colored preacher closed up with the invocation "And, finally, O Lord! bless the people of the uninhabited portions of the globe." [Laughter.] We are sometimes as comprehensive in our good-will as the colored brother; but to-night we fix our thoughts upon that more limited portion of mankind which belongs in nativity or ancestry to that more restricted part of the globe known as New England.

We are here to sing the praises of these sturdy people. They, too, sang—and sang with a fervor that was celebrated in the memorable inscription on one of the pews of old Salem Church:—

"Could poor King David but for once
To Salem Church repair,
And hear his Psalms thus warbled out,
Good Lord! how he would swear."

And it was not in Salem Church, either, that the Psalms were sung with the peculiar variations of which we have record. An enterprising establishment proposed to furnish all the hymnbooks to a congregation not abundantly blessed with this world's goods, provided it might insert a little advertisement. The thrifty congregation in turn thought there would be no harm in binding up any proper announcement with Watt and Doddridge; but when they assembled on Christmas morning, they started back aghast as they found themselves singing—

"Hark! The herald angels sing,
Beecham's Pills are just the thing;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
Two for man and one for child."

But if the Pilgrim Fathers were not the sweetest warblers, they at least never wobbled. They always went direct to their mark. As Emerson said of Napoleon, they would shorten a straight line to get at a point. They faced the terrors of the New England northeast blast and starved in the wilderness in order that we might live in freedom. We have literally turned the tables on them and patiently endure the trying hardships of this festive board in order that their memories may not die in forgetfulness.

We can never forget the hardships which they were forced to endure, but at the same time we must recognize that they had some advantages over us. They escape some of the inflictions to which we have been compelled to submit. They braved the wintry blast of Plymouth, but they never knew the everlasting wind of the United States Senate. [Laughter.] They slumbered under the long sermons of Cotton Mather, but they never dreamed of the fourteen consecutive hours of Nebraska Allen or Nevada Stewart. They battled with Arminian dogmas and Antinomian heresies, but they never experienced the exhilarating delights of the Silver debate or throbbed under the rapturous and tumultuous emotions of a Tariff Schedule. [Laughter.]

They had their days of festivity. They observed the annual day of Thanksgiving with a reverent, and not infrequently with a jocund, spirit; but advanced as they were in many respects, they never reached that sublime moral elevation and that high state of civilization which enable us in our day to see that the only true way to observe Thanksgiving is to shut up the churches and revel in the spiritual glories of the flying wedge and the triumphant touchdown. [Laughter.] Their calendar had three great red-letter days of celebration: Commencement day, which expressed and emphasized the foremost place they gave to education in their civil and religious polity; Training or Muster day, which illustrated the spirit and the skill that gave them victory over the Indians and made them stand undaunted on Bunker Hill under Warren and Putnam until above the gleaming column of red-coats they could look into the whites of the enemies' eyes; and Election day, upon which, with its election sermon and its solemn choice of rulers, they acted out their high sense of patriotic duty to the Commonwealth. We are deeply concerned in these days about the debasement of the ballot-box. Perhaps we could find a panacea in the practice of our Pilgrim Fathers. They enacted a law that right of suffrage should be limited to church members in good standing. Suppose we had such a law now, what a mighty revolution it would work either in exterminating fraud or in promoting piety!

Gentlemen, it is with honest pride and fresh inspiration that we gather once a year to revive our enkindling story. The Santa Maria, with its antique form and its flying pennant, contrasting the past with the present, amid the dazzling and now vanishing splendors of the wondrous White City, has this year recalled the discovery of America. But the jewel is more precious than the casket. The speaking picture appeals to us more than its stately setting. And heroic as was the voyage of the Santa Maria across a trackless sea to an unknown continent, it was the nobler mission of the Mayflower to bring the priceless seeds of principle and liberty which have blossomed in the resplendent development and progress of our great free Republic. Conscience incarnate in Brewster and Bradford, in Winthrop and Winslow, smote Plymouth Rock; and from that hour there has poured forth from its rich fountain a perennial stream of intellectual and moral force which has flooded and fertilized a broad continent. The Puritan spirit was duty; the Puritan creed was conscience; the Puritan principle was individual freedom; the Puritan demand was organized liberty, guaranteed and regulated by law. [Applause.] That spirit is for to-day as much as for two centuries ago. It fired at Lexington the shot heard round the world, and it thundered down the ages in the Emancipation Proclamation. It lives for no narrow section and it is limited to no single class. The soul that accepts God and conscience and equal manhood has the Puritan spirit, whether he comes from Massachusetts or Virginia, from Vermont or Indiana; whether you call him Quaker or Catholic, disciple of Saint Nicholas or follower of Saint George. [Applause.] The Puritan did not pass away with his early struggles. He has changed his garb and his speech; he has advanced with the progress of the age; but in his fidelity to principle and his devotion to duty he lives to-day as truly as he lived in the days of the Puritan Revolution and the Puritan Pilgrimage. His spirit shines in the lofty teachings of Channing and in the unbending principles of Sumner, in the ripened wisdom of Emerson and in the rhythmical lessons of Longfellow. The courageous John Pym was not more resolute and penetrating in leading the great struggle in the Long Parliament than was George F. Edmunds in the Senate of the United States. And the intrepid and sagacious John Hampden, heroic in battle and supreme in council, wise, steadfast, and true, was but a prototype of Benjamin Harrison.

F. HOPKINSON SMITH

HOLLAND TO-DAY

[Address made at the banquet of the Holland Society January 19, 1911. The Toastmaster in introducing the speaker said: "Now to respond for the Holland of to-day, since we have heard so much of the Holland of the past, I shall present to you one of the great masters of American fiction. It is a rare pleasure to present to a Dutch audience, the creator of one of the most lovable characters we know, the man who introduced us to Colonel Carter of Cartersville." [Great applause.]

Mr. Chairman, the Governor of the State, Ladies in the Gallery, Gentlemen on the Floor, and You Hollanders [laughter]:—I have listened to the speech of the distinguished understudy who represented the State of New York, or, rather, that portion of it called the City. [Laughter.] He seemed ashamed of his one-eighth Holland blood. Mr. McAneny: No!!

I will not be interrupted. [Laughter.] I want you to distinctly understand that I, a Virginian, claim ninety-nine per cent. of Holland blood. [Laughter.] Of course, it did not come to me direct. It came by marriage, but I have a son who can claim fifty per cent., and that is true. [Laughter.]

Now, gentlemen, the Holland dinner is one of those overjoyous, soul-inviting functions which revolves with the regularity of the planets. Some customs may go out of fashion, others be permanently buried and forgotten,—not so the annual gathering of the Dutch. They would be as loth to bury this function as Colonel Singleton's fellow citizens were loth to bury that military gentleman. An old friend of his, who had not seen him for some years, went down to his native town and met an old darkey sitting on the fence. He said: "Mose, you live here?" "Yas, sah, I live here." "Remember me?" "No sah; ah don't recommember you."

(Colonel Singleton was the best judge of Bourbon whiskey in that part of the State.)

"How are all our friends around here?" "Well, sah, most ob dem am dead." "What became of Major Douglas?" "He am dead, sah." "Major Douglas dead?" "Yes, sah; done buried him fo' years ago." "Well, what has become of Captain Tom Simpson?" "Dead." "Well! well!" "Yas, sah; buried him fo' months ago." "Well, what became of my old friend Colonel Singleton? Did you bury him, too?" "Kunnel Singleton? No, sah, we didn't bury the Kunnel; we just done poured him back in de barr'l." [Laughter.]

One other thing has struck me, and that is that, in your own and in most of the annual dinners which occur in New York, the sum of the talk has been about your ancestors,—what that particular breed did for you people. You glorify those graveyards that are on the hill. You speak of the great admirals and the great generals; you talk of that wonderful body of men who sacrificed their farms rather than have them polluted by a high-stepping Spanish heel. These are the sort of things you indulge in. Why, my dear men, have you any idea as to what Holland is to-day? I visited it first twenty-six years ago, and I spend several weeks there almost every year. I left Dordrecht, which to me is the concentration and the beauty spot of all that low section of the country, only in September last, and I assure you that of all the places I know on the earth, there is no one single spot where for me, an outdoor painter, I can get that quality, that beauty, that charm, which I can get in this, the home of many of your ancestors. [Applause.]

Take its art, for instance. You speak of Rembrandt, of Franz Hals, and of the schools their names stand for; wonderful in their time!—wonderful even to-day!—the marvellous technique of this marvellous Rembrandt, whose pictures look as if yellow glass had fused a light into and through the canvas! But let me for a moment come down to the school of to-day—the pictures of Mauve, Mesdag, Israels and Maris.

There hangs to-night in Cincinnati a picture, a large canvas (I think about five and one-half by four) painted by Mauve, that, if I know anything about my art, is unequalled by any single landscape in the world. Now that is a large statement. But when you begin to think what makes a landscape,—that is, an outdoor picture,—and what it should represent, you will agree that in Charles Taft's house in Cincinnati there hangs a Mauve which comes as close to the "out-of-door" as any canvas your eyes ever rested on; and yet, what is it? A straight horizontal line, a flock of sheep, a man in a blue shirt with a staff, his head cutting the sky-line, a dog in the foreground, some dust, and then a sky that goes into infinity! I have stood in front of that picture sometimes for an hour at a time, trying to get at the secret of the man's success. It it impossible. [Applause.]

Mesdag is over eighty-two now, and is still depicting the power of the sea,—its mighty rush of water, the passing of boats, the cold grays, the sky, the wet, the rime and the salt. This man puts his brush where it should lie and the canvas lives. And Israels is also eighty-two;—with his interiors, which you know and which the world knows. Master of diffused light, illumining perhaps a mother and child, the cradle, or an old fisherman, his touch as marvellous to-day as it was forty years ago!

So let us have the Holland of to-day, and then we will know what your people *are* doing for the civilization of the earth. [Applause.]

I know most of the highways of Europe;—I know the road from Paris; through the continent; up through Sweden; over to St. Petersburg; down to Odessa, Constantinople, and Venice,—and back to the Boulevards. I have traveled them a great many times. I know the small by-ways of Europe. I have a little "hole-in-the-wall" in Normandy; I have another in another part of France; I have a place outside of Paris. I love those places. And then I have Dort! When I first went to Holland I traveled its length and breadth. I wanted some place where I could get all there was in Holland condensed in one spot, and I found it in Dordrecht. One of your distinguished members was with me on one of my visits, and we looked over the town, and climbed over the dyke, and finally went home, and I have been there year after year. Dort, permeated with the quality of the picturesque, distinguished by lines of elm-bordered quays, fronting rich houses, dating back to 1612! Magnificent residences these! Four stories high, inhabited by men who have a fortune of over two millions of pounds sterling;—not poor in Dort, I want you to understand.

Into that little place all the wealth of the East was poured, many years ago; and the Dutch, as you know, hold on to their money, and the fortunes then made still live. In front of these houses are the canals, bordered by trees and filled with boats, clean and white, slashed with emerald green, with beds of flowers on their decks; the wives taking the tiller and the children playing about, and let me tell you something of the people; their courtesy and their hospitality. In the Niew Haven in Dordrecht is an old potato boat. It was there when I first went to Holland twenty-six years ago. In it at that time lived a man and his wife. In the hold below were stored the potatoes they then sold and are still selling to-day. Last summer,—the old man is now nearly eighty years old and the dear woman is about seventy-seven,—discovered me, painting on the quay, and, remembering, came running out. I must come and dine. The little cabin they lived in—it is nothing but a barge—is hardly as large as four times the width of this table at which I have sat. And the bill of fare? Only a dish of boiled potatoes, a cup of coffee, and a piece of bread, and then, because I was their honored guest, an old pot of jam was taken down from the top shelf and brought out for my enjoyment. So much for the hospitality of the people. [Applause.]

And the loyalty of the nation! When their little Queen was about to be crowned, there was not a fisherman, there was not a man on the street, there was not a store-keeper nor a child at school that did not put his or her contribution into the box. And for what? For a *gold carriage* in which the little lady should ride to church. And it was almost literally a gold carriage, for not only were its hubs and its tires and its spokes plated with gold, but the whole body was covered. Just as much money as they *could* spend on it, they spent. [Applause.] Open your mouth and say one word against the little Queen anywhere in any public part of Holland and what would happen? You would be in the canal or in jail before really you had finished your sentence. [Laughter and applause.] So much for the loyalty of the people.

Do you know what I mean by loyalty?—*real* loyalty?

Within a year, one rainy, cold night, when the fog settled, news went through London that the King was dying. All through the night the people who could afford the bulletins knew; but the people in the suburbs, the shop girl and the homeless, could not afford to buy, and they did not know. On that sad morning, near six o'clock, hardly light, a shop girl went blocks out of her way up to Buckingham Palace, put her little face between the iron railings, and looked up in the sky, waiting for the fog to clear, so she could see whether the flag was half-mast or full. Then, as she looked again, the fog lifted. It was half-mast, and she knew. She wore a ragged brown coat and a black straw hat with some gay red paper flowers on it. She stood for a moment gazing at the flag, took the hat from her head, crumpled the flowers in her hand, put them in her pocket, replaced the hat and went away, walking slowly, the tears streaming down her face. No higher tribute was ever paid a sovereign the world over than was paid King Edward by that shop girl! [Applause.] That is the sort of loyalty they also have in Holland. [Applause.]

And now does this teach us nothing? Have you men here before me—you who boast, and justly so, of the pluck, the courage, the morale of your ancestors,—no duty to perform here in this your new home? Is it not your bounden duty to stand here for the good things which inspired your men of old? Here in New York City to-day there is hardly a man in office who is not the subject of abuse. When he takes office, or even when he absents himself from it for six weeks' vacation [applause], the same abuse is poured out,—and it is increasing. And as this influx comes in and this enormous tide of immigration settles among us,—Slavs, Mongolians, Malays, all the nations of the earth,—not forgetting that top scum from the scrap heaps of Italy,—when this is dumped in among us, you men, who know really what a republic means and what true liberty stands for,—only to you, and to the Scotch, English, Dutch and Swiss, can the republic look to preserve the traditions of our fathers. [Applause.] We have preserved it up to date. You gentlemen have done your part. The nation honors and reveres you, and so I say to-night, let us fill our glasses and send our greetings across the sea to the little mother, your Queen, the baby she loves, and the country she rules over. [Applause and cheers, and the toast is drunk standing.]

JAN C. SMUTS

THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS

[An address by Lieutenant-General the Rt. Hon. J. C. Smuts, commanding the British forces in the East African Campaign, delivered at a banquet given in his honor by members of both Houses of Parliament on May 15, 1917. The London *Telegraph* commenting on this speech, declared it "was one of the finest and most statesmanlike utterances that the war has produced. If the British nation did not realize fully before, it assuredly will understand now what a noble ornament and strong pillar of the Empire it possesses in the soldier-statesman who has been representing the Union of South Africa in the Imperial War Conference. Hitherto we have thought of him principally as a brilliant soldier—how brilliant, the records of his campaigns in what were once German East and Southwest Africa are the best witness—but, great as his military services have been, the future may well reveal political services even more valuable still."]

Ever since I came to this country, about two months ago, I have received nothing but the most profound and charming kindness and hospitality, which has culminated in this unique banquet to-night. I appreciate it all the more because I know it is given at a time when the greatest storm in the world's history is raging, and when nobody in this country or great city feels inclined to indulge in any festivities or banquets. When I return home I shall be able to tell the people of South Africa that I have been received by you not as a guest, not as a stranger, but simply as one of yourselves.

Speaking with a somewhat different accent, and laying a different emphasis on many things, as no doubt becomes a barbarian from the outer marches of the Empire—and one whose mind is not yet deeply furrowed with trenches and dugouts—I would like first of all to say how profoundly thankful I am to Lord French for the words which have fallen from his lips. Your expressions in regard to myself are largely, I feel, undeserved. At any rate, I accept them as coming from an old opponent and comrade in arms. I know they are meant in the best spirit, and I accept them as such.

Your words recall to my mind many an incident of those stirring times when we were opposing commanders in the Boer War. I may refer to two. On one occasion I was surrounded by Lord French—and was practically face to face with disaster. Nothing was left me but, by the most diligent scouting, to find a way out. I ventured into a place which bore the very appropriate name of Murderers' Gap—and I was the only man who came out alive. One account of that stated that one Boer escaped, but he probably had so many bullets in him that he would be no further danger. I survived to be your guest to-night. Two days after I broke through—blessed words in these times—and on a very dark night, I came to a railway, which I was just on the point of crossing, when we heard a train. Some of us felt inclined to wreck and capture that train, but for some reason or other I said, "No, let it pass." You can imagine my feelings when some time afterwards I learned that the only freight on that train was Sir John French with one or two A.D.C.'s, moving round from one part of his front to another to find out how I had broken through. If I had not missed that chance he would have been my guest, no doubt very welcome, though no doubt embarrassing. Fate has willed otherwise. I am his guest.

Those were very difficult and strenuous days in which one learned many a valuable lesson, good for all life. One of those lessons was that under stress of great difficulty practically everything breaks down ultimately, and the only things that survive are really the simple human feelings of loyalty and comradeship to your fellows, and patriotism which can stand any strain and bear you through all difficulty and privation. We soldiers know the extraordinary value of these simple feelings, how far they go, and what strain they can bear, and how ultimately they support the whole weight of civilization. That war was carried on by both sides in a sportsmanlike spirit, and in a clean, chivalrous way—and out of that calamity has been produced the happy state of affairs that you see to-day in South Africa, and which led to a new basis on which to build the larger and happier South Africa which is arising to-day.

I am sure that in the great struggle now being waged you will see some cause leading to lasting results. Here you have from all parts of the British Empire young men gathering on the battlefields of Europe, and whilst your statesmen keep planning a great scheme of union for the future of the Empire, my feeling is that very largely the work is already done. The spirit of comradeship has been born in this campaign on the battlefields of Europe, and many of the men from the various parts of the Empire will be far more powerful than any instrument of government that you can elect in the future. I feel sure that in after days, when our successors come to sum up what has happened and draw up a balance-sheet, there will be a good credit balance due to this common feeling of comradeship which will have been built up. Now once more, as many ages ago during the Roman Empire, the Germanic volcano is in eruption, and the whole world is shaking. No doubt in this great revolution you are faced in this country with the most difficult and enormous problems which any Government or people have ever been called upon to face—problems of world-wide strategy, of man-power, communications, food supply, of every imaginable kind and magnitude, so large that it is almost beyond the wit of man to solve them, and it is intelligible that where you have so many difficulties to face, one forgets to keep before one's eye the situation as a whole. And yet that is very necessary.

It is most essential that even in this bitter struggle, even when Europe is looming so large before our eyes, we should keep before us the whole situation. We should see it steadily, and see it whole. I would ask you not to forget in these times the British Commonwealth of nations. Do not forget that larger world which is made up of all the nations that belong to the Empire. Bear in mind that after all Europe is not so large, and will not always continue to loom so large as at present. Even now in the struggle the pace of Europe is being permanently slowed down. Your Empire is spread all over the world, and even where the pace is slowed down in one portion it is accelerated in another, and you have to keep the whole before you in order to judge fairly and sanely of the factors which affect the whole.

I wish to say a few words to-night on this subject, because I think there is a tendency sometimes to forget certain aspects of the great questions with which we are now confronted. That is one of the reasons why I am glad the Imperial Conference was called at this time, apparently a very opportune moment, and yet the calling of this Conference at this time has already directed attention once more to that other aspect of the whole situation which is so important to us. Remember, it is not only Europe that we have to consider, but also the future of this great commonwealth to which we all belong. It is peculiarly situated; it is scattered over the whole world; it is not a compact territory; it is dependent for its very existence on world-wide communications, which must be maintained or this Empire goes to pieces. In the past thirty years you see what has happened. Everywhere upon your communications Germany has settled down; everywhere upon the communications of the whole globe you will find a German colony here and there, and the day would have come when your Empire would have been in very great jeopardy from your lines of communication being cut.

Now, one of the by-products of this war has been that the whole world outside Europe has been cleared of the enemy. Germany has been swept from the seas, and from all continents except Central Europe. Whilst Germany has been gaining ground in Central Europe, from the rest of the world she has been swept clean; and, therefore, you are now in this position—almost providentially brought to this position—that once more you can consider the problem of your future as a whole. When peace comes to be made you have all these parts in your hand, and you can go carefully into the question of what is necessary for your future security and your future safety as an Empire, and you can say, so far as it is possible under war circumstances, what you are going to keep and what you are going to give away.

That is a very important precedent. I hope when the time comes—I am speaking for myself, and expressing nobody's opinion but my own—I feel when the time comes for peace we should not bear only Central Europe in mind, but the whole

British Empire. As far as we are concerned, we do not wish this war to have been fought in vain. We have not fought for material gain, or for territory; we have fought for security in the future. If we attach any value to this group of nations which compose the British Empire, then we, in settling peace, will have to look carefully at our future safety and security, and I hope that will be done, and that no arrangement will be made which will jeopardize the very valuable and lasting results which have been attained.

That is the geographical question. There remains the other question—a very difficult question—of the future constitutional relations and readjustments in the British Empire. At a luncheon given recently by the Empire Parliamentary Association I said, rather cryptically, that I did not think this was a matter in which we should follow precedents, and I hope you will bear with me if I say a few words on that theme, and develop more fully what I meant. I think we are inclined to make mistakes in thinking about this group of nations to which we belong, because too often we think of it merely as one state. The British Empire is much more than a state. I think the very expression "Empire" is misleading, because it makes people think of us as one single entity, one unity, to which that term "Empire" can be applied. We are not an Empire. Germany is an Empire, so was Rome, and so is India, but we are a system of nations, a community of states and of nations far greater than any empire which has ever existed; and by using this ancient expression we really obscure the real fact that we are larger and that our whole position is different, and that we are not one nation, or state, or empire, but we are a whole world by ourselves, consisting of many nations and states, and all sorts of communities under one flag. We are a system of states, not only a static system, a stationary system, but a dynamic system, growing, evolving all the time towards new destinies.

Here you have a kingdom with a number of Crown colonies; besides that you have large protectorates like Egypt, which is an empire in itself, which was one of the greatest empires in the world. Besides that you have great dependencies like India—an empire in itself, one of the oldest civilizations in the world, and we are busy there trying to see how

East and West can work together, how the forces that have kept the East going can be worked in conjunction with the ideas we have evolved in Western civilization for enormous problems within that state. But beyond that we come to the so-called Dominions, a number of nations and states almost sovereign, almost independent, who govern themselves, who have been evolved on the principles of your constitutional system, now almost independent states, and who all belong to this group, to this community of nations, which I prefer to call the British Commonwealth of nations. Now, you see that no political ideas that we evolved in the past, no nomenclature will apply to this world which is comprised in the British Empire; any expression, any name which we have found so far for this group has been insufficient, and I think the man who would discover the real appropriate name for this vast system of entities would be doing a great service not only to this country, but to constitutional theory.

The question is, how are you going to provide for the future government of this group of nations? It is an entirely new problem. If you want to see how great it is you must take the United States in comparison. There you find what is essential—one nation, not perhaps in the fullest sense, but more and more growing into one; one big state, consisting of subordinate parts, but whatever the nomenclature of the United States Constitution, you have one national state, over one big, contiguous area. That is the problem presented by the United States, and for which they discovered this federal solution, which means subordinate governments for the subordinate parts, but one national Federal Parliament for the whole.

Compare with that state of facts this enormous system comprised in the British Empire, of nations all over the world, some independent, living under diverse conditions, and all growing towards greater nations than they are at present. You can see at once that the solution which has been found practical in the case of the United States probably never will work under our system. That is what I feel in all the empires of the past, and even in the United States—the effort has been towards forming one nation. All the empires that we have known in the past and that exist to-day are founded on the idea of assimilation, of trying to force different human material through one mold so as to form one nation. Your whole idea and basis is entirely different. You do not want to standardize the nations of the British Empire. You want to develop them into greater nationhood. These younger communities, the offspring of the Mother Country, or territories like that of my own people, which have been annexed after various vicissitudes of war—all these you want not to mold on any common pattern, but you want them to develop according to the principles of self-government and freedom and liberty. Therefore, your whole basic idea is different from anything that has ever existed before, either in the empires of the past or even in the United States.

I think that this is the fundamental fact which we have to bear in mind—that the British Empire, or this British Commonwealth of nations, does not stand for unity, standardization, or assimilation, or denationalization; but it stands for a fuller, a richer, and more various life among all the nations that compose it. And even nations who have fought against you, like my own, must feel that they and their interests, their language, their religions, and all their cultural interests are as safe and as secure under the British flag as those of the children of your household and your own blood. It is only in proportion as that is realized that you will fulfill the true mission which you have undertaken. Therefore, it seems, speaking my own individual opinion, that there is only one solution, that is the solution supplied by our past traditions of freedom, self-government, and the fullest development. We are not going to force common governments, federal or otherwise, but we are going to extend liberty, freedom, and nationhood more and more in every part of the Empire.

The question arises, how are you going to keep this world together if there is going to be all this enormous development towards a more varied and richer life among all its parts? It seems to me that you have two potent factors that you must rely on for the future. The first is your hereditary kingship. I have seen some speculations recently in the papers of this country upon the position of the kingship of this country; speculations by people who, I am sure, have never thought of the wider issues that are at stake. You cannot make a Republic in this country. You cannot make a Republic of the British Commonwealth of nations, because if you have to elect a President not only in these Islands, but all over the British Empire, you will be the ruler and representative of all these peoples, you are facing an absolutely insoluble problem. Now, you know the theory of our Constitution is that the King is not merely your King, but he is the King of all of us. He represents every part of the whole Commonwealth of nations. If his place is to be taken by anybody else, then that somebody will have to be elected by a process which, I think, will pass the wit of man to devise. Therefore let us be thankful for the mercies we have. We have a kingship here which is really not very different from a hereditary Republic, and I am sure that more and more in the future the trend will be in that direction, and I shall not be surprised to see the time when our Royal princes, instead of getting their consorts among the princelings of Central Europe, will go to the Dominions and the outlying portions of the Empire.

I think that in the theory of the future of this great Empire it is impossible to attach too much importance to this institution which we have existing, and which can be developed, in my opinion, to the greatest uses possible for its future preservation and development. It will, of course, be necessary to go further than that. It is not only the symbol of unity which you have in the Royal ruler, but you will have to develop further common institutions.

Every one admits that it would be necessary to devise better machinery for common consultation than we have had hitherto. So far we have relied upon the Imperial Conference which meets every four years, and which, however useful for the work it has done hitherto, has not, in my opinion, been a complete success. It will be necessary to devise better means for achieving our ends. A certain precedent has been laid down of calling the Prime Ministers and representatives from the Empire of India to the Imperial Cabinet, and we have seen the statement made by Lord Curzon that it is the intention of the Government to perpetuate that practice in future. Although we have not yet the details of the scheme, and we have to wait for a complete exposition of the subject from his Majesty's Government, yet it is clear that in an institution like that you have a far better instrument of common consultation than you have in the old Imperial Conference, which was called only every four years, and which discussed a number of subjects which were not really of first-rate importance. After all, what you want is to call together the most important statesmen in the Empire from time to time—say once a year, or as often as may be found necessary—to discuss matters which concern all parts of the Empire in common, and in order that causes of friction and misunderstanding may be removed. A common policy should be laid down to determine the true orientation of our Imperial policy.

Take foreign policy, for instance, on which the fate of the Empire may from time to time depend. I think it is highly desirable that at least once a year the most important leaders of the Empire should be called together to discuss these matters, and to determine a common policy, which would then be carried out in detail by the various executive governments of the commonwealth nations. This Imperial Council or Cabinet will not themselves exercise executive functions, but they will lay down the policy which will be carried out by the governments of the various parts of the Empire. A system like that, although it looks small, must in the end lead to very important results and very great changes. You cannot settle a common policy for the whole of the British Empire without changing that policy very considerably from what it has been in the past, because the policy will have to be, for one thing, far simpler. We do not understand diplomatic finesse in other parts of the Empire. We go by large principles, and things which can be easily understood by our undeveloped democracies. If your foreign policy is going to rest, not only on the basis of your Cabinet here, but finally on the whole of the British Empire, it will have to be a simpler and more intelligible policy, which will, I am sure, lead in the end to less friction, and the greater safety of the Empire.

Of course, no one will ever dispute the primacy of the Imperial Government in these matters. Whatever changes and developments come about, we shall always look upon the British Government as the senior partner in this concern. When this Council is not sitting the Imperial Government will conduct the foreign affairs of the Empire. But it will always be subject to the principles and policy which have been laid down in these common conferences from time to time, and which, I think, will be a simpler and probably, in the long run, a saner and safer policy for the Empire as a whole. Naturally, it will lead to greater publicity. There is no doubt that, after the catastrophe that has overtaken Europe, nations in future will want to know more about the way their affairs are conducted. And you can understand that, once it is no longer an affair of one government, but of a large number of governments who are responsible ultimately to their parliaments for the action they have taken, you may be sure there will be a great deal more publicity and discussion of foreign affairs than there has ever been.

I am sure that the after effects of a change like this, although it looks a simple change, are going to be very important, not only for this community of nations, but for the world as a whole. Far too much stress is laid upon the instruments of government. People are inclined to forget that the world is getting more democratic, and that forces which find expression in public opinion are going to be far more powerful in the future than they have been in the past. You will find that you have built up a spirit of comradeship and a common feeling of patriotism, and that the instrument of government will not be the thing that matters so much as the spirit that actuates the whole system of all its parts. That seems to me to be your mission. You talk about an Imperial mission. It seems to me this British Empire has only one mission, and that is a mission for greater liberty and freedom and self-development. Yours is the only system that has ever worked in history where a large number of nations have been living in unity. Talk about the League of Nations—you are the only league of nations that has ever existed; and if the line that I am sketching here is correct, you are going to be an even greater league of nations in the future; and if you are true to your old traditions of self-government and freedom, and to this vision of your future and your mission, who knows that you may not exercise far greater and more beneficent influence on the history of mankind than you have ever done before?

In the welter of confusion which is probably going to follow the war in Europe, you will stand as the one system where liberty to work successfully has kept together divers communities. You may be sure the world such as will be surrounding you in the times that are coming will be very likely to follow your example. You may become the real nucleus for the world government for the future. There is no doubt that is the way things will go in the future. You have made a successful start; and if you keep on the right track your Empire will be a solution of the whole problem.

I hope I have given no offense. When I look around this brilliant gathering, and see before me the most important men in the Government of the United Kingdom, I was rather anxious that we should discuss this matter, which concerns our future so very vitally—a matter which should never be forgotten even in this awful struggle, in which all our energies are engaged. Memories of the past keep crowding in upon me. I think of all the difficulties which have surrounded us in the past, and I am truly filled with gratitude for the reception which you have given me, and with gratitude to Time, the great and merciful judge, which has healed many wounds—and gratitude to that Divinity which "shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." I think of the difficulties that still lie ahead of us, which are going to test all the nations fighting for liberty far more than they have ever been tested in the past, and I hope and pray that they all may have clearness of vision and purpose, and especially that strength of soul in the coming days, which will be more necessary than strength of arm. I verily believe that we are within reach of priceless and immeasurable good, not only for this United Kingdom and group of nations to which we belong, but also for the whole world. But, of course, it will depend largely upon us whether the great prize is achieved now in this struggle, or whether the world will be doomed to long, weary waiting in the future. The prize is within our grasp, if we have strength, especially the strength of soul, which I hope we shall have, to see this thing through without getting tired of waiting until victory crowns the efforts of our brave men in the field.

HERBERT SPENCER

THE GOSPEL OF RELAXATION

[Speech of Herbert Spencer at a dinner given in his honor in New York City, November 9, 1882. William M. Evarts presided.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—Along with your kindness there comes to me a great unkindness from Fate; for now, that above all times in my life I need the full command of what powers of speech I possess, disturbed health so threatens to interfere with them, that I fear I shall often inadequately express myself. Any failure in my response you must please ascribe, in part at least, to a greatly disordered nervous system. Regarding you as representing Americans at large, I feel that the occasion is one on which arrears of thanks are due. I ought to begin with the time, some two and twenty years ago, when my highly valued friend, Professor Youmans, making efforts to diffuse my books here, interested on their behalf Messrs. Appleton, who have ever treated me so honorably and so handsomely; and I ought to detail from that time onward the various marks and acts of sympathy by which I have been encouraged in a struggle which was for many years disheartening.

But intimating thus briefly my general indebtedness to my numerous friends most of them unknown on this side of the Atlantic, I must name more especially the many attentions and proffered hospitalities met with during my late tour as well as, lastly and chiefly, this marked expression of the sympathies and good wishes which many of you have traveled so far to give at great cost of that time which is so precious to an American. I believe I may truly say that the better health which you have so cordially wished me will be in a measure furthered by the wish; since all pleasurable emotion is conducive to health, and as you will fully believe, the remembrance of this evening will ever continue to be a source of pleasurable emotion exceeded by few if any of my remembrances.

And now that I have thanked you sincerely though too briefly, I am going to find fault with you. Already in some remarks drawn from me respecting American affairs and American character, I have passed criticisms which have been accepted far more good-naturedly than I could reasonably have expected; and it seems strange that I should now again propose to transgress. However, the fault I have to comment upon is one which most will scarcely regard as a fault. It seems to me that in one respect Americans have diverged too widely from savages. I do not mean to say that they are in general unduly civilized. Throughout large parts of the population even in long-settled regions there is no excess of those virtues needed for the maintenance of social harmony. Especially out in the West men's dealings do not yet betray too much of the "sweetness and light" which we are told distinguish the cultured man from the barbarian; nevertheless there is a sense in which my assertion is true.

You know that the primitive man lacks power of application. Spurred by hunger, by danger or revenge he can exert himself energetically for a time, but his energy is spasmodic. Monotonous daily toil is impossible to him. It is otherwise with the more developed man. The stern discipline of social life has gradually increased the aptitude for persistent industry; until among us, and still more among you, work has become with many a passion. This contrast of nature is another aspect. The savages think only of present satisfactions and leaves future satisfactions uncared for. Contrariwise the American, eagerly pursuing a future good almost ignores what good the passing day offers him; and when the future good is gained, he neglects that while striving for some still remoter good.

What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual inertness to persistent activity has reached an extreme from which there must begin a counter-change—a reaction. Everywhere I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of the burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck, too, with the large proportion of gray-haired men; and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover, in every circle I have met men who had themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to the stress of business, or named friends who had either killed themselves by overwork or had been permanently incapacitated or had wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all the observant persons I have spoken to that immense injury is being done by this high-pressure life—the physique is being undermined. That subtle thinker and poet whom you have lately had to mourn—Emerson,—says in his "Essay on the Gentleman," that the first requisite is that he shall be a good animal. The requisite is a general one—it extends to man, the father, the citizen. We hear a great deal about the "vile body"; and many are encouraged by the phrase to transgress the laws of health. But Nature quietly suppresses those who treat thus disrespectfully one of her highest products and leaves the world to be peopled by the descendants of those who are not so foolish.

Beyond these immediate mischiefs, there are remoter mischiefs. Exclusive devotion to work has the result that amusements cease to please; and when relaxation becomes imperative, life becomes dreary from lack of its sole interest—the interest in business. The remark current in England that when the American travels, his aim is to do the greatest amount of sight-seeing in the shortest time, I find current here also; it is recognized that the satisfaction of getting on devours nearly all other satisfactions. When recently at Niagara, which gave us a whole week's pleasure, I learned from the landlord of the hotel that most Americans come one day and go away the next. Old Froissart, who said of the English of his day that "they take their pleasures sadly after their fashion," would doubtless, if he lived now, say of the Americans that "they take their pleasures hurriedly after their fashion." In large measure with us, and still more with you, there is not that abandonment to the moment which is requisite for full enjoyment; and this abandonment is prevented by the ever-present sense of multitudinous responsibilities. So that beyond the serious physical mischief caused by overwork, there is the further mischief that it destroys what value there would otherwise be in the leisure part of life. Nor do the evils end here. There is the injury to posterity. Damaged constitutions reappear in their children and entail on them far more of ill than great fortunes yield them of good. When life has been duly rationalized by science, it will be seen that among a man's duties the care of the body is imperative not only out of regard for personal welfare, but also out of regard for descendants. His constitution will be considered as an entailed estate which he ought to pass on uninjured if not improved to those who follow; and it will be held that millions bequeathed by him will not compensate for feeble health and decreased ability to enjoy life.

Once more, there is the injury to fellow-citizens taking the shape of undue regard of competitors. I hear that a great trader among you deliberately endeavored to crush out every one whose business competed with his own; and manifestly the man who, making himself a slave to accumulation, absorbs an inordinate share of the trade or profession he is engaged in, makes life harder for all others engaged in it and excludes from it many who might otherwise gain competencies. Thus, besides the egoistic motive, there are two altruistic motives which would deter from this excess in work.

The truth is there needs a revised ideal of life. Look back through the past, or look abroad through the present, and we find that the ideal of life is variable and depends on social conditions. Every one knows that to be a successful warrior was the highest aim among all ancient peoples of note, as it is still among many barbarous peoples. When we remember that in the Norseman's heaven, the time was to be passed in daily battles with magical healing of wounds, we see how deeply rooted may become the conception that fighting is man's proper business and that industry is fit only for slaves and people of low degree. That is to say, when the chronic struggles of races necessitate perpetual wars there is evolved an ideal of life adapted to the requirements. We have changed all that in modern civilized societies, especially in England and still more in America. With the decline of militant activity and the growth of industrial activity the occupations once disgraceful have become honorable. The duty to work has taken the place of the duty to fight; and in the one case as in the other the ideal of life has become so well established that scarcely anybody dreams of questioning it. Practical business has been substituted for war as the purpose of existence.

Is this modern ideal to survive throughout the future? I think not. While all other things undergo continuous change, it is impossible that ideals should remain fixed. The ancient ideal was appropriate to the ages of conquest by man over man and spread of the strongest races. The modern ideal is appropriate to ages in which conquest of the earth and subjection of the powers of Nature to human use is the predominant need. But hereafter, when both these ends have in the main been achieved, the ideal formed will probably differ considerably from the present one. May we not foresee the nature of the difference? I think we may.

Some twenty years ago, a good friend of mine and a good friend of yours, too, though you never saw him, John Stuart Mill, delivered at St. Andrew's an inaugural address on the occasion of his appointment to the Lord Rectorship. It contained much to be admired, as did all he wrote; there ran through it, however, the tacit assumption that life is for learning and working. I felt at the time that I should have liked to take up the opposite thesis. I should have liked to contend that life is not for learning nor is life for working, but learning and working are for life. The primary use of knowledge is for such guidance of conduct under all circumstances as shall make living complete—all other uses of knowledge are secondary. It scarcely needs saying that the primary use of work is that of supplying the materials and aids to living completely; and that any other uses of work are secondary. But in men's conceptions the secondary has in great measure usurped the place of the primary.

The apostle of culture, as culture is commonly conceived, Mr. Matthew Arnold, makes little or no reference to the fact that the first use of knowledge is the right ordering of all actions; and Mr. Carlyle, who is a good exponent of current ideas about work, insists on its virtues for quite other reasons than that it achieves sustentation. We may trace everywhere in human affairs a tendency to transform the means into the end. All see that the miser does this when making the accumulation of money his sole satisfaction; he forgets that money is of value only to purchase satisfactions. But it is less commonly seen that the like is true of the work by which the money is accumulated—that industry, too, bodily or mental, is but a means, and that it is as irrational to pursue it to the exclusion of that complete living it subserves as it is for the miser to accumulate money and make no use of it. Hereafter when this age of active material progress has yielded mankind its benefits there will, I think, come a better adjustment of labor and enjoyment. Among reasons for thinking this there is the reason that the processes of evolution throughout the world at large bring an increasing surplus of energies that are not absorbed in fulfilling material needs and point to a still larger surplus for humanity of the future. And there are other reasons which I must pass over. In brief, I may say that we have had somewhat too much of the "gospel of work." It is time to preach the gospel of relaxation.

This is a very unconventional after-dinner speech. Especially it will be thought strange that in returning thanks I should deliver something very much like a homily. But I have thought I could not better convey my thanks than by the expression of a sympathy which issues in a fear. If, as I gather, this intemperance in work affects more especially the Anglo-American part of the population, if there results an undermining of the physique not only in adults, but also in the young, who as I learn from your daily journals are also being injured by overwork—if the ultimate consequence should be a dwindling away of those among you who are the inheritors of free institutions and best adapted to them, then there will come a further difficulty in the working out of that great future which lies before the American nation. To my anxiety on this account you must please ascribe the unusual character of my remarks.

And now I must bid you farewell. When I sail by the *Germanic* on Saturday, I shall bear with me pleasant remembrances of my intercourse with many Americans, joined with regrets that my state of health has prevented me from seeing a larger number.

HARRY COLLINS SPILLMAN

DOING UNTO OTHERS

[This speech has been given frequently before Rotary Clubs and when published was dedicated by the author to the Rotary Club of America. It is now reprinted from the volume "Personality" with permission of the author and of the publishers, The Gregg Publishing Co.]

No Philosophy has ever improved upon the Golden Rule, and the most gorgeous tapestry of trickery looks like a rag alongside the simple beauties of a square deal.

PLATO, in "The Republic," grips us with the story of men who lived in caves with their backs to the light and came to interpret all manifestations of life in terms of shadow. That was three thousand years ago. Since then the Adam family has evolved from the period of the cave man to the age of electricity and still we have shadow-men with us, men who are unable to distinguish between reality and unreality in certain vital issues of life. "There is a tenacious and dogmatic ignorance as everlasting as wisdom." The line is sometimes drawn fine between sanity and insanity. We may know a man for a week, a year, or a lifetime without recognizing the angle of his life which is out of plumb, the false premise which wrecks his conclusion, the hypothetical question to which he will always give the wrong answer.

Once a student of sociology was inspecting one of the large asylums in Ohio. When he came to the ward where harmless and productive inmates were interned he was introduced to a man who, years before, had been an intimate friend of his father's. The conversation that followed was spiced with humor and logic, the inmate showing rather remarkable powers of memory and a well-ordered mentality generally. When the visitor had walked a little way he turned to the superintendent and related his experience of the moment before, and inquired whether some mistake might not have been made in committing the gentleman to whom he had just been speaking. The superintendent smiled and asked him to go back to the inmate and inquire whether he knew Alexander the Great. Upon doing so, the man who a moment before had demonstrated a well-ordered mentality, threw his thumbs under his waistcoat and said, "I am Alexander the Great." Then he began to visualize and describe the expedition of the great Macedonian, even over into the city in Egypt that bears his name.

Here was a shadow-man. We are meeting them every day —men and women who have never been in the asylum either as an inmate or a visitor, but they are as insane in certain respects as was this imaginary Alexander the Great; for after all, his only error lay in the fact that he was hopelessly in the minority, and refused to admit the circumstance.

There is one stupidity that seems to cling more tenaciously than the rest; one shadow that is always distorted by the substance from which it is cast—the shadow of gold. It is in the great national pastime of gold-gathering, which we call by the more polite term of commerce, that we find the largest army of shadow-men; and yet commerce is a dignified and honorable calling. Without commerce we would have had no history. The wars of the world are just phases of commerce. But in the day of barter, selling got under the domination of Shylock methods; merchandising came to be a game of wits; and into our common law crept the admonition, "Let the buyer beware." With every generation there came a fresh group of shadow-merchants thinking they could beat an orderly universe, conceiving themselves immune from the eternal laws. All down the ages we have deceived ourselves by thinking it possible and profitable to cheat. We have tried to get something for nothing. We have been slow to learn that the inexorable relation of harvest to seedtime obtained in the animal as well as the vegetable kingdom. We are loath to believe that "Nature keeps books pitilessly; that our credit with her is good; but that she collects and there is no land to which we can fly to escape her bailiffs."

But finally came the modern philosopher telling us that a man can really only cheat himself; "that there is a silent partner to all of our bargains, the nature and soul of things taking unto itself the guaranty of fulfillment of every contract"; that man shall not travel far down the pathway of real success alone, but must go in company with his neighbors, encumbered with their friendship, their joys, and their sorrows. He must go as his brother's keeper and if his brother would go with him a mile we have been told he must take him twain. It has been the recognition and acceptance of this truth that has brought about a renaissance in the modus operandi of business. The Golden Rule has been recovered from the Sunday school room and incorporated into the tenets of big business; and behold, the more we have lived up to its ideal the greater has our business grown. Under its transforming influence peddlers have become merchant princes, and shops have been converted into international institutions with personalities as distinct as the men who produced them. Socrates said to his pupils: "If you would be happy and successful you would do well to treat others as you would have others treat you." Confucius said the same thing negatively—"Do not do unto others what you would not have others do unto you." Socrates and Confucius were not theologians; they were philosophers; but this particular philosophy squared with every great religion since their day and incidentally it squared with the law of cause and effect.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in his essay on Compensation, revived interest in the Golden Rule, but Frederick Winslow Taylor breathed into it the breath of life. For after all, knowing the truth is not equal to loving the truth, and loving the truth is not equal to living it. Benedict Arnold and Judas Iscariot knew the truth, but they did not love it and they did not live it. Taylor, with his Task and Bonus System, which was one of the greatest efficiency plans ever devised, led us over the bridge that had long separated knowledge from habit. Before his time the Golden Rule was having a wide individual application. Taylor recodified the law and christened it "Task and Bonus," and all that Taylor did in a lifetime of effort was to translate into a practical, profitable, working formula, the Sermon on the Mount. His efficiency principles restate in a more practical way the philosophies and laws set forth in the teachings of Socrates, Confucius, Mohammed, and Christ.

George Bernard Shaw was once asked if the Golden Rule was workable as a business policy, and replied: "How do I know since it has never been tried." But he was speaking of an obsolete age. The truth is that the bigger and wiser business men of our day are conducting their business according to the Golden Rule, and dividends are declared, not in spite of the fact, but on account of it.

Ten years ago, in recognition of the need of organizing men who believed in the practice of doing unto others as you would have others do unto you, an international organization known as The Rotary Club came into existence and its many thousand members in all parts of the country are now under the banner, "He profits most who serves best."

The rallying of better business men in greater commercial organizations to this old philosophy is not in any sense evangelical—it is economic. Scientific fiscal surveys have shown that the vitals of trade is credit. Credit is based on confidence which is capitalized in Wall Street in the terms of good will. The embryo business enterprise has no good will. Thousands of dollars must be spent in bringing in the first customers. Advertising would be too expensive if customers only came once. It is the cumulative value of advertising that keeps newspapers and magazines before the public. Advertising does not create good will, but it creates an opportunity for good will through service. A firm's good will is measured by the number of its customers who came yesterday, and will come again to-day and to-morrow; by the number of one-hundred-dollar accounts on the books last year that may now be converted into five-hundred-dollar accounts.

The merchant who speculates with his good will is doing business on the margin, which means an infrequent turnover of capital, and a frequent turnover of customers. The modicum of advantage is always with the tradesman who can take for granted the return of old customers. This protects him at the bank and frees his mind for the constructive work necessary for wholesale and permanent expansion. Trickery in trade belongs to the age of barter and has no place in the modern merchandising plan. The man who sells, as well as the man who buys, must beware. The merchant who cannot visualize himself as the man on the other side of the counter, and place his knowledge of values at the customer's disposal is taking an unnecessary business risk.

One of the biographers of Abraham Lincoln, on searching into his pre-political experiences, tells us that he was at one time a groceryman in Salem, Illinois. Measured by the modern sales standpoint of selling he was a scientific salesman. One day he sold a farmer a sack of flour and unintentionally short-changed his customer. When he discovered the error he closed his store and walked four miles by starlight to rectify the error. In that one act Abraham Lincoln wrote into the decalogue of his merchandising a trade characteristic seventy-five years in advance of his day.

Charles Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, in speaking recently before "The World's Congress of Salesmen," said that every great salesman has profoundly at heart the interest of his customer, and that no business can develop except as it promotes the interest of those who use its goods or its service. Noting the experiences of Stewart, Wanamaker, and Field, Mr. Schwab contends that in salesmanship the greatest possible unselfishness is the most enlightened selfishness.

Recently the vice-president of one of the greatest American business enterprises sent a three-page letter to five hundred of his salesmen. In bold script just above the salutation was the text of the letter—Matthew, Chapters v, vi, vii. The letter was a masterpiece of sales philosophy, but the following paragraph was particularly significant:

"This Hebrew carpenter went up on a mountain, nineteen hundred years ago, with a handful of followers, and laid down a new plan for doing business, and it has been working better every year for the nineteen hundred years since he made it, and each year more people believe in it. There isn't a big success in the world to-day that isn't based on it. And just as a final point, remember this: the very best and finest thing about that Sermon of the Hebrew carpenter, that has gone down through the ages, is, that it pays! It is right because it pays, and it pays because it is right!"

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY

AMERICA VISITED

[Speech of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, at the breakfast given by the Century Club, New York City, November 2, 1878.]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—The hospitality shown to me has been no exception to that with which every Englishman meets in this country, in the endless repetition of kind words and the overwhelming pressure of genial entertainment which has been thrust upon me. That famous Englishman, Dr. Johnson, when he went from England to Scotland, which, at that time, was a more formidable undertaking than is a voyage from England to America at the present time, met at a reception at St. Andrew's a young professor who said, breaking the gloomy silence of the occasion: "I trust you have not been disappointed!" And the famous Englishman replied: "No; I was told that I should find men of rude manners and savage tastes, and I have not been disappointed." So, too, when I set out for your shores I was told that I should meet a kindly welcome and the most friendly hospitality. I can only say, with Dr. Johnson, I have not been disappointed.

But in my vivid though short experience of American life and manners, I have experienced not only hospitality, but considerate and thoughtful kindness, for which I must ever be grateful. I can find it in my heart even to forgive the reporters who have left little of what I have said or done unnoted, and when they have failed in this, have invented fabulous histories of things which I never did and sayings which I never uttered. Sometimes when I have been questioned as to my impressions and views of America, I have been tempted to say with an Englishman who was hard pressed by his constituents with absurd solicitations: "Gentlemen, this is the humblest moment of my life, that you should take me for such a fool as to answer all your questions." But I know their good intentions and I forgive them freely.

The two months which I have spent on these shores seem to me two years in actual work, or two centuries rather, for in them I have lived through all American history. In Virginia I saw the era of the earliest settlers, and I met John Smith and Pocahontas on the shores of the James River. In Philadelphia I lived with William Penn, but in a splendor which I fear would have shocked his simple soul. At Salem I encountered the stern founders of Massachusetts; at Plymouth I watched the Mayflower threading its way round the shoals and promontories of that intricate bay. On Lake George and at Quebec I followed the struggle between the English and the French for the possession of this great continent. At Boston and Concord I followed the progress of the War of Independence. At Mount Vernon I enjoyed the felicity of companionship with Washington and his associates. I pause at this great name, and carry my recollections no further. But you will understand how long and fruitful an experience has thus been added to my life, during the few weeks in which I have moved amongst the scenes of your eventful history.

And then, leaving the past for the present, a new field opens before me. There are two impressions which are fixed upon my mind as to the leading characteristics of the people among whom I have passed, as the almanac informs me, but two short months. On the one hand I see that everything seems to be fermenting and growing, changing, perplexing, bewildering. In that memorable hour—memorable in the life of every man, memorable as when he sees the first view of the Pyramids, or of the snow-clad range of the Alps—in the hour when for the first time I stood before the cataracts of Niagara, I seemed to see a vision of the fears and hopes of America. It was midnight, the moon was full, and I saw from Suspension Bridge the ceaseless contortion, confusion, whirl, and chaos, which burst forth in clouds of foam from that immense central chasm which divides the American from the British dominion; and as I looked on that ever-changing movement, and listened to that everlasting roar, I saw an emblem of the devouring activity, and ceaseless, restless, beating whirlpool of existence in the United States. But into the moonlight sky there rose a cloud of spray twice as high as the Falls themselves, silent, majestic, immovable. In that silver column, glittering in the moonlight, I saw an image of the future of American destiny, of the pillar of light which should emerge from the distractions of the present—a likeness of the buoyancy and hopefulness which characterize you both as individuals and as a nation.

You may remember Wordsworth's fine lines on "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited." "America Unvisited"—that is now for me a vision of the past; that fabulous America, in which, before they come to your shores, Englishmen believe Pennsylvania to be the capital of Massachusetts, and Chicago to be a few miles from New York—that has now passed away from my mind forever. "America Visited"; this, with its historic scenes and its endless suggestions of thought, has taken the place of that fictitious region. Whether there will ever be an "America Revisited" I cannot say; but if there should be, it will then be to me not the land of the Pilgrim Fathers and Washington, so much as the land of kindly homes, and enduring friendships, and happy recollections, which have now endeared it to me. One feature of this visit I fear I cannot hope to see repeated, yet one without which it could never have been accomplished. My two friends, to whom such a pleasing reference has been made by Dr. Adams, who have made the task easy for me which else would have been impossible; who have lightened every anxiety; who have watched over me with such vigilant care that I have not been allowed to touch more than two dollars in the whole course of my journey—they, perchance, may not share in "America Revisited." But if ever such should be my own good fortune, I shall remember it as the land which I visited with them; where, if at first they were welcomed to your homes for my sake, I have often felt as the days rolled on that I was welcomed for their sake. And you will remember them. When in after years you read at the end of some elaborate essay on the history of music or on Biblical geography the name of George Grove, you will recall with pleasure the incessant questionings, the eager desire for knowledge, the wide and varied capacity for all manner of instruction, which you experienced in your conversations with him here. And when also hereafter there shall reach to your shores the fame of the distinguished physician, Dr. Harper, whether in England or in New Zealand, you will be the more rejoiced because it will bring before you the memory of the youthful and blooming student who inspected your hospitals with such keen appreciation, so impartially sifting the good from the evil.

I part from you with the conviction that such bonds of kindly intercourse will cement the union between the two countries even more than the wonderful cable, on which it is popularly believed in England that my friend and host, Mr. Cyrus Field, passes his mysterious existence appearing and reappearing at one and the same moment in London and in New York. Of that unbroken union there seemed to me a likeness, when on the beautiful shores of Lake George, the Loch Katrine of America, I saw a maple and an oak-tree growing together from the same stem, perhaps from the same root—the brilliant fiery maple, the emblem of America; the gnarled and twisted oak, the emblem of England. So may the two nations always rise together, so different each from each, and representing so distinct a future, yet each springing from the same ancestral root, each bound together by the same healthful sap, and the same vigorous growth.

HENRY MORTON STANLEY

THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT

[Speech of Henry M. Stanley at a dinner given in his honor by the Lotos Club, New York City, November 27, 1886. Whitelaw Reid, President of the Lotos Club, in welcoming Mr. Stanley, said: "Well, gentlemen, your alarm of yesterday and last night was needless. The Atlantic Ocean would not break even a dinner engagement for the man whom the terrors of the Congo and the Nile could not turn back, and your guest is here. [Applause.] It is fourteen years since you last gave him welcome. Then he came to you fresh from the discovery of Livingstone. The credulity which even doubted the records of that adventurous march or the reality of his brilliant result had hardly died out. Our young correspondent, after seeing the war end here without his having a fair chance to win his spurs, had suddenly made a wonderful hit out of the expedition which nobody had really believed in and most people had laughed at. We were proud of him, and right glad to see him, and a little bit uneasy, but vastly amused over his peppery dealings with the Royal Geographers. [Laughter.] In spite of our admiration for his pluck and his luck we did not take him quite seriously. [Laughter.] In fact we did not take anything very seriously in those days. The Lotos Club at first was younger in that hearty enthusiastic reception to Stanley fourteen years ago in that gay little clubhouse next to the Academy of Music; we were thinking far more of a hearty greeting to the comrade of the quill who had been having a hard time but had scored 'a big beat' [laughter] than of adequate recognition to the man already well launched on a career that ranks him among the foremost explorers of the century. [Loud cheers.] It is the character in which you must welcome him now. The Royal Geographical Society has no further doubt as to the credit to which he is entitled. He brings its diploma of honorary membership ["Hear! Hear!"], he bears the gold medal of Victor Emmanuel, the decorations of the Khedive, the commission of the King of the Belgians. More than any of them he cherishes another distinction—what American would not prize it?—the vote of thanks of the Legislature and the recognition of his work by our Government. The young war-correspondent has led expeditions of his own—the man who set out merely to find Livingstone, has himself done a work greater than Livingstone's. [Applause.] He has explored Equatorial Africa, penetrated the Dark Continent from side to side, mapped the Nile, and founded the Free State on the Congo. [Applause.] All honor to our returning guest!

The years have left their marks upon his frame and their honors upon his name. Let us make him forget the fevers that have parched him, the wild beasts and the more savage men that have pursued him. ["Hear! Hear!"] He is once more among the friends of his youth, in the land of his adoption. Let us make him feel at home. [Applause.] I give you the health of our friend and comrade."]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Lotos Club:—One might start a great many principles and ideas which would require to be illustrated and drawn out in order to present a picture of my feelings at the present moment. I am conscious that in my immediate vicinity there are people who were great when I was little. I remember very well when I was unknown to anybody, how I was sent to report a lecture by my friend right opposite, Mr. George Alfred Townsend, and I remember the manner in which he said: "Galileo said: 'The world moves round,' and the world does move round," upon the platform of the Mercantile Hall in St. Louis—one of the grandest things out. [Laughter and applause.] The next great occasion that I had to come before the public was Mark Twain's lecture on the Sandwich Islands, which I was sent to report. And when I look to my left here I see Colonel Anderson, whose very face gives me an idea that Bennett has got some telegraphic dispatch and is just about to send me to some terrible region for some desperate commission. [Laughter.]

And, of course, you are aware that it was owing to the proprietor and editor of a newspaper that I dropped the pacific garb of a journalist and donned the costume of an African traveler. It was not for me, one of the least in the newspaper corps, to question the newspaper proprietor's motives. He was an able editor, very rich, desperately despotic. [Laughter.] He commanded a great army of roving writers, people of fame in the news-gathering world; men who had been everywhere and had seen everything from the bottom of the Atlantic to the top of the very highest mountain; men who were as ready to give their advice to National Cabinets [laughter] as they were ready to give it to the smallest police courts in the United States. [Laughter.] I belonged to this class of roving writers, and I can truly say that I did my best to be conspicuously great in it, by an untiring devotion to my duties, an untiring indefatigability, as though the ordinary rotation of the universe depended upon my single endeavors. [Laughter.] If, as some of you suspect, the enterprise of the able editor was only inspired with a view to obtain the largest circulation, my unyielding and guiding motive, if I remember rightly, was to win his favor by doing with all my might that duty to which according to the English State Church Catechism, "it had pleased God to call me." [Laughter and applause.]

He first dispatched me to Abyssinia—straight from Missouri to Abyssinia! What a stride, gentlemen! [Laughter.] People who lived west of the Missouri River have scarcely, I think, much knowledge of Abyssinia, and there are gentlemen here who can vouch for me in that, but it seemed to Mr. Bennett a very ordinary thing, and it seemed to his agent in London a very ordinary thing indeed, so I of course followed suit. I took it as a very ordinary thing, and I went to Abyssinia, and somehow or other good-luck followed me and my telegrams reporting the fall of Magdala happened to be a week ahead of the British Government's. The people said I had done right well, though the London papers said I was an impostor. [Laughter.]

The second thing I was aware of was that I was ordered to Crete to run the blockade, describe the Cretan rebellion from the Cretan side, and from the Turkish side; and then I was sent to Spain to report from the Republican side and from the Carlist side, perfectly dispassionately. [Laughter.] And then, all of a sudden, I was sent for to come to Paris. Then Mr. Bennett, in that despotic way of his, said: "I want you to go and find Livingstone." As I tell you, I was a mere newspaper reporter. I dared not confess my soul as my own. Mr. Bennett merely said: "Go," and I went. He gave me a glass of champagne and I think that was superb. [Laughter.] I confessed my duty to him, and I went. And as good-luck would have it, I found Livingstone. [Loud and continued cheering.] I returned as a good citizen ought and as a good reporter ought and as a good correspondent ought, to tell the tale, and arriving at Aden, I telegraphed a request that I might be permitted to visit civilization before I went to China. [Laughter.] I came to civilization, and what do you think was the result? Why, only to find that all the world disbelieved my story. [Laughter.] Dear me! If I were proud of anything, it was that what I said was a fact ["Good!"]; that whatever I said I would do, I would endeavor to do with all my might, or, as many a good man had done before, as my predecessors had done, to lay my bones behind. That's all. [Loud cheering.] I was requested in an off-hand manner—just as any member of the Lotos Club here present would say say—"Would you mind giving us a little resumé of your geographical work?" I said: "Not in the least, my dear sir; I have not the slightest objection." And do you know that to make it perfectly geographical and not in the least sensational, I took particular pains and I wrote a paper out, and when it was printed, it was just about so long [indicating an inch.] It contained about a hundred polysyllabic African words. [Laughter.] And yet "for a' that and a' that" the pundits of the Geographical Society—Brighton Association—said that they hadn't come to listen to any sensational stories, but that they had come to listen to facts. [Laughter.] Well now, a little gentleman, very reverend, full of years and honors, learned in Cufic inscriptions and cuneiform characters, wrote to "The Times" stating that it was not Stanley who had discovered Livingstone but that it was Livingstone who had discovered Stanley. [Laughter.]

If it had not been for that unbelief, I don't believe I should ever have visited Africa again; I should have become, or I should have endeavored to become, with Mr. Reid's permission, a conservative member of the Lotos Club. [Laughter.] I should have settled down and become as steady and as stolid as some of these patriots that you have around here, I should have said nothing offensive. I should have done some "treating." I should have offered a few cigars and on Saturday night, perhaps, I would have opened a bottle of champagne and distributed it among my friends. But that was not to be. I left New York for Spain and then the Ashantee War broke out and once more my good-luck followed me and I got the treaty of peace ahead of everybody else, and as I was coming to England from the Ashantee War a telegraphic dispatch was put into my hands at the Island of St. Vincent, saying that Livingstone was dead. I said: "What does that mean to me? New Yorkers don't believe in me. How was I to prove that what I have said is true? By George! I will go and complete Livingstone's work. I will prove that the discovery of Livingstone was a mere fleabite. I will prove to them that I am a good man and true." That is all that I wanted. [Loud cheers.]

I accompanied Livingstone's remains to Westminster Abbey. I saw those remains buried which I had left sixteen months before enjoying full life and abundant hope. The "Daily Telegraph's" proprietor cabled over to Bennett: "Will you join us in sending Stanley over to complete Livingstone's explorations?" Bennett received the telegram in New York, read it, pondered a moment, snatched a blank and wrote: "Yes. Bennett." That was my commission, and I set out to Africa intending to complete Livingstone's explorations, also to settle the Nile problem, as to where the head-waters of the Nile were, as to whether Lake Victoria consisted of one lake, one body of water, or a number of shallow lakes; to throw some light on Sir Samuel Baker's Albert Nyanza, and also to discover the outlet of Lake Tanganyika, and then to find out what strange, mysterious river this was which had lured Livingstone on to his death—whether it was the Nile, the Niger, or the Congo. Edwin Arnold, the author of "The Light of Asia," said: "Do you think you can do all this?" "Don't ask me such a conundrum as that. Put down the funds and tell me to go. That is all." ["Hear! Hear!"] And he induced Lawson, the proprietor, to consent. The funds were put down, and I went.

First of all, we settled the problem of the Victoria that it was one body of water, that instead of being a cluster of shallow lakes or marshes, it was one body of water, 21,500 square miles in extent. While endeavoring to throw light upon Sir Samuel Baker's Albert Nyanza, we discovered a new lake, a much superior lake to Albert Nyanza—the dead Locust Lake—and at the same time Gordon Pasha sent his lieutenant to discover and circumnavigate the Albert Nyanza and he found it to be only a miserable 140 miles, because Baker, in a fit of enthusiasm had stood on the brow of a high plateau and looking down on the dark blue waters of Albert Nyanza, cried romantically: "I see it extending indefinitely toward the southwest!" Indefinitely is not a geographical expression, gentlemen. [Laughter.] We found that there was no outlet to the Tanganyika, although it was a sweet-water lake; we, settling that problem, day after day as we glided down the strange river that had lured Livingstone to his death, were as much in doubt as Livingstone had been, when he wrote his last letter and said: "I will never be made black man's meat for anything less than the classic Nile."

After traveling 400 miles we came to the Stanley Falls, and beyond them, we saw the river deflect from its Nileward course toward the northwest. Then it turned west, and then visions of towers and towns and strange tribes and strange nations broke upon our imagination, and we wondered what we were going to see, when the river suddenly took a decided turn toward the southwest and our dreams were put an end to. We saw then that it was aiming directly for the Congo, and when we had propitiated some natives whom we encountered by showing them crimson beads and polished wire, that had been polished for the occasion, we said: "This is for your answer. What river is this?" "Why, it is *the* river, of course." That was not an answer, and it required some persuasion before the chief, bit by bit digging into his brain, managed to roll out sonorously that, "It is the Ko-to-yah Congo." "It is the river of Congo-land." Alas for our classic dreams! Alas for Crophi and Mophi, the fabled fountains of Herodotus! Alas for the banks of the river where Moses was found by the daughter of Pharaoh! This is the parvenu Congo! Then we glided on and on past strange nations and cannibals—not past those nations which have their heads under their arms—for 1,100 miles, until we arrived at the circular extension of the river and my last remaining companion called it the Stanley Pool, and then five months after that our journey ended.

After that I had a very good mind to come back to America, and say, like the Queen of Uganda: "There, what did I tell you?" But you know, the fates would not permit me to come over in 1878. The very day I landed in Europe the King of Italy gave me an express train to convey me to France, and the very moment I descended from it at Marseilles there were three ambassadors from the King of the Belgians who asked me to go back to Africa. "What! go back to Africa? Never! [Laughter.] I have come for civilization; I have come for enjoyment. I have come for love, for life, for pleasure. Not I. Go and ask some of those people you know who have never been to Africa before. I have had enough of it." "Well, perhaps, by and by?" "Ah, I don't know what will happen by and by, but, just now, never! never! Not for Rothschild's wealth!" [Laughter and applause.]

I was received by the Paris Geographical Society, and it was then I began to feel "Well, after all, I have done something, haven't I?" I felt superb [laughter], but you know I have always considered myself a Republican. I have those bullet-riddled flags, and those arrow-torn flags, the Stars and Stripes that I carried in Africa, for the discovery of Livingstone, and that crossed Africa, and I venerate those old flags. I have them in London now, jealously guarded in the secret recesses of my cabinet. I only allow my very best friends to look at them, and if any of you gentlemen ever happen in at my quarters, I will show them to you. [Applause.]

After I had written my book, "Through the Dark Continent," I began to lecture, using these words: "I have passed through a land watered by the largest river of the African continent, and that land knows no owner. A word to the wise is sufficient. You have cloths and hardware and glassware and gunpowder and these millions of natives have ivory and gums and rubber and dye-stuffs, and in barter there is good profit." [Laughter.]

The King of the Belgians commissioned me to go to that country. My expedition when we started from the coast numbered 300 colored people and fourteen Europeans. We returned with 3,000 trained black men and 300 Europeans. The first sum allowed me was $50,000 a year, but it has ended at something like $700,000 a year. Thus, you see, the progress of civilization. We found the Congo, having only canoes. To-day there are eight steamers. It was said at first that King Leopold was a dreamer. He dreamed he could unite the barbarians of Africa into a confederacy and call it the Free State, but on February 25, 1885, the Powers of Europe and America also ratified an act, recognizing the territories acquired by us to be the free and independent

State of the Congo. Perhaps when the members of the Lotos Club have reflected a little more upon the value of what Livingstone and Leopold have been doing, they will also agree that these men have done their duty in this world and in the age that they lived, and that their labor has not been in vain on account of the great sacrifices they have made to the benighted millions of dark Africa. [Loud and enthusiastic applause.]

LESLIE STEPHEN

THE CRITIC

[Speech of Leslie Stephen at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, April 29, 1893 in response to the toast, "Literature." Sir Frederic Leighton, President of the Academy, spoke of Literature as "that in which is garnered up the heat that feeds the spiritual life of men." In the vein of personal compliment he said: "For literature I turn to a distinguished writer whose acute and fearless mind finds a fit vehicle in clear and vigorous English and to me seems winged by that vivid air which plays about the Alpine peaks his feet have in the past so dearly loved to tread—I mean my friend, Leslie Stephen."]

Mr. President, Your Royal Highness, My Lords, and Gentlemen:—When a poet or a great imaginative writer has to speak in this assembly he speaks as to brethren-in-arms, to persons with congenial tastes and with mutual sympathies, but when, instead of the creative writer, the Academy asks a critic to speak to them, then nothing but your proverbial courtesy can conceal the fact that they must really think they are appealing to a natural enemy. I have the misfortune to be a critic [laughter], but in this assembly I must say I am not an art critic. Friends have made a presumptuous attempt to fathom the depth of my ignorance upon artistic subjects, and they have thought that in some respects I must be admirably qualified for art criticism. [Laughter.]

As a literary critic I have felt, and I could not say I was surprised to find how unanimously critics have been condemned by poets and artists of all generations. I need only quote the words of the greatest authority, Shakespeare, who in one of his most pathetic sonnets reckons up the causes of the weariness of life and speaks of the spectacle of—

> "Art made tongue-tied by authority,
> And folly (doctor-like), controlling skill."

The great poet probably wrote these words after the much misrepresented interview with Lord Bacon in which the Chancellor explained to the poet how "Hamlet" should have been written, and from which it has been inferred that he took credit for having written it himself. [Laughter.] Shakespeare naturally said what every artist must feel; for what is an artist? That is hardly a question to be asked in such an assembly, where I have only to look round to find plenty of people who realize the ideal artist, persons who are simple, unconventional, spontaneous, sweet-natured [laughter], who go through the world influenced by impressions of everything that is beautiful, sublime, and pathetic. Sometimes they seem to take up impressions of a different kind [laughter]; but still this is their main purpose—to receive impressions of images, the reproduction of which may make this world a little better for us all. For such people a very essential condition is that they should be spontaneous; that they should look to nothing but telling us what they feel and how they feel it; that they should obey no external rules, and only embody those laws which have become a part of their natural instinct, and that they should think nothing, as of course they do nothing, for money; though they would not be so hard-hearted as to refuse to receive the spontaneous homage of the world, even when it came in that comparatively vulgar form. [Laughter.]

But what is a critic? He is a person who enforces rules upon the artist, like a gardener who snips a tree in order to make it grow into a preconceived form, or grafts upon it until it develops into a monstrosity which he considers beautiful. We have made some advance upon the old savage. The man who went about saying, "This will never do," has become a thing of the past. The modern critic if he has a fault has become too genial; he seems not to distinguish between the functions of a critic and the founder of a new religious sect. [Laughter.] He erects shrines to his ideals, and he burns upon them good, strong, stupefying incense. This may be less painful to the artist than the old-fashioned style; but it may be doubted whether it is not equally corrupting, and whether it does not stimulate a selfishness equally fatal to spontaneous production; whether it does not in the attempt to encourage originality favor a spurious type which consists merely in setting at defiance real common sense, and sometimes common decency.

I hope that critics are becoming better, that they have learned what impostors they have been, and that their philosophy has been merely the skillful manipulation of sonorous words, and that on the whole, they must lay aside their magisterial rôle and cease to suppose they are persons enforcing judicial decisions or experts who can speak with authority about chemical analysis. I hope that critics will learn to lay aside all pretension and to see only things that a critic really can see, and express genuine sympathy with human nature; and when they have succeeded in doing that they will be received as friends in such gatherings as the banquet of the Royal Academy. [Cheers.]

ERNEST M. STIRES

THE SOUTHLAND

[This speech was delivered at the Twentieth Annual Dinner of the New York Southern Society, held in the grand ball-room of the Waldorf-Astoria on Wednesday evening, December 13, 1905. The Toastmaster in introducing the speaker said: "There is one calling among men incomparably higher and beyond all others, which, when worthily lived guarantees integrity of spirit, purity of heart and exaltation of mind. We have with us a man of that calling, on whom the robe of righteousness hangs like a well-fitting garment. I am proud to introduce to you our fellow countryman the Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, Rector of St. Thomas' Church."]

Mr. President, Members of the Southern Society, Ladies and Gentlemen:—I do not need to tell any one here that I am utterly unworthy the praise of your President, and that I am conscious of my unworthiness. Judge Hornblower said a moment ago that the president had made it difficult for him to begin his speech because of his exceedingly flattering introduction. Mine has been made doubly difficult for me because the Judge has suggested very appropriate words for you to utter in case the "second act" does not please you. [Applause and laughter.]

However, I take it Sirs, that the compliment of being asked to be present here to-night to speak a few words to the members of the Southery Society is not in any sense a personal one, but is due to that well known devotion of the Southern people, not only to the State but to the Church as well. And so standing here somewhat in that representative capacity, I thank you for the privilege of being here, but must remind you that I am only an interlude between the first and second acts. The more serious work is to come in a few moments from this very solemn gentleman upon my left.

I regret fully as much as any of you the apparent interruption which my introduction affected in the interesting address to which you have just listened, and I am reminded of something the Hon. John Temple Graves told as happening to him in England when he was to be the first speaker, and to be truthful the toastmaster was one who makes me think of our present toastmaster because he was so different. The toastmaster turned with extreme infelicity to the Honorable gentleman on his right and said "Mr. Graves, shall we let them enjoy themselves a little longer, or shall we let them have your speech?" [Laughter and applause.] I could have wished, gentlemen, that you had been permitted to enjoy yourselves a little longer.

It is not difficult to believe that that thing is true of the Southerner which they say of an Englishman, that he carries his country with him wherever he goes. It does not require such a stretch of imagination for us of the South to-night almost to catch a bit of fragrance of the jasmine and magnolias, to feel the beams of the soft Southern moon stealing down upon us, to hear the mocking birds calling and answering each other in the tree tops. The South is here. And we think how fortunate we are in that individual heritage which we possess in being sons of such a mother. What a heritage of mind and heart and soul has she given to her children. Of mind, for we need not call the roll of men of letters and statesmen. Of heart, for we come from a land where friendship is something more than a word. And of soul, for the Southern character and the Southern honor are not mere empty expressions.

And yet we are in another land, although the Southern Cross is welcome amid the constellations of these Northern skies. We are far from our home and amid surroundings which in many respects give a strong contrast to the conditions in which, as we say, we were "born and raised." We look back to that land, a land of homes, a land of simplest of lives, where extravagance, for more reasons than one, was unknown. A land where people live and know each other, and train children. We are now in this busy city, the greatest city, it seems to me, in all this world, where life is a rushing stream, where all around us are the auguries of eager greatness for the city and for the country. We are living in the midst of splendor and luxury, and around us are the signs of the great prosperity which has come to our land in these latter days. And yet with all these blessings, for surely prosperity and commerce are blessings, we see the evil which so often comes in its turn. Prosperity is good; commerce is good, but commercialism is degrading, and it is a danger with which we are face to face to-day.

Without attempting a definition as to what commercialism is, as to how it is to be faced, and how it is to be conquered, simply let me say, if you please, this: For our own good and for what we can do for our common country and the city which is now our home, let us try to look back to the old principles which our mother the Southland taught us, the old standards of honor and integrity, of charity and justice, and of integrity. Let not our parent suffer in this time, but in no uncertain fashion be governed by the splendid traditions of the noble past.

I recall, sirs, and it seems to me most appropriate that all Southerners at this time should recall it, that about forty years ago our Great Man received a communication in which he was offered the presidency of a life insurance company in the North, and to it was attached the alluring attraction of a very large salary, large for those days. Robert E. Lee [applause] wrote back and said that he had no abilities to give to the company which were worth any such amount of money, and he was unable to give them value for what they proposed to pay him. They said, "Sir, your name is of such tremendous influence with Southern people that it will be worth to us all we offer you" and in reply came another answer, "If I have any influence with the Southern people, it is not for sale." [Prolonged applause.]

But, gentlemen, another fight is on to-day; the fight between decency and indecency, between honesty and dishonesty, between simplicity and extravagance. It is a bitter one, as we all know, and the question which I a Southerner, might with the greatest propriety, ask here to-night of other Southerners is, "What can we contribute to the stopping of this evil, to the conquering of it in the community in which we live?" We should look back to catch from the lips and life of our Great

Man and from the lips and examples of those who poured out their life blood for principle's sake, whether we can in these piping times of peace, in these days of great prosperity, in these times when material rewards are so great that it almost tempts us to wonder whether it be possible for a man to remain steadfast to principle if only the price to buy him be made great enough, that he shall remember these words ringing down all these years. "If I have any influence it is not for sale." [Prolonged applause.]

And so, gentlemen, looking back to the dear old Southland to-night, very lovingly, very proudly and very gratefully, realizing all that our mother, the Southland, gave us as a part of our heritage, and realizing the responsibility that heritage brings to us, and knowing how true it is of us the children who when away from home are to be doubly careful, more careful than if we were at home, because the mother will be judged by what our conduct is when we go among others, it seems to me supremely important that we should be strictly loyal to the traditions of our great past.

And so, as we have had occasion during the last week to recall, I might venture to repeat here to-night, with apologies to a splendid teacher, that poet of humanity, some lines of gratitude he once uttered; repeat them with the hope that we Southerners, thankful for all that has been given to us, grateful for the splendid heritage which we possess, are prepared to acknowledge that man does not own his wealth, he owes it. He owes it and the greatest luxury that a man can possess is the luxury of living, and therefore grateful for the possession which has come to us through being Southerners, we propose to make that count for something strong and something splendid in the city and home of our adoption, and therefore I give you these words:

"The bridegroom may forget the bride,
  Was made his wedded wife on yestre'en,
The monarch may forget the crown
  That on his head an hour hath been,
The mother may forget the child
  Who smiles so sweetly at her knee,

But I'll remember thee, Southland,
And all that thou hast done for me."

[Prolonged applause.]

Hoping that I have taken the demonstration for what is meant, the President has permitted me to add just these few words, and it is a story, not a "bad" story.

Once upon a time a mother was accustomed to send for her little boy every minute of the day, whether she wanted him or not and consequently every few minutes would be heard the familiar tones "Tim" "Tim" calling. But one time Tim was up in the upper story of the house reading the latest dime novel with much enjoyment and greatest avidity, and consequently hearing the familiar tones he paid no attention. But when the voice grew more insistent Tim came down to the top of the stairs and looking down said, "Ma, do you want me or was you jest holleren?" [Laughter and applause.]

OSCAR S. STRAUS

THE GROWTH OF AMERICAN PRESTIGE

[This address was delivered at the 142nd Annual Banquet of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York held at the Waldorf-Astoria on November 17, 1910. The Toastmaster, in introducing the speaker, said: "Gentlemen, our next toast is 'The Growth of American Prestige'; and, certainly, no one is more competent to respond to the same than our distinguished fellow citizen, Ambassador Oscar S. Straus. [Great Applause.] Mr. Straus held the portfolio of Commerce and Labor in the last administration, and has, at three different periods, been our diplomatic representative to Turkey. On the last two occasions, his service called for consummate ability and trained experience in order to meet and successfully cope with the delicate and complicated situations presented, and our pleasant relations with Turkey are the best testimonial to his efficiency in office. If Dame Rumor may be relied upon, he prefers New York to Constantinople, and we may, in the near future, be able to greet him as fellow resident as well as fellow citizen. Gentlemen, let us drink to the health of Ambassador Straus." [Great Applause.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—For the past hundred years we have been conscious of our growth and greatness, the American eagle even while yet a fledgling spread wide its wings, soared high and was never a silent bird, yet abroad we were regarded as a negligible member of the family of nations, as a country not only possessing magnificent distances but magnificently distant.

Formerly a European diplomat when he was transferred from some minor post to Washington regarded it not as a promotion, but as an undesirable service which would count double in his future career. Young Secretaries, sometimes of good families but more frequently of depleted fortunes, were sent here not because of their possessing special ability, but for their prepossessing amiability to capture Uncle Sam's charming daughters with their attractive dots, and I must say the American wives usually succeeded, except when the possibilities were not too hopeless, in awakening ambition in their foreign husbands, and as most adaptable and intelligent helpmates, made of them useful, and often distinguished diplomatic officials.

It is a strange historical coincidence that the two great English speaking nations came out as it were from their isolation and developed into great world powers following, if not growing out of a war with the same nation. The destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588 gave to England international independence, and made her mistress of the sea, while our war with Spain, followed by the peaceful and triumphal procession of our warships around the globe raised the United States to a great world power, and achieved for us an international respect not only on the Atlantic and the Pacific, but throughout the habitable world. Let me give you a quaint illustration of this, a little incident that happened to me at the Sublime Porte. Twelve years ago during my former mission to Turkey they had at the Porte as attendants several deaf mutes who by gestures had a way of describing the diplomatic representatives of the several countries. At that time they described me by holding up their palms and blowing upon them, indicating I had been wafted from a country far, far away. This time, however, I was told they described me by swinging their arms around a circle to indicate I represented the great world power.

Our country from the beginning has been represented by many capable accredited officials in the leading capitals of the world, yet the men who have done most to advance American prestige were two unaccredited private citizens, the one the hero of our Civil War who sheathed his sword with the message to our people: "Let us have peace"—General Grant. [Applause.] The other, Theodore Roosevelt, [applause] the champion of the justified grievances of the masses, who aroused the conscience of our people and won the admiration of monarch and peasant, from Khartoum to Christiania, for American ideas and practical idealism. "Americanism," said he, "is a question of spirit, convictions and purpose, not of creed or birthplace."

We are a commercial nation but not a commercialized people; we love the almighty dollar, but love the Almighty more.

Commerce is based on mutuality and reciprocity. It wages its contest not against the people but against the silent forces of nature, to put to the uses of man the richest products of his skill and ingenuity, and to raise the comforts and standards of life and living. Our diplomacy is directed towards securing a fair field and no favor, an open door in the markets of the world, and in that spirit we have been foremost among nations to lead to a peaceful solution the most important international differences. [Applause.] We were the first to open the doors of the International Tribunal at the Hague, and in conjunction with Great Britain have submitted to it the gravest and most difficult questions for solution that have ever been presented for international arbitral justice—the Alabama claims, and the long pending and often threatening Fishery disputes.

"No greater calamity," said Lecky, "can befall a nation than to cut itself off from all historical connection with its own past, as France did during the Revolution," except I would add, it be a blind disregard for the welfare and opportunities of those who come after us. To this destructive spirit of indulgence and suicidal disregard for the future, is due more than to any other cause, the fall of the mighty empires of the Eastern World, whose buried columns, devastated forests, and exhausted lands yet remain as the silent but warning witnesses to the selfishness of man and the folly of nations. Bismarck said the logic of history is as exacting as Prussia's accounting office. To profit by that logic, and to instruct and arouse public conscience, to guard the nation's natural resources from waste and exhaustion formed the philosophical basis of the policies of the last administration and of the constructive statesmanship of President Taft. [Applause.]

When great wealth is allied to great souls it is a blessing, but soulless wealth is an evil in itself and a menace to our future as a nation. The death knell of our grandeur and prestige will sound when we permit the men who control millions to reach out for more millions through political power, or when we permit men who wield political power to debauch it, to reach out for millions. No form of government can endure when the instruments through which it works are corrupt. We are blessed in the fact that in no country does private munificence make so large a contribution to benevolence and public uses as with us, and in no country does humanitarian idealism make a deeper impression upon national character. Last year when your distinguished member John S. Kennedy died, and when his will was made public with its benefactions reaching from the Golden Gate of the Pacific to the Golden Horn of the Bosphorus, one of the leading European papers stated, that the Americans had found a remedy for their swollen fortunes, and that remedy was in swollen benefactions.

The unit of our Democracy is the individual, and its basis is trust in the people. The distinguishing feature between our political, economical, and social fabric, and the European systems, is that under our system all the people have the fullest opportunity to reap the benefits of individual liberty, material welfare, and social equality, and so long as these are preserved —and to preserve them we must guard them not only from above, but with no less determination and jealousy from below—they will continue to insure our stability and happiness and be a gain to the world and to civilization. So long as our idle rich drift abroad and the honest laborer comes to us, America will grow in power and prestige but when the tide reverses it will mark decay. [Applause.]

With a nation as with the man, without ideals he may maintain the present but he cannot help in molding the future. Our ideals were less recognized and lacked impressiveness so long as we remained isolated and distant, but as we are coming year by year in closer touch with the nations of the world in the markets of the world, and stand forth as a strong and righteous people for a square deal not only in our home affairs, but also in our international relations, we will march forward in fulfillment of Sumner's prophecy: "The national example will be more puissant than army or navy for the conquest of the world." Yet so long as the world conditions and international relations are far from ideal, notwithstanding the progress that has been made, we must have an adequate navy that will command respect for its size and efficiency, but the Union Jack alone is not sufficient to advance our prestige unless it is supplemented by a merchant marine. No more patriotic cause appeals to the merchants and manufacturers of the nation than to enlighten our legislators, so that they will understand that we can never win and retain our share in the markets of the world so long as we chain our merchant flag to our coasts and restrain American-owned ships from carrying our products to distant shores. Our present laws in their effect promote the ocean carrying trade of other nations and discriminate against our merchants and our flag. I am a protectionist, and because I am I believe in protecting not alone our domestic, but equally our foreign trade, and that trade will never attain its legitimate proportions, until we shape our laws so that American ships—by which I mean ships owned by Americans and sailing under our flag—can carry American products over every sea to the four quarters of the earth. If this cannot be brought about in any other way, then let us annually devote one-half the cost of a man-of-war as a postal subsidy to the building up of our merchant marine, which sum will come back to us tenfold in the increase of our foreign trade, and in the growth of American intercourse and prestige throughout the world. [Great applause.]

HUDSON STUCK

ALASKA, FISH, AND INDIANS

[The Venerable Hudson Stuck, Archdeacon of the Yukon, is well known for his work in Alaska and for his advocacy of the needs of the people of that territory. This address was delivered at the dinner in honor of the Right Reverend Charles Sumner Burch, D.D., Bishop of New York, by the Church Club of New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria, Tuesday, October 28, 1919.]

MR. CHAIRMAN, BISHOP BURCH, AND MY FRIENDS:—When I received this invitation, the invitation to attend this dinner and to make a speech, I was fully conscious, I think, of the great honor done me, but a little bewildered at it. There seemed at first something incongruous in intruding the subject of Alaskan missions into a dinner of welcome to the Bishop of New York; but upon reflection, while the honor was enhanced, I think the incongruity disappeared. New York has relations with all the ends of the earth, and just as the commercial interests of the metropolis stretch without interruption into the remotest regions, so do the interests of this metropolitan diocese.

We have been told again and again that the three great foes of the Church are parochialism, and diocesism, and provincialism. I will not say, in a choice phrase which I culled this morning from a book by a well known Presbyter of this diocese, the Rector of the Church of the Ascension, that it is our job to jettison these Jonahs. [Laughter.] But I think we all hail with delight any evidence that shows a tendency to look upon the Church as a whole and the work of the Church as a whole, throughout the whole world. And so I was comforted this morning at that great ceremony at the Cathedral, to find myself marshalled amongst the clergy of neighboring dioceses. [Laughter.]

It is of real concern to us in Alaska who is Bishop of New York. It is of real concern to us in Alaska what is the disposition of the Church in New York. We have not forgotten that it was the generosity of a layman of this diocese that rendered possible the setting up of the missionary jurisdiction of Alaska, twenty-four years ago. We cherish the warmest feelings towards parish after parish in this great city; old Trinity, and Grace Church, and St. Thomas' and St. James' and St. Michael's, and the Incarnation—indeed, so widely are we indebted that it is almost invidious to mention any names, and in the name of the Bishop and Clergy of Alaska, in the name of the white people and the native people who are under our charge, I beg leave to add my modest words of welcome to your new Bishop,—my words of high respect and esteem and confidence. May God grant him health and strength, grace and wisdom and patience, high purpose and far-reaching vision to administer this so great a charge.

I am glad of the opportunity that has been so graciously given me this evening to speak a few words upon the affairs of Alaska, the more that there presses upon us a present exigency in which your aid and your sympathy must be very valuable. I do not expect ladies and gentlemen here to share my deep feeling for the native people of that country amongst whom, for the most part, my work has lain for the last fifteen years. There are certain emotions that refuse transplantation, —aborigines of the heart that will not be naturalized in alien soil, as Charles Lamb said in one of his essays. Only a long residence and an intimate acquaintance can arouse the feeling of deep affection with which I regard these gentle, simple, trusting folk.

I am afraid that some of you would, at first sight, be at difficulty in any sort of approximation toward such feeling. I remember a gentleman tourist from New York who said in my hearing that he did not know what dirt was until he had seen an Alaskan Indian village, and yet, I learned later that he was himself the owner of tenement property in one of the worst slum districts of this city. [Laughter.] I am afraid I must confess that they are dirty. It is a pretty hard matter to be clean in the Arctic region. I remember, before I went to Alaska, after Bishop Rowe had been describing one of his long journeys, saying to him, "What do you do about baths?" and he answered, grimly enough. "Do without." [Laughter.]

And we are somewhat in the position of the Connecticut colonel who was expatiating upon his sufferings in Arizona through inability to get anything to drink, and some one said, "Why, was there no water at all?" And he said, "Water, sir! was that a time to be thinking about personal cleanliness [laughter], when we were in danger of dying of thirst?" So, when a man has to melt snow or ice for every drop of water that he procures for eight or nine months in the year, why the considerations that the Connecticut colonel didn't think there was time for, don't press so very heavily upon us.

And yet there must spring up, I think, in any magnanimous breast a recognition of the claim of these Alaskan natives to kindly and generous consideration. In political status they are the wards of the nation, without voice or representation of their own, inarticulate, and since they have no votes and no voice, the nation is heedless of them. Ecclesiastically, for a thousand miles of the Yukon and more than fifteen hundred miles on the tributary streams, they are the wards of the Episcopal Church, knowing nothing of any other religious organizations [applause]; and since the Government has been heedless of them, it has fallen upon the Church to minister to their necessities in other than religious matters. We have given them much needed medical attention. We have built hospitals and sent doctors and nurses amongst them, though our efforts have been sore let and hindered by the difficulty of securing suitable persons at the meager stipend which the Church has been able to afford.

The neglect of the Government does not seem so much the fault of individuals as the fault of our cumbersome, unelastic, unresponsive system. I have lately read over the file of reports of governors of Alaska for the thirty-five years that Alaska has had civil government of any sort, and I can say, as Gibbons said when he closed the pages of Gregory of Tours, "I have painfully acquired by tedious perusal the right of pronouncing this unfavorable opinion." [Laughter.] For governor after governor has pointed out the needs of the natives and pleaded that these needs be supplied, as, bursting with indignation, they have simply begged for doctors and hospitals. Thirty-five years ago the Governor of Alaska wrote the same thing that the Governor wrote last year, and I am of the opinion that, for any effect that has been produced, these reports might just as well have been solemnly sealed up in bottles and cast into the sea. I think they would have had just as much effect reposing in the bellies of sharks and whales as reposing in pigeon-holes in Washington. [Laughter.] O. Henry said in one of his admirable stories that there are always two people who read consular reports,—a clerk in the foreign office, and the compositor who sets them up in type. [Laughter.] I think that is true of governor's reports also.

And now, when in default of the Government, we have made some considerable progress in the prevention of preventable disease; when the death rate is falling; when, by the operation of that most beneficent law, certainly most beneficent in Alaska, entirely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor [applause], one of the greatest dangers to the race has been removed; when we who are concerned with the welfare of these people have taken new hope and new courage,—there has been set on foot, with Government permission, against our vigorous protest, an iniquitous enterprise which threatens the destruction of all the natives of the interior.

The main-stay of the people of the interior of Alaska is fish. All summer through the river banks are dotted with fish camps where nets and racks, or wheels revolved by the current, gather the salmon as they pursue their remarkable migration to the head-waters of the stream. I sometimes fancy that I can hear the voice of God calling to the waters, "Ho! Pacific, Ho! Behring Sea, send the fish that my people of the interior may be fed!" After a while the racks grow heavy with the red fish supply, hung up in the sun to dry; and that dried fish is the staple food of the whole population and of their indispensable dogs. All through the long winter, in some regions where game is plentiful, the fish diet is largely supplemented by meat. In others, where game is scarce, there is very little else than fish. But everywhere the stock of dried fish is the pledge against the precariousness of the case, and is the only food of the dogs.

Last summer as the Bishop and I pursued our way in the launch *Pelican* up and down the streams, visiting missions remote from one another, attached to fish camps, we found dejection in the faces of the people and dismay in their hearts. We found the fish racks empty, and we felt very strongly that many of them were threatened with starvation this coming winter. The explanation is that the United States Fish Commission has permitted the establishment of a commercial salmon cannery at the mouth of the Yukon, and that the fish which God sends up that river every summer to feed his Indians along this whole immense length, and the still greater length of its tributaries, are intercepted and confiscated by this commercial company at the mouth.

The thing was begun tentatively last summer—summer before last—disguised—I think it has become a public duty not to say "camouflaged"—[laughter]—disguised as a war measure; and I am not surprised to learn that, in other matters and other questions, the public need has been seized upon to glut private greed. Last November, the United States Fish Commission held a hearing in Seattle, when it was not possible for any one from the interior to be present; when the cannery people and the transportation people, and their lawyers and their special pleaders were all gathered, and Bishop Rowe alone stood representing the native people and pleading their cause. [Loud applause.] And at this hearing, the definite permission was given—I do not desire to indulge in violent language—I desire to live in soberness and righteousness all the days of my life—soberness and righteousness of speech, as well as of action—and yet when I think of the sacrifice of these native people to commercial greed, my indignation surges so strongly within me that I have to set close watch on my lips. To intercept their fish spelled starvation to many hundreds of them, just as surely as intercepting the trainloads of provisions coming to this city would spell starvation to the inhabitants here.

So I am come here to ask your aid to-night to fight this iniquitous thing, to dislodge those licensed robbers of the Indians,—to restore to a hardy, gentle and deserving folk the natural provision of food which alone renders life possible in the Arctic and sub-Arctic wilderness. [Applause.] I await with apprehension the word that shall come out of the North when trails are established and winter mails can move. I fear that I shall hear of much suffering and starvation. I expect to hear that dogs have died wholesale, and what the Indian will do when deprived of his dogs I do not know.

Now, here is a great to do, I can fancy I hear some of you say, about Indians and fish, and indeed I know not what answer to make. I feel much hesitation about intruding our Indians and their fish upon this distinguished company. Yet they are your fellow-Americans and their fish is their staff of life. They are a generous and kindly people, and they do not understand injustice and meanness on the part of the great American Government. They gave to the Red Cross again and again. They gave to the Armenians. They gave to the Belgians. The native people at the Yukon are to-day supporting a French orphan. They gave generously of their poverty to every cause that has been presented to them. The first view of any native people, any primitive people, the first contact with them, makes their differences from ourselves stand out. A longer and closer acquaintance makes points of similarity stand out. And I am sure that Bishop Brent and any other who has had intercourse with primitive people will agree with me, that after a while the most prominent feeling that one has is of the substantial and fundamental identity of them; they are just people—God's children, for whom he sent his Blessed Son into the world to die, even as for you; that these Indian souls, by the great sacrament of His Body and Blood are looking forward with sure and certain hopes of a joyful resurrection, even as you; and to-night these people, without speaking mouth, speak to you at my mouth, to ask your voice and your influence that they may not be disinherited of their chief means of subsistence. They who never asked alms of any one, who have been self-supporting and self-reliant, all down the long ages, since God planted them in that uncovered land, ask the recognition and protection of their rights to the harvest of their own rivers, ask that the food be not taken out of the mouths of their wives and children to swell the profits of a commercial corporation. [Loud applause.]

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN

MUSIC

[Speech of Sir Arthur Sullivan at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, May 2, 1891. Sir Frederic Leighton, President of the Academy, occupied the chair. "In response for Music," said the President, "I shall call on a man whose brilliant and many-sided gifts are not honored in his own country alone, and who has gathered laurels with full hands in every field of musical achievement—my old friend, Sir Arthur Sullivan."]

Your Royal Highness, My Lords and Gentlemen:—It is gratifying to find that at the great representative art-gathering of the year the sister arts are now receiving at the hands of the painters and sculptors of the United Kingdom that compliment to which their members are justly entitled. Art is a commonwealth in which all the component estates hold an equal position, and it has been reserved for you, sir, under your distinguished presidency, to give full and honorable recognition to this important fact. You have done so in those terms of delicate, subtle compliment, which whilst displaying the touch of the master, also bear the impress of genuine sympathy, by calling upon my friend Mr. Irving and myself, as representatives of the drama and of music, to return thanks for those branches of art to which our lives' efforts have been devoted.

I may add, speaking for my own art, that there is a singular appropriateness that this compliment to Music should be paid by the artist whose brain has conceived and whose hand depicted a most enchanting "Music Lesson." You, sir, have touched with eloquence and feeling upon some of the tenderer attributes of music; I would with your permission, call attention to another—namely, its power and influence on popular sentiment; for of all the arts I think Music has the most mighty, universal, and immediate effect. ["Hear! Hear!"] I know there are many educated and intelligent people who, absorbed in commerce, politics, and other pursuits, think that music is a mere family pastime—an ear-gratifying enjoyment. Great popularity has its drawbacks as well as its advantages, and there is no doubt that the widespread, instantaneous appreciation and popularity of melody has detracted somewhat from the proper recognition of the higher and graver attributes of music. But that music is a power and has influenced humanity with dynamic force in politics, religion, peace, and war, no one can gainsay. Who can deny the effect in great crises of the world's history of the Lutheran Chorale, "Ein' feste Burg," which roused the enthusiasm of whole towns and cities and caused them to embrace the reformed faith en masse—of the "Ça ira," with its ghastly association of tumbril and guillotine, and of the still more powerful "Marseillaise?" These three tunes alone have been largely instrumental in varying the course of history. [Cheers.]

Amongst our own people, no one who has visited the Greater Britain beyond the seas but must be alive to the depth of feeling stirred by the first bar of "God Save the Queen." It is not too much to say that this air has done more than any other single agency to consolidate the national sentiment which forms the basis of our world-wide Empire. [Cheers.] But, sir, my duty is not to deliver a dissertation on music, my duty is to thank you for the offering and the acceptation of this toast, which I do most sincerely.

With regard to the more than generous terms in which you, sir, have alluded to my humble individuality, I need not say how deeply I feel the spirit in which they were spoken. This much I would add—that highly as I value your kindly utterances, I count still more highly the fact that I should have been selected by you to respond for Music, whose dignity and whose progress in England are so near and dear to me at heart. [Cheers.]

CHARLES SUMNER

THE QUALITIES THAT WIN

[Speech of Charles Sumner at the sixty-eighth annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1873. The President, Isaac H. Bailey, in proposing the toast, "The Senate of the United States," said: "We are happy to greet on this occasion the senior in consecutive service, and the most eminent member of the Senate, whose early, varied, and distinguished services in the cause of freedom have made his name a household word throughout the world—the Honorable Charles Sumner." On rising to respond, Mr. Sumner was received with loud applause. The members of the Society rose to their feet, applauded and waved handkerchiefs.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND BROTHERS OF NEW ENGLAND:—For the first time in my life I have the good fortune to enjoy this famous anniversary festival. Though often honored by your most tempting invitation, and longing to celebrate the day in this goodly company of which all have heard so much, I could never excuse myself from duties in another place. If now I yield to well-known attractions, and journey from Washington for my first holiday during a protracted public service, it is because all was enhanced by the appeal of your excellent president, to whom I am bound by the friendship of many years in Boston, in New York, and in a foreign land. [Applause.] It is much to be a brother of New England, but it is more to be a friend [applause], and this tie I have pleasure in confessing to-night.

It is with much doubt and humility that I venture to answer for the Senate of the United States, and I believe the least I can say on this head will be the most prudent. [Laughter.] But I shall be entirely safe in expressing my doubt if there is a single senator who would not be glad of a seat at this generous banquet. What is the Senate? It is a component part of the National Government. But we celebrate to-day more than any component part of any government. We celebrate an epoch in the history of mankind—not only never to be forgotten, but to grow in grandeur as the world appreciates the elements of true greatness. Of mankind I say—for the landing on Plymouth Rock, on December 22, 1620, marks the origin of a new order of ages, by which the whole human family will be elevated. Then and there was the great beginning.

Throughout all time, from the dawn of history, men have swarmed to found new homes in distant lands. The Tyrians, skirting Northern Africa, stopped at Carthage; Carthaginians dotted Spain and even the distant coasts of Britain and Ireland; Greeks gemmed Italy and Sicily with art-loving settlements; Rome carried multitudinous colonies with her conquering eagles. Saxons, Danes, and Normans violently mingled with the original Britons. And in more modern times, Venice, Genoa, Portugal, Spain, France, and England, all sent forth emigrants to people foreign shores. But in these various expeditions, trade or war was the impelling motive. Too often commerce and conquest moved hand in hand, and the colony was incarnadined with blood.

On the day we celebrate, the sun for the first time in his course looked down upon a different scene, begun and continued under a different inspiration. A few conscientious Englishmen, in obedience to the monitor within, and that they might be free to worship God according to their own sense of duty, set sail for the unknown wilds of the North American continent. After a voyage of sixty-four days in the ship Mayflower, with Liberty at the prow and Conscience at the helm [applause], they sighted the white sandbanks of Cape Cod, and soon thereafter in the small cabin framed that brief compact, forever memorable, which is the first written constitution of government in human history, and the very cornerstone of the American Republic; and then these Pilgrims landed.

This compact was not only foremost in time, it was also august in character, and worthy of perpetual example. Never before had the object of the "civil body public" been announced as "to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony." How lofty! how true! Undoubtedly, these were the grandest words of government with the largest promise of any at that time uttered.

If more were needed to illustrate the new epoch, it would be found in the parting words of the venerable pastor, John Robinson, addressed to the Pilgrims, as they were about to sail from Delfshaven—words often quoted, yet never enough. How sweetly and beautifully he says: "And if God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; but I am confident that the Lord hath more light and truth yet to break forth out of his holy word." And then how justly the good preacher rebukes those who close their souls to truth! "The Lutherans, for example, cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw, and whatever part of God's will he hath further imparted to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace, and so the Calvinists stick where he left them. This is a misery much to be lamented, for though they were precious, shining lights in their times, God hath not revealed his whole will to them." Beyond the merited rebuke, here is a plain recognition of the law of human progress little discerned at the time, which teaches the sure advance of the human family, and opens the vista of the ever-broadening, never-ending future on earth.

Our Pilgrims were few and poor. The whole outfit of this historic voyage, including £1,700 of trading stock, was only £2,400, and how little was required for their succor appears in the experience of the soldier Captain Miles Standish, who, being sent to England for assistance—not military, but financial—(God save the mark!) succeeded in borrowing—how much do you suppose?—£150 sterling. [Laughter.] Something in the way of help; and as the historian adds, "though at fifty per cent. interest." So much for a valiant soldier on a financial expedition. [Laughter, in which General Sherman and the company joined.] A later agent, Allerton, was able to borrow for the colony £200 at a reduced interest of thirty per cent. Plainly, the money-sharks of our day may trace an undoubted pedigree to these London merchants. [Laughter.] But I know not if any son of New England, oppressed by exorbitant interest, will be consoled by the thought that the Pilgrims paid the same.

And yet this small people—so obscure and outcast in condition—so slender in numbers and in means—so entirely unknown to the proud and great—so absolutely without name in contemporary records—whose departure from the Old World took little more than the breath of their bodies—are now illustrious beyond the lot of men; and the Mayflower is immortal beyond the Grecian Argo, or the stately ship of any victorious admiral. Though this was little foreseen in their day, it is plain now how it has come to pass. The highest greatness surviving time and storm is that which proceeds from the soul of man. [Applause.] Monarchs and cabinets, generals and admirals, with the pomp of courts and the circumstances of war, in the gradual lapse of time disappear from sight; but the pioneers of truth, though poor and lowly, especially those whose example elevates human nature and teaches the rights of man, so that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth [great applause], such harbingers can never be forgotten, and their renown spreads coextensive with the cause they served.

I know not if any whom I now have the honor of addressing have thought to recall the great in rank and power filling the gaze of the world as the Mayflower with her company fared forth on their adventurous voyage. The foolish James was yet on the English throne, glorying that he had "peppered the Puritans." The morose Louis XIII, through whom Richelieu ruled, was King of France. The imbecile Philip III swayed Spain and the Indies. The persecuting Ferdinand the Second, tormentor of Protestants, was Emperor of Germany. Paul V, of the House of Borghese, was Pope of Rome. In the same princely company and all contemporaries were Christian IV, King of Denmark, and his son Christian, Prince of Norway; Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden; Sigismund the Third, King of Poland; Frederick, King of Bohemia, with his wife, the unhappy Elizabeth of England, progenitor of the house of Hanover; George William, Margrave of Brandenburg, and ancestor of the Prussian house that has given an emperor to Germany; Maximilian, Duke of Bavaria; Maurice, landgrave of Hesse; Christian, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg; John Frederick, Duke of Würtemberg and Teck; John, Count of Nassau; Henry, Duke of Lorraine; Isabella, Infanta of Spain and ruler of the Low Countries; Maurice, fourth Prince of Orange; Charles Emanuel, Duke of Savoy and ancestor of the King of United Italy; Cosmo de' Medici, third Grand Duke of Florence; Antonio Priuli, ninety-third Doge of Venice, just after the terrible tragedy commemorated on the English stage as "Venice Preserved"; Bethlehem Gabor, Prince of Unitarian Transylvania, and elected King of Hungary, with the countenance of an African; and the Sultan Mustapha, of Constantinople, twentieth ruler of the Turks.

Such at that time were the crowned sovereigns of Europe, whose names were mentioned always with awe, and whose countenances are handed down by art, so that at this day they are visible to the curious as if they walked the streets. Mark now the contrast. There was no artist for our forefathers, nor are their countenances now known to men; but more than any powerful contemporaries at whose tread the earth trembled is their memory sacred. [Applause.] Pope, emperor, king, sultan, grand-duke, duke, doge, margrave, landgrave, count—what are they all by the side of the humble company that landed on Plymouth Rock? Theirs, indeed, were the ensigns of worldly power, but our Pilgrims had in themselves that inborn virtue which was more than all else besides, and their landing was an epoch.

Who in the imposing troop of worldly grandeur is now remembered but with indifference or contempt? If I except Gustavus Adolphus, it is because he revealed a superior character. Confront the Mayflower and the Pilgrims with the potentates who occupied such space in the world. The former are ascending into the firmament, there to shine forever, while the latter have been long dropping into the darkness of oblivion, to be brought forth only to point a moral or illustrate the fame of contemporaries whom they regarded not. [Applause.] Do I err in supposing this an illustration of the supremacy which belongs to the triumphs of the moral nature? At first impeded or postponed, they at last prevail. Theirs is a brightness which, breaking through all clouds, will shine forth with ever-increasing splendor.

I have often thought that if I were a preacher, if I had the honor to occupy the pulpit so grandly filled by my friend near me [gracefully inclining toward Mr. Beecher], one of my sermons should be from the text, "A little leaven shall leaven the whole lump." Nor do I know a better illustration of these words than the influence exerted by our Pilgrims. That small band, with the lesson of self-sacrifice, of just and equal laws, of the government of a majority, of unshrinking loyalty to principle, is now leavening this whole continent, and in the fulness of time will leaven the world. [Great applause.] By their example, republican institutions have been commended, and in proportion as we imitate them will these institutions be assured. [Applause.]

Liberty, which we so much covet, is not a solitary plant. Always by its side is Justice. [Applause.] But Justice is nothing but right applied to human affairs. Do not forget, I entreat you, that with the highest morality is the highest liberty. A great poet, in one of his inspired sonnets, speaking of this priceless possession, has said, "But who loves that must first be wise and good." Therefore do the Pilgrims in their beautiful example teach liberty, teach republican institutions, as at an earlier day, Socrates and Plato, in their lessons of wisdom, taught liberty and helped the idea of the republic. If republican government has thus far failed in any experiment, as, perhaps, somewhere in Spanish America, it is because these lessons have been wanting. There have been no Pilgrims to teach the moral law.

Mr. President, with these thoughts, which I imperfectly express, I confess my obligations to the forefathers of New England, and offer to them the homage of a grateful heart. But not in thanksgiving only would I celebrate their memory. I would if I could make their example a universal lesson, and stamp it upon the land. [Applause.] The conscience which directed them should be the guide for our public councils. The just and equal laws which they required should be ordained by us, and the hospitality to truth which was their rule should be ours. Nor would I forget their courage and steadfastness. Had they turned back or wavered, I know not what would have been the record of this continent, but I see clearly that a great example would have been lost. [Applause.]

Had Columbus yielded to his mutinous crew and returned to Spain without his great discovery; had Washington shrunk away disheartened by British power and the snows of New Jersey, these great instances would have been wanting for the encouragement of men. But our Pilgrims belong to the same heroic company, and their example is not less precious. [Applause.]

Only a short time after the landing on Plymouth Rock, the great republican poet, John Milton, wrote his "Comus," so wonderful for beauty and truth. His nature was more refined than that of the Pilgrims, and yet it requires little effort of imagination to catch from one of them, or at least from their beloved pastor, the exquisite, almost angelic words at the close—

"Mortals, who would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free;
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime.
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

[At the conclusion of Senator Sumner's speech the audience arose and gave cheer upon cheer.]

WILLIAM H. TAFT

WILLIAM H. TAFT

AMERICA AND ENGLAND

[Address delivered at a dinner in London given by the Pilgrims, June 19, 1922. The speech of Earl Balfour proposing the health of Chief Justice Taft is printed in Volume I. Both addresses are reprinted from the London *Times*.]

I THANK you from my heart for the honor you do me. I deeply appreciate the words of welcome from the great Briton who has just spoken. Since I had the pleasure of meeting and seeing him in action on the other side of the Atlantic, he has been made by his Sovereign a gartered and a belted Earl. We Americans, who know how much he contributed at the late Conference in Washington to the great forward step in organizing the relations of the pacific Powers to help the future peace of the world, would have been glad to stand as sponsors in his behalf at the reception of these honors, had he needed any. We felicitate Great Britain upon its good fortune in continuing to enjoy in her governmental councils the influence of his ripened statesmanship, his disinterested service, and his high but practical ideals of international relations. We congratulate ourselves and the world as well.

I am grateful to the Pilgrims for this generous expression of their good will. The office they perform on this and the other side of the ocean in making American and Briton feel at home in each other's country is most important and much transcends the mere courtesy of a social welcome. Not all, but many of the troubles arising between any two nations arise because of a failure of each to understand the real attitude of the other and to see the difficulties which the other faces at home in working out a right course. An agency like the Pilgrims', which makes a business of promoting good family feeling between Britain and America, offers an exceptional opportunity for mutual enlightenment on the varying phases of real public opinion in the two countries.

You have been good enough to make me your guest. The offices which I held in the past, especially that of the Presidency, gave me at the time possibly a representative character, but when I retired from that high place with, I may say, the full and unmistakable consent of the American people, I lost a representative character and became only one of one hundred millions. Now, by the appointment of the present able, patriotic, distinguished but self-forgetting Head of the State, I have become the Chief of our Judicial Branch. Had I come in the interval as an American citizen only, I would have been free to express myself on subjects and in a detail which are now denied me. I note some difference of opinion among your leading statesmen as to the limitations of speech which hedge a judge. With us, we have a legislative body watchful of the proprieties so far at least as they apply to judges, the members of which advise us with commendable frankness when we are thought to transgress. If, mindful of this, I avoid discussion of topics which naturally suggest themselves here, I hope you will understand that it is not because I do not have opinions, but only because the monastic order I have joined, and the vows I have taken, prevent their deliverance. It is a rule of decision in our Court that in political and international matters we must accept the attitude of the other branches of the Government to which by our Constitution is entrusted guidance of them and must predicate our judgments on them. What controls the Court must certainly control one of its members.

The relations between Britain and America, important as they are to the whole world, will bear study. We are the eldest daughter of our Mother. For nearly two hundred years she gave us wide opportunity to learn self-government from the lessons of her experience and by actual practice. We were born with the instinctive love of that individual liberty which she had been hammering into the form of constitutional guarantees for five or six hundred years, and on that foundation we builded our infant forms of colonial government. Then under a Royal leadership which was reactionary and blind we revolted and won our independence after a struggle, rendered half-hearted on the part of the Mother Country by a lack of sympathy among her more liberal and far-sighted statesmen.

For want of a united and effective government in the decade after the Revolution we delayed compliance on our part with our treaty obligations. Great Britain, on the other hand, in the exigencies of her death struggle with Napoleon, transgressed our rights. Thus we drifted into the second and the last British-American war. It cannot be said that in the war of 1812 great glory was achieved by either belligerent, but only that such glory as there was was evenly distributed. Then came the Treaty of Ghent which settled nothing by its terms except that war should end and peace ensue. The questions which were declared to be the cause of the war were expressly postponed for further negotiation and never recurred again, at least to give trouble.

It is a commentary on the plans of mice and men that a treaty, so unpropitious of continued peace and lacking in settlement of apparently pressing questions, should exceed any other in our history in its beneficent effect. One hundred and eight years have rolled around, with all the capital changes in civilization, economic, social, and political, greater perhaps than in any five hundred years before, and yet the peace declared at Ghent has been undisturbed. Within three years after the Treaty of Ghent the Rush-Bagehot agreement, quite informal in its making, freed our great inland seas that divide the United States and Canada from hostile warships, and the boundary of four thousand miles between them has lain unprotected by a single fortification ever since.

It was shortly after the limitation of armament in 1817 (which I hope will be a perpetual *modus vivendi*) was established that at the instance of Canning, Britain's great and Liberal leader, we announced our Monroe Doctrine to the world. It was a warning to European Powers that we must insist on a policy on their part of "hands off" towards North and South American Governments. With the sympathy of England, we have been able to maintain that doctrine ever since. Both because of its logical sequence and a wise caution enjoined by Washington and Jefferson, we sedulously cultivated, until the World War, a policy on our part of "hands off" towards Europe and European questions, and the results so justified the policy that it became deeply ingrained in our natures.

The friendly feeling evidenced by the Rush-Bagehot treaty and our entente over the Monroe Doctrine was not to continue without serious strains upon it in the controversies over Oregon and that over the North-Eastern Boundary settled by the Webster-Ashburton agreement. Then our Civil War and what we regarded as injurious and unjust British sympathies with the South left a wound which, fortunately, was for the most part healed by the Geneva Arbitration decision. Then came the Venezuela Boundary dispute, which the level-headedness, self-restraint, and sense of humor of Lord Salisbury brought to a satisfactory solution, but which in its inception startled the two countries as by a bolt out of a clear sky.

Our origin, our fundamental common conceptions of a free popular government, our common insistence upon the guarantees of individual liberty, our common law, our common language, literature and ethics, bind the great body of our people to yours. This forms our basic public opinion which ultimately controls our national course. Our more than a century's continuous peace gives those who understand our country the utmost assurance of its continuance. No trouble arises between the two countries that we of America do not, all of us, look forward to its settlement either by negotiation or arbitration. Any other event is not considered for a moment. This American state of mind is a constant factor in our relations. It sometimes produces an apparent indifference or lack of excitement on the part of our people over irritating issues that is misleading to the British observer.

Another source of misunderstanding calls for comment. We are engaged in a gigantic experiment. We have offered our country and its opportunities as a home for the people of Europe who have been ambitious to better their economic condition. Our purpose has been to amalgamate them into our citizenship and make them loyal Americans. For decades we were wonderfully successful in this, and many of our best Americans trace their descent from such immigrants. Of recent years, however, the demand for labor, by reason of the enormous expansion of our industries and other causes, has concentrated in our large cities and elsewhere masses of immigrants who, whether naturalized or not, have, in their congestion, retained the same environment as in their home countries, and have not felt the Americanizing influence to which the earlier immigrants were subjected. Our immigration is now restricted, and we are making widespread efforts to Americanize our foreign residents. But home and racial prejudices have not been mitigated, as it was hoped they would be by living under the American flag. We are not discouraged, but we are waking to the necessity for more effective measures.

Politics, too, which seem to be the easiest thing for immigrants to learn, has prompted organization of hyphenated groups, the moving spirit of which is to promote political action of the group along lines of supposed racial interest. The naturalized citizens who have yielded less to this temptation than any others are the British and Canadians, who sink into American citizenship so completely, and are so loyal, that we cannot distinguish them. They lose nothing of love of their old home, but they transfer their political allegiance without reservation.

It is hard for a British subject living in his own country filled with a homogeneous people to understand the occasional and temporary political power of a hyphenated group in America constituting only a small minority, but holding in some States and districts the balance of power between two great political parties divided on other issues. In such cases the great body of truly American voters are not aroused upon our foreign relations, and have their thoughts on domestic matters. The truth is that we are so far away from close contact with neighbors that our foreign relations scarcely figure much in a national election. The real strength of fundamental public opinion upon such issues is only manifested upon some such occasion as the World War. Even then it took three years for our whole people to learn how deeply concerned they were in the outcome. Indoctrinated as they had been by nearly a century of the Monroe Doctrine and the warnings of Washington and Jefferson, they could not think of themselves in a European war; and not until Germany conclusively showed in her madness her heartless disregard of the lives of innocent American neutrals did the truth dawn on our people.

Then the hyphenated groups were overwhelmed in a real American public opinion, and our people turned, to use Kipling's expression, "to the instant need of things." Then they came to know the enormous sacrifices, the superhuman effort, and indomitable courage with which Britain and our other Allies had been fighting, not only their own, but our battles. They acquired a dim idea of the inestimable losses of the golden youth of Britain and France and of the heartrending sorrow that visited every family high and low, in the struggle. Spurred by these examples, they rushed to arms, and in a marvelously short period were able to furnish the new troops that gave the Allies the needed preponderance with which to win the victory, and to justify the previous four years of noble effort, tenacity, and endurance under untold hardships and burdens without which the world would have certainly succumbed to a military despotism.

Following this war, the overwhelming strain to which all the peoples of the Allies were subjected was bound to bring a reaction, and we have all been going through an interval of convalescence. Convalescence is not a period of good nature or common sense, and we must regard bickerings and unreasonable sensitiveness not as a discouragement but as a symptom of recovery. The plan for bringing nations within a permanent agreement for the settlement of all difficulties and the continuous maintenance of peace succeeded with all the Allies but the United States, so far as making it was concerned. The history of the matter in the United States is part of the politics of that country into which I cannot enter or say who or what prevented the consummation of what many desired.

All I can say about it is that in looking back over the controversy, American membership in the League would have had to overcome a deep-seated popular conviction, confirmed by a century and a quarter's experience, of the wisdom of America's keeping out of European entanglements. Of course, the World War itself shook this conviction, but the reaction from that supreme effort restored some of its strength.

The Senate of the United States is a body of very peculiar governmental functions, and its power in restraining our foreign relations is great and exceptional. The constitutional requirement that no treaty can be binding upon the United States unless initiated by the President and confirmed by two-thirds of the Senate, was intended to surround the affirmative treaty making power with very serious limitation. It is so rare that any party has a two-thirds majority in the Senate that it would seem to have been intended to prevent any treaty in the wisdom of which both parties did not concur. Whether this was wise or not is not the question. It is a factor in every international situation in which the United States is concerned, and always strengthens the hands of those who still stand rigidly for the Monroe Doctrine and its supposed corollary, the doctrine of "hands off" of European questions.

But we are making progress. We are acquiring a consciousness of our partnership with the nations of the world and our share of responsibility for what the world does. The war and its lessons have not been lost on us. But the conditions prevailing with us are such that our progress must be slower than some among us would wish. The great step forward made by those treaties affecting the Pacific and the Far East which were signed in Washington last winter, and have been since confirmed by the Senate of the United States, is most significant. It is so not only because of the importance of what the treaties really achieve, but because of the moral effect upon us and the nations who joined with us in the assertion of the interest of all in respect to each, and of each in respect to all.

We have suffered from the war, but less than our European Allies. Our wealth and prosperity have been much less affected. While that increases our comparative powers it also increases our responsibility. Our people know this. They know, too, that the united action of Britain and the United States in world matters is sure to make for peace. They know, therefore, that it is of the utmost importance that the friendly relations between the two great countries which have been maintained, sometimes under most trying conditions, for a century or more, should be made closer not only for the benefit of both, but for the welfare of the world.

As a citizen with no official mandate, I beg the Britons whom I am addressing not to be misled by temporary ebullitions of one faction or another, but to count on the fundamental public opinion of the United States in respect to our foreign relations which will always prevail in a real exigency, and which regards the maintenance of friendship with Great Britain as a most necessary security for the peace of the world.

THOMAS DEWITT TALMAGE

BEHOLD THE AMERICAN!

[Speech of Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage at the eighty-first annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1886. The President of the Society, Judge Horace Russell, introduced Dr. Talmage to speak to the toast, "Forefathers' Day."]

MR. PRESIDENT, AND ALL YOU GOOD NEW ENGLANDERS:—If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the fact that we are here; and we are here at an interesting time. Of all the centuries this is the best century, and of all the decades of the century this is the best decade, and of all the years of the decade this is the best year, and of all the months of the year this the best month, and of all the nights of the month this is the best night. [Applause and laughter.] Many of these advantages we trace straight back to Forefathers' Day, about which I am to speak.

But I must not introduce a new habit into these New England dinners and confine myself to the one theme. For eighty-one years your speakers have been accustomed to make the toast announced the point from which they start, but to which they never return. [Laughter.] So I shall not stick to my text, but only be particular to have all I say my own, and not make the mistake of a minister whose sermon was a patchwork from a variety of authors, to whom he gave no credit. There was an intoxicated wag in the audience who had read about everything, and he announced the authors as the minister went on. The clergyman gave an extract without any credit to the author, and the man in the audience cried out: "That's Jeremy Taylor." The speaker went on and gave an extract from another author without credit for it, and the man in the audience said: "That is John Wesley."

The minister gave an extract from another author without credit for it, and the man in the audience said: "That is George Whitefield." When the minister lost his patience and cried out, "Shut up you old fool!" the man in the audience replied: "That is your own." [Laughter.]

Well, what about this Forefathers' Day? In Brooklyn they say the Landing of the Pilgrims was December the 21st; in New York you say it was December the 22d. You are both right. Not through the specious and artful reasoning you have sometimes indulged in, but by a little historical incident that seems to have escaped your attention. You see, the Forefathers landed in the morning of December the 21st, but about noon that day a pack of hungry wolves swept down the bleak American beach looking for a New England dinner [laughter], and a band of savages out for a tomahawk picnic hove in sight, and the Pilgrim Fathers thought it best for safety and warmth to go on board the Mayflower and pass the night. [Renewed laughter.] And during the night there came up a strong wind blowing off shore that swept the Mayflower from its moorings clear out to sea, and there was a prospect that our Forefathers, having escaped oppression in foreign lands, would yet go down under an oceanic tempest. But the next day they fortunately got control of their ship and steered her in, and the second time the Forefathers stepped ashore.

Brooklyn celebrated the first landing; New York the second landing. So I say Hail! Hail! to both celebrations, for one day, anyhow, could not do justice to such a subject; and I only wish I could have kissed the blarney stone of America, which is Plymouth Rock, so that I might have done justice to this subject. [Laughter and applause.] Ah, gentlemen, that Mayflower was the ark that floated the deluge of oppression, and Plymouth Rock was the Ararat on which it landed.

But let me say that these Forefathers were of no more importance than the Foremothers. [Applause.] As I understand it, there were eight of them—that is, four fathers and four mothers—from whom all these illustrious New Englanders descended. Now I was not born in New England, though far back my ancestors lived in Connecticut, and then crossed over to Long Island and there joined the Dutch, and that mixture of Yankee and Dutch makes royal blood. [Applause.] Neither is perfect without the other, the Yankee in a man's nature saying "Go ahead!" the Dutch in his blood saying, "Be prudent while you do go ahead!" Some people do not understand why Long Island was stretched along parallel with all of the Connecticut coast. I have no doubt that it was so placed that the Dutch might watch the Yankees. [Laughter.]

But though not born in New England, in my boyhood I had a New England schoolmaster, whom I shall never forget. He taught us our A, B, C's. "What is that?" "I don't know, sir." "That's A" [with a slap]. "What is that?" "I don't know, sir." [With a slap]—"That is B." [Laughter.] I tell you, a boy that learned his letters in that way never forgot them; and if the boy was particularly dull, then this New England schoolmaster would take him over the knee, and then the boy got his information from both directions. [Renewed laughter.]

But all these things aside, no one sitting at these tables has higher admiration for the Pilgrim Fathers than I have—the men who believed in two great doctrines, which are the foundation of every religion that is worth anything: namely, the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man—these men of backbone and endowed with that great and magnificent attribute of stick-to-it-iveness. Macaulay said that no one ever sneered at the Puritans who had met them in halls of debate or crossed swords with them on the field of battle. [Applause.] They are sometimes defamed for their rigorous Sabbaths, but our danger is in the opposite direction of no Sabbaths at all. It is said that they destroyed witches. I wish that they had cleared them all out, for the world is full of witches yet, and if at all these tables there is a man who has not sometimes been bewitched, let him hold up his glass of ice-water. [Laughter.] It is said that these Forefathers carried religion into everything, and before a man kissed his wife he asked a blessing, and afterward said: "Having received another favor from the Lord, let us return thanks." [Laughter.] But our great need now is more religion in every-day life.

I think their plain diet had much to do with their rugged-ness of nature. They had not as many good things to eat as we have, and they had better digestion. Now, all the evening some of our best men sit with an awful bad feeling at the pit of their stomach, and the food taken fails to assimilate, and in the agitated digestive organs the lamb and the cow lie down together and get up just as they have a mind to. [Laughter.] After dinner I sat down with my friend to talk. He had for many years been troubled with indigestion. I felt guilty when I insisted on his taking that last piece of lemon pie. I knew that pastry always made him crusty. I said to him: "I never felt better in all my life; how do you feel?" And putting one hand over one piece of lemon pie and the other hand over the other piece of lemon pie, he said: "I feel miserable." Smaller varieties of food had the old Fathers, but it did them more good.

Still, take it all in all, I think the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers are as good as their ancestors, and in many ways better. Children are apt to be an echo of their ancestors. We are apt to put a halo around the Forefathers, but I expect that at our age they were very much like ourselves. People are not wise when they long for the good old days. They say: "Just think of the pride of people at this day! Just look at the ladies' hats!" [Laughter.] Why, there is nothing in the ladies' hats of to-day equal to the coal-scuttle hats a hundred years ago. They say: "Just look at the way people dress their hair!" Why, the extremest style of to-day will not equal the top-knots which our great-grandmothers wore, put up with high combs that we would have thought would have made our great-grandfathers die with laughter. The hair was lifted into a pyramid a foot high. On the top of that tower lay a white rose. Shoes of bespangled white kid, and heels two or three inches high. Grandfather went out to meet her on the floor with a coat of sky-blue silk and vest of white satin embroidered with gold lace, lace ruffles around his wrist and his hair flung in a queue. The great George Washington had his horse's hoofs blackened when about to appear on a parade, and writes to Europe ordering for the use of himself and family, one silver-lace hat, one pair of silver shoe-buckles, a coat made of fashionable silk, one pair of gold sleeve-buttons, six pairs of kid gloves, one dozen most fashionable cambric pocket-handkerchiefs, besides ruffles and tucker. That was George. [Laughter.]

Talk about dissipations, ye who have ever seen the old-fashioned sideboard! Did I not have an old relative who always, when visitors came, used to go upstairs and take a drink through economical habits, not offering anything to his visitors? [Laughter.] On the old-fashioned training days the most sober men were apt to take a day to themselves. Many of the familiar drinks of to-day were unknown to them, but their hard cider, mint julep, metheglin, hot toddy, and lemonade in which the lemon was not at all prominent, sometimes made lively work for the broad-brimmed hats and silver knee-buckles. Talk of dissipating parties of to-day and keeping of late hours! Why, did they not have their "bees" and sausage-stuffings and tea-parties and dances, that for heartiness and uproar utterly eclipsed all the waltzes, lanciers, redowas, and breakdowns of the nineteenth century, and they never went home till morning. And as to the old-time courtships, oh, my! Washington Irving describes them. [Laughter.]

But though your Forefathers may not have been much, if any, better than yourselves, let us extol them for the fact that they started this country in the right direction. They laid the foundation for American manhood. The foundation must be more solid and firm and unyielding than any other part of the structure. On that Puritanic foundation we can safely build all nationalities. [Applause.] Let us remember that the coming American is to be an admixture of all foreign bloods. In about twenty-five or fifty years the model American will step forth. He will have the strong brain of the German, the polished manners of the French, the artistic taste of the Italian, the stanch heart of the English, the steadfast piety of the Scotch, the lightning wit of the Irish, and when he steps forth, bone, muscle, nerve, brain entwined with the fibers of all nationalities, the nations will break out in the cry: "Behold the American!" [Applause.]

Columbus discovered only the shell of this country. Agassiz came and discovered fossiliferous America. Silliman came and discovered geological America. Audubon came and discovered bird America. Longfellow came and discovered poetic America; and there are a half-dozen other Americas yet to be discovered.

I never realized what this country was and is as on the day when I first saw some of these gentlemen of the Army and Navy. It was when at the close of the War our armies came back and marched in review before the President's stand at Washington. I do not care whether a man was a Republican or a Democrat, a Northern man or a Southern man, if he had any emotion of nature, he could not look upon it without weeping. God knew that the day was stupendous, and He cleared the heaven of cloud and mist and chill, and sprung the blue sky as the triumphal arch for the returning warriors to pass under. From Arlington Heights the spring foliage shook out its welcome, as the hosts came over the hills, and the sparkling waters of the Potomac tossed their gold to the feet of the battalions as they came to the Long Bridge and in almost interminable line passed over. The Capitol never seemed so majestic as that morning: snowy white, looking down upon the tides of men that came surging down, billow after billow. Passing in silence, yet I heard in every step the thunder of conflicts through which they had waded, and seemed to see dripping from their smoke-blackened flags the blood of our country's martyrs. For the best part of two days we stood and watched the filing on of what seemed endless battalions, brigade after brigade, division after division, host after host, rank beyond rank; ever moving, ever passing; marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp—thousands after thousands, battery front, arms shouldered, columns solid, shoulder to shoulder, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril.

Commanders on horses with their manes entwined with roses, and necks enchained with garlands, fractious at the shouts that ran along the line, increasing from the clapping of children clothed in white, standing on the steps of the Capitol, to the tumultous vociferation of hundreds of thousands of enraptured multitudes, crying "Huzza! Huzza!" Gleaming muskets, thundering parks of artillery, rumbling pontoon wagons, ambulances from whose wheels seemed to sound out the groans of the crushed and the dying that they had carried. These men came from balmy Minnesota, those from Illinois prairies. These were often hummed to sleep by the pines of Oregon, those were New England lumbermen. Those came out of the coal-shafts of Pennsylvania. Side by side in one great cause, consecrated through fire and storm and darkness, brothers in peril, on their way home from Chancellorsville and Kenesaw Mountain and Fredericksburg, in lines that seemed infinite they passed on.

We gazed and wept and wondered, lifting up our heads to see if the end had come, but no! Looking from one end of that long avenue to the other, we saw them yet in solid column, battery front, host beyond host, wheel to wheel, charger to charger, nostril to nostril, coming as it were from under the Capitol. Forward! Forward! Their bayonets, caught in the sun, glimmered and flashed and blazed, till they seemed like one long river of silver, ever and anon changed into a river of fire. No end to the procession, no rest for the eyes. We turned our heads from the scene, unable longer to look. We felt disposed to stop our ears, but still we heard it, marching, marching; tramp, tramp, tramp. But hush,—uncover every head! Here they pass, the remnant of ten men of a full regiment. Silence! Widowhood and orphanage look on and wring their hands. But wheel into line, all ye people! North, South, East, West—all decades, all centuries, all millenniums! Forward, the whole line! Huzza! Huzza! [Great applause.]

BOOTH TARKINGTON

INDIANA IN LITERATURE AND POLITICS

[Address delivered at the dinner in his honor at the Lotos Club November 25, 1916.]

In approaching this subject of my appreciation of your hospitality and your kindness to me and of my thanks for this honor, I don't think I could do better than to tell you of the day when your Secretary, Mr. Price, and my friend, Mr. Woodhull, came down to Princeton to extend your invitation. I don't think I ever said I would accept. I didn't need to say so. But almost at once the three of us began to discuss what sort of a talk I should try to make this evening—what I ought to try and say.

Both Mr. Price and Mr. Woodhull were kind enough to recall the fact that I had once made a political campaign for public office in the State of Indiana, which necessarily involved some speech making, but Mr. Price very thoughtfully said he didn't think it would matter much what I said [laughter]. "Just get on your feet and talk," he said. "We are all very friendly there, and besides so far as making a speech to us goes, you remember the reason those farmers out in Indiana voted for you when you were running for the Legislature"—and if Mr. Price will permit me, I will explain that reference of his. [Laughter.]

A friend of mine who lived in the country went up to a group of farmers on the day of the primaries—they were standing near the polling booth—and he asked them whom they were going to vote for. They said, "We are all going to vote for Tarkington." The reply pleased this friend of mine, and he said, "I suppose that is because you believe in his political principles." "No," they said, "that isn't it. We didn't know he had any." Then my friend said, "Well what are you going to vote for him for?" "Well," they said, "we just want to see what the damn fool will do."

Mr. Woodhull also told me that he thought I ought not to be nervous about trying to make a little talk on a friendly occasion like this. "Why," he said, "I understand that your speechmaking once attracted the attention of no less an orator than William Jennings Bryan, and that Mr. Bryan went out of his way to make public comment on it." Mr. Woodhull was perfectly correct. Mr. Bryan did make public comment on some oratory of mine, and as I thought at the time, he did go out of his way to do it. This is what Mr. Bryan said: He said: "During his campaigning for the Indiana Legislature, Mr. Booth Tarkington has made two speeches. On the occasion of his first effort he is reported to have suffered from stage fright to that extent that he was not able to utter a syllable. From what we have read of the second effort, it seems a pity that he didn't have stage fright both times."

And I had a further experience in oratory during the Legislative session. Mr. Charles Warren Fairbanks asked me—that is he appointed me—to make the leading speech on the floor of the House nominating him for United States Senator. As Mr. Fairbanks at the time had absolute assurance of 79 out of a total of 100 votes, and only 51 necessary to elect him, he decided to take a chance and foisted upon me this honor. All that I am able to recall of the speech I made on that occasion is, that about the middle of it, it occurred to me that I ought to make at least one gesture, so I did. I put my hand out in front of me, and then I stopped the speech and looked at my hand, and I remember that in my mind was the thought "What are you doing out there?" So I pulled it away again.

My opponent, the leading Democratic orator of the day, began his speech by saying, "I don't possess the eloquence of the gentleman from Marion County, unfortunately," and I was the gentleman from Marion County. As soon as he said that the audience knew he had learned his speech the night before. But it was a thoughtful speech, a beautiful speech. "If all the angels of God," he said, "if all the angels of God were to meet in conclave assembled to select from the Indianians that man most fitted to be the United States Senator, they would flutter on silvery pinions from the throne of God and cross down to South Bend, Indiana, and lift in their arms Benjamin F. Shively." Yes, gentlemen, he said it, and this gentleman it happens has just been defeated for the governorship of Indiana. Possibly defeated by a conclave of angels who found themselves unfamiliar with the map when they got far away from the throne.

But he was not the only spiller of eloquence for whom I was responsible during that session. Indeed, it seemed that I couldn't introduce a bill without causing almost a flood of oratory. Once in speaking to the point of a bill of mine an old man, Dr. Dick Yauger, said, "I realize that railroads isn't born of necessity, but in this bill I wish to Heaven the rest of the bill could be assassinated by the voice of reason."

And about another bill of mine, a Republican, the Rev. Mr. Sherman of Decatur County said, "If that bill of Booth Tarkington's ever comes to a third reading on the floor of this House, from my mouth shall issue a stream of filth which shall reverberate to the dome of the Capitol."

This same Republican, the Reverend Mr. Sherman, followed an orator, a fellow Republican of mine, a large man and strong in the Hoosier faith, who also said, "In spite of this gentleman from Marion County, in spite of this here Booth Tarkington, the grand old State of Indiana will go crashing down the ages with her head up and her tail over the dashboard."

After that session I retired to private life. My family and friends said they thought that my holding public office was injuring their health, and the Republican party managers said they thought I had done enough to the party. They said "to" not "for," and the police said if I ran again for anything they wouldn't be responsible. So I decided to take matters into my own hands and retire; and I thought it wiser to retire a long distance. I retired to Rome, Italy, and there I fell into the company of two gentlemen, known to the Romans as Illustrissimi Signori Americani, Mr. George Ade, and Mr. Julian Street; and I can assure you that life in Rome in the company of those two is not strictly speaking purely archæological opportunity.

In view of forthcoming remarks on the part of Mr. Street in particular, I think I might warn you that Mr. Street as a source of information is not implicitly to be trusted, and if any of you should ever be in Paris with Mr. Street and lend him your only pair of dress trousers, you may have to go into far and peculiar places to recover them.

But it was in Rome that I rescued from the hands of Mr. Street a middle-aged Indianapolis merchant and a New York storekeeper making their first trip abroad, who were in a state of extreme and lamentable agitation as the result of information supplied by Mr. Street. They carried influential letters and they had applied for an audience with the Pope. It had been granted and they had been notified to present themselves at the Vatican at four o'clock in the evening in evening dress. Now, they didn't know what would happen to them when they did present themselves at the Vatican at four o'clock in evening dress; they didn't know the forms to follow, and so they had consulted Mr. Street, knowing that he could tell them. And I think that was the meanest thing to do to two fellow Americans in a foreign city, not knowing where to go for their information on the etiquette of the Vatican, because he told them, "The first thing you have to do is to crawl on your hands and knees about three hundred yards from the entrance until you meet the Holy Father." And I think they would have done it if I hadn't stepped in and rescued them, but I made the mistake of telling them "When you meet the Holy Father, crawl right on by." That made them so nervous that they asked the hotel porter about it, and he told them they better not crawl at all.

The Buffalo Bill Show was in Rome at the time, and Mr. Ade took Mr. Street and a friend of his out to lunch with Mr. Irontail, one of the Indians with the show, and they had a good lunch except that a Spanish looking lady—well, in fact everybody about the tents knew Ade as well as the night watchman at his hotel knows him. Well, one afternoon he bought a box for the performance and took us all again to see the show. We were a little late in arriving and a Nebraska boy, one of the American ushers that Colonel Cody had brought with him, came up to us and examined the checks which Ade held. "They got that King and Queen here this afternoon, and I don't let anybody in until about half-an-hour. Your box is on the other side of them." We got to the stand, when this man there wouldn't let anybody go by. He stopped us, and then came a lull between the performances, and we got along until we stood directly in front of the King, accompanied by our friend from Nebraska, and he touches Ade on the arm and looks at the checks, because there were people in our box too. And the boy said, "You ain't got no checks for those seats, come on right out of that, these folks have got the checks for those seats." An Italian officer came running nervously up speaking, "You don't understand they are from the King and Queen's suite." "I don't care," returned the Nebraskan, "whose the lobsters is; George Ade's got the checks for those seats."

I must say, to turn a moment to my Hoosier clique, that Mr. Ade as a playwright has been a personal disappointment to me, and I might explain that remark. Mr. Harry Leon Wilson and I wrote, I think, eight plays in collaboration, and some of them didn't go at all well. Wilson and I were often about the box office where we would be apt to hear something about the play from the people. One evening we heard this: "Is that play by Leon Wilson and Booth Tarkington? Good night!" Twice we landed a real hit. It happened in Chicago. Wilson came to me and said, "Come on and go and listen round the box office and hear something pleasant." And after we got there, the first man who came along said, "Give me three seats for to-night, I never miss anything by George Ade, if I can help it."

Something like eighteen or twenty centuries ago a person evidently known as P. Cornelius Tacitus warned his readers that nothing was in worse taste than to apologize to his audience for the looseness of his speech; but he didn't say, however, that one may not call attention to the feebleness of his mind. And yet, as P. Cornelius himself might have added, why call attention to a thing which must long since have been evident to the people.

Gentlemen, your hospitality is so much greater than the cause or excuse for it, with so little accomplished, and so inadequate for a conclusion so notable, that no man could have achieved so much in the space of a very short time. The days will come and go and many seasons will pass, gentlemen, before he forgets your kindness of to-night.

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

AUGUSTUS THOMAS

THE SOUTH AS A CUSTODIAN

[This speech was given at the twenty-first annual dinner of the New York Southern Society, held in the Grand Ball Room of the Waldorf-Astoria on Friday evening, December 14, 1906. Mr. Marion J. Verdery in introducing the speaker said: "The play's the thing. He who makes one to please strikes the magic cord of music for the mind and fills the soul with rare delight. If it be tragedy, emotion's depths are stirred by storm; if it be comedy, the flowers of fancy bloom in the sunshine of smiles and gladden our hearts with humor. The Southern Society is proud to do honor to America's distinguished playwright whose genius has espoused the cause of mirth and made the world brighter and better with sparkling wit and innocent laughter. I have great pleasure in presenting Mr. Augustus Thomas." [Applause.] [Voices from the crowd]: "You are all right, Gus."]

Notwithstanding that voice from the tombs, I should not have the courage to address these ladies and gentlemen to-night if it had not been that Dr. Woodrow Wilson said a serious after-dinner speech was the thing that was wanted.

The toast opposite my name to-night, "The South as a Custodian," like that of Dr. Wilson, is a sentiment that has its place. I am one of those unfortunate individuals to whom he alluded as having a great capacity that they mostly use for themselves. [Laughter.]

I chose that toast because when I told my wife I was going to the Southern Society dinner, she said, "Look here, the last time you went down among those fellows you said you would be home by the 11:30 train and I didn't see you for three days." [Laughter.] So, gentlemen, when I have remembered you as custodians, I have had a confession in mind that was not altogether devoid of prophecy.

It has been a great pleasure to sit in this distinguished company, those at the table and those below. I asked your president why it was they had the guests on this slight elevation. He said the Society was of such high standard that unless that was done it was impossible to distinguish the guests. [Laughter.]

When my mother, who was born in Ohio, moved into Missouri in order to marry my father, who was a resident of that State [laughter], the emigration was regarded, by her family, as an important and noteworthy social-concession. [Laughter.] In all the years that followed, in all the conversations treating directly of the subject or leading indirectly to it, or according to the defensive skill of my father more or less skirting the suburbs of the theme, I never remember any admission of my mother's that tended in any way to weaken the original contention. Although my mother came to Missouri with no particular escort personally, she brought with her a complete retinue and train of ideas more or less patrician when measured by the Missouri standard. [Laughter.] One of these ideas, which had great influence upon what I like to have people call my character [laughter], was my mother's insistence that it was not good form, that it was not the proper thing, that it was not (now, of course, I am addressing only General Porter, whose eight years' residence in France enables him to understand my French) it was not *comme il faut,* not proper when sitting at table to assist the fugitive vegetable onto the fork by pushing the thumb of the left hand. [Laughter.] And I am told by a friend who knows a party who moves in good society, [laughter], that even now and then when the ration or portion of vegetable has been so reduced on the individual plate that its inertia may no longer be relied upon, it is customary to leave such remaining part and permit it to be taken away by the servant. That is not a new idea. It was current in those old Missouri days, and that last portion, or bit, or residuum was called "manners." [Laughter.] In the fine economy of our household none of us children were permitted to have any manners, but my mother steered a delicate middle course between manners and the Missouri idea by furnishing each child with a little piece of bread, a triangular bit of crust about the size of a soldier's button, which did "full-back" and "quarter-back" duty for the vegetable as the fork came against it. That piece of bread was called a "pusher" [laughter], and it was good form to leave the "pusher" on the otherwise empty plate, with the fork and it went to the pantry.

Now I mention this little matter not in any spirit of ostentation nor to draw any invidious distinction between myself and the majority of the guests, who, I see, adhere with pardonable and perhaps commendable loyalty to the Missouri standard, [laughter], but I speak of it to pay a deserved compliment to General Porter, who, as I listened to him converse to-night, gave me such pleasure, before the oratorical proceedings began, that in a moment of forgetfulness or paternal avatism, I ate my pusher. [Laughter.]

I came here to-night, when I knew I was to sit by General Porter, with regret. I have been on a dozen platforms with him and he has always made me look like a two spot. There was something portentous in the signs I saw in the suburban railway company coming down from Westchester to-day. I went out of one car to escape them and found in another "Porter," "Porter," "Porter," [laughter], until putting on my glasses I discovered that Porter was made somewhere on the banks of the Hudson and was a well-advertised beverage. I had hardly recovered from the annoyance of that when I got on the "L" train at the city limit and brushing aside the breath on the window panes I saw on every dead wall on the way down, the legend, "Wilson, that's all." [Laughter and applause.]

When I first came to New York, in 1888, or along there, I prepared a speech, (the only speech I ever prepared), to be given at a dinner of newspaper men. I was not permitted to deliver it and I have been issuing excerpts from that speech ever since. [Laughter.] That I did not deliver the speech was due to the fact that General Porter spoke that evening. [Laughter.] At that time he was building that beautiful monument to his old comrade, General Grant, which so adorns the banks of the Hudson [applause], and his enthusiasm in the case justified his endurance. He spoke to a spellbound audience for an hour and twenty minutes. [Laughter.] That would have been all right, because there was only one man between him and me on the program, but, at that moment, as General Porter finished, Chauncey Depew stole into the back end of the hall. Those were newspaper men; there were no magazine writers there and Depew was popular. [Laughter.] Those interviewers so raised a call that although Depew was not among the invited guests, not on the raised platform, was not anywhere among the alphabetical cattle on the main floor, they insisted upon his speaking, and Depew spoke an hour and twenty minutes. It was then twelve o'clock as they called on Colonel Taylor, Editor of the Boston *Globe,* who, overlooking the insult in the assignment, had come to New York to speak on "Our Suburban Neighbors." Taylor, although ready with a speech, declined to deliver it; he said he would not have the presumption to talk in the presence of General Porter and Chauncey Depew, who were the twin orators of the country. He told instead of an old minister in New England who had gone away from home leaving his wife in charge of a physician. When he returned the physician met him at the door and said: "Parson, you are the father of two lovely boys." Then the doctor took the minister and led him into the sanctified chamber, turned back the coverlet of the little crib, showed him the two acquisitions; then taking him by the arm tip-toed out. Once outside he said: "Parson, what do you think of them." The parson said: "Doctor, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for either one of them, but I wouldn't give a danged cent for a third." [Laughter.] That was the opinion of sinister and envious Boston. I am sure it is not the opinion (so far as it relates to this half of the sketch) of the gentlemen of the South. The South, into which General Porter so gallantly rode, despite his disclaimer, and from which, if he did not "love and ride away" like the knight of old, he has proven to you that he "rode away and loved." [Applause.] It is not the opinion of France that gave him his farewell banquet when he quit there last year, a banquet at which I had the honor to be present and where General Porter made a speech in English and as he rose on the spirit of eloquence, passed as naturally from that language into French as boiling water rises into vapor. [Laughter.] Of course he spoke the French of high diplomacy and although I had lived there three years and French was spoken exclusively at our table two meals in a day, I did not understand a word he said. [Laughter.] But I know that the Frenchmen did because they gave him the only thing belonging to America that they possessed. He brought back with him the sacred relic of Paul Jones. [Applause.] And on that occasion Colonel Henry Watterson, who was there and spoke for the Americans, issued one electric line, as Henry Watterson always does issue the electric thing. [Applause.] He said "Horace Porter rescued Paul Jones from fiction and gave him to history." [Applause.]

Henry Watterson was in this hall Tuesday night at a dinner the Kentucky Society gave to him as he went abroad and to the Kentuckians he gave what he intended to be a warning against the great tendency of the central government to absorb the powers of the States. Watterson spoke upon that subject Tuesday night. A night later, and certainly with no intervening time that would lead one to presume that it was a response to Mr. Watterson's address, the Secretary of State advocated the granting of greater power to the central government. Following him at that same dinner of the Pennsylvania Society, Chief Justice Brown of Pennsylvania replied so oppositely upon the other side that many persons thought his reply was also opposite. To-night Dr. Wilson has touched eloquently upon the same theme.

These speeches mean, if they mean anything, that that is the absorbing question in the public mind to-day. I am not going to discuss it. I want only to protest in a very mild way against the improvement in the spelling that Congress has already acted upon. And I wish to do so with the greatest modesty. The president, in his message of December 6, resorted to this eight-hour method, and I am not going, in any particular, to revise his message or act as an editor of presidential messages, because I would prove at best but a reluctant expert. I am going to call attention to one line in which he says, "The Interstate Commerce Act was past (p-a-s-t) in 1887," and I submit that that spelling of the past tense of the verb "to pass" confuses it with the noun and adjective spelled in the same way, and is an unnecessary confusion of ideas. And in that particular sentence "The Interstate Commerce Act was past in 1887," it requires some explanation to know what the distinguished president meant, whether it was enacted in 1887 or whether its period of activity expired at that time. Now despite any exhibition that I am making to the contrary, language is the channel of thought, and I submit that it is useless to make appropriations to dredge our water-ways if you are going, as recklessly as that, to drive interposing snags into the channel of ideas. It seems to me a man who will obstruct the speech of a people by such experiments as that, is open to as merited admonition as the gentleman who intentionally or carelessly neglects to become the father of more than two children.

I am especially sensitive upon that spelling of "passed," because in the theater, to which I am more or less attached (and I use the word in its commercial sense), [laughter], the past life of the emotional heroine is not an inconsiderable asset. It is necessary often that the lady in the play should lose her reputation in order that the playwright may live. [Laughter.] And as one pleading for an unprotected industry I ask the president not to spell "passed" in any ambiguous way that would leave a reader in doubt as to whether a heroine had had a career or had merely taken a promenade. [Laughter and applause.] I am conscious that the Congress of the United States had passed temporarily upon this question, but we are fortunate in having a president so popular that his acts do not need to be legal in order to become the fashion. [Laughter and applause.] And so I make my plea to him in the presence of these witnesses, because I understand that a plea not so made finds the appellant with a memory lacking in accuracy, and I call these witnesses to testify, witnesses many of whom I am sure the president would be glad to meet and none of whom he would dare to impeach (and I pause here parenthetically long enough to lay especial emphasis on the second syllable of the word impeach). [Laughter and applause.] There is a society somewhere forming in the United States for the protection of purity of pronunciation. I have not been asked to join, [laughter], but it seems to me in this country of ours, where a man crossing from the Atlantic to the Pacific or from Maine to Southern California is never for a moment misunderstood, although his residence may be detected in his speech, that in this country the largest section having a common agreement as to pronunciation lies south of the Mason and Dixon line. And because of the unanimity of that section I am willing to overlook some of its peculiarity in pronunciation. I am perfectly willing that they should spell "war" with a final "h" [laughter], because I have the authority of so great an expert as General Sherman that there should be an "h" in war anyway. [Laughter and applause.]

Upon the question of the surrender of the rights of the States, this centralization of power by the National Government, which Secretary Root so eloquently proposed, so consistently urged, I am not ready to dispute. I do not think he will find a great deal of opposition in any section of the country to a reasonable demand so made. I believe that the States will be willing to make surrender of certain constitutional powers to the Federal Government,—but when the character of the Federal Government shall be more clearly defined. [Applause.] When there shall be either new laws enacted or a better construction and application of laws existant or a firmer and less doubtful construction of the Constitution that shall insist and fix for all time that the Federal Government is the government intended by the framers of the Constitution, a government of three coördinate branches and not a government where two branches may be coerced by an aspiring executive. [Applause.] When a bookkeeper of a well-regulated bank is promoted it is customary to increase the bond for his position, and it is only natural when the powers of the Federal Government shall be increased by the absorption of the powers now held by the States, that it shall first be in order to define and establish a clear understanding of the power of each department of that Federal Government. [Applause.] Ten years ago when the Democratic party demanded an income tax, when the Supreme Court might be so constituted that it would regard an income tax as constitutional, the platform was called an attack on the Judiciary, and the gentlemen of the Republican party saved the Nation. Now, with no intervening section anywhere, the president, who is an excellent Democrat, proposes an income tax and for that same inviolable court he nominates a member of his official family, presumably with his own opinions, though not accepted as a safe oratorical agent, to expound the theories of the Administration. There is no disposition in this Society, I am sure, to criticize the president. There is not even a measure of cynicism in the mention of this act. I hope he gets away with it. [Laughter.] I should like to see an income tax, and feel that the money so raised would be appropriated by the body qualified by the Constitution to make the appropriation and not one coerced into it by any patronage promised or withheld. [Applause.] It seems to me that before these great powers are granted to the Federal Government, however, it would be well for the South to fall back again upon a friendly contention for States Rights. [Applause.] They may not be immediately successful, but they can afford to be patient. Truth is not always immediately triumphant. In seventeen hundred and seventy something or other, a young colonel submitted to Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia for the Colonial troops a uniform of a color that might not be seen by the Indians. He was laughed out from the presence, but to-day there is not an English speaking soldier on either side of the Atlantic who, when he goes into active service, does not wear khaki, the color recommended by Colonel Washington of Mt. Vernon. [Applause.] I want to see our great president, when properly qualified, have the powers that he asks. I simply feel about his request as the colored man did in the current story about his extravagant wife whom he had just married; he said: "That is the most extravagantest woman I have ever saw; she asks me for money before breakfast, she asks me for money at noon and she asks me for money when I come home"; but his friend asked: "What does she buy with all this money?" Sam replied: "She doesn't buy anything, I ain't give her none yit." [Laughter.]

I had the honor to listen to a conversation between the president and Mark Twain during the last administration and although it was a private conversation I feel tempted to repeat a bit of it because I understand now that it is fashionable in high diplomatic circles to embellish political discussions by means of the personal memoir. [Laughter.] The president was talking about war and the best way to kill people. [Laughter.] He said: "Now, Mr. Clemens, you as a Confederate soldier have noticed the nervousness of the bravest men just going into battle, you have noticed that nervousness, haven't you?" Mark Twain took his cigar from his lips and said: "Yes, I have noticed that nervousness of brave men just going into battle and I have the quality of maintaining it all through the engagement." [Laughter.] I am perfectly willing in the task before it as custodian of certain rights still resting with the

States, that the South should have all the nervousness at the beginning of the contest that it wishes, and I submit that it would do well to maintain that nervousness all through the engagement. [Applause.]

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY

[This speech was given at the Sixteenth Annual Dinner of the New York Southern Society held in the grand hall of the Waldorf-Astoria, February 22, 1902.]

MR. PRESIDENT, AND MEMBERS OF THE SOUTHERN SOCIETY, AND THE FAIR FRIENDS IN THE GALLERIES, WHOSE APPEARANCE HAS LED THE PRESIDENT GALLANTLY TO DESCRIBE THEM AS FOOD FOR THE ANGELS:—I wish to say that while not without some knowledge of the bakery myself, I never saw so much angel cake before, nor saw it so attractively displayed. As I look about these glittering galleries, the only thing that persuades me that this is not the Metropolitan Opera House, and I Monsieur Jean De Reszke, is the entire absence of conversation in the boxes.

Whenever it is my honor and my pleasure to be in the company of this Society, or any similarly representative body of Southerners, I am always impressed by their varied individuality, by the distinctiveness of personality, which they enforce. And in saying that, I don't wish to drift into the blandishment of the darky girl of the story, the story which I heard quoted in this hall, to characterize Judge Howland's welcome to the New Englanders, the Sixth Avenue darky girl, who, on her wedding trip to Rye Beach in a New Haven accommodation, laid her head back on the shoulder of her smiling bridegroom, and whispered, "Ain't you 'shamed to be so handsome?"

I was once a member of a coon hunt party in Central Missouri. There was a bright moon. The dogs were baying joyously upon the trail of a coon, when suddenly they came in contact with one of those innocent looking, but sulphurously odorous little animals, whose conduct can fill an express train with dismay. The startled creature had defended itself in its characteristic way, and the dogs, disdaining all feebler scents, had come back to their owners, rolling in the dust and begging for sackcloth. I had never seen a polecat myself, and as we turned homeward, I asked one of our darky guides how it looked.

"Why, long, soft fur, sah, kind o' black and white like a kitten, an' purty as can be, ain't he, Tawm?"

Tom, who was an older darky, with less enthusiasm, but more philosophy, hesitated a moment, and then added:

"Well, to my mind, handsome is as handsome does."

And so, gentlemen, with me to-night, the effect of the unquestioned brilliancy of your appearance will be materially tempered by your conduct.

But, whether the quality that I think I note, makes for beauty, or does not, it certainly has distinction. To my mind, that distinction stands for an idea. I like ideas—when I can get them. Back of every deed, behind every great movement, anterior to every reformation or revolution, at the cradle of every race, there is an idea. This building in which we are, this association that we form, this occasion that calls us together, each is but the physical and outward expression of an idea. And when, for its expression, an idea takes not a building, nor a company, nor an occasion as the medium, but puts forth a radical characteristic as its symbol, it has required time for that utterance.

Nature moves with deliberation. She answers but slowly to suggestion. To take a homely illustration—for a thousand years, at least according to the prints, the sporting world has bitten off the fox terrier's tail; yet, notwithstanding the almost rebuking quality of that insinuating criticism of her work, Nature still issues fox terrier puppies with their full complement of caudal adornment.

So, therefore, when I find distinguished physical characteristics in a body of Southerners, I submit that the cause for such appearances, the idea that they manifestly embody, must be looked for even earlier than 1860; more remotely than 1776; further even than Jamestown and 1607; yes, back to the time when the queenly Hypatia taught the religion of the fullest and highest individual expression, while, at her doors, clamored the contrasting mob of Cyril's fanatical monks. It seems to me always, and more to-night than ever, that the South expresses in her very person, the idea that has always opposed culture to restraint, the camp to the monastery, the Cavalier to the Roundhead, the Virginian to the Pilgrim, a pure Democracy to a centralized power, and I see in your faces, not alone the history, but the prophecy and promise of individual liberty.

So disinterested a critic as Alexander Johnson, Professor of Jurisprudence at Princeton, has said, "There is hardly any point in which the action of the individual American has been freed from governmental restraint, from ecclesiastical government, from sumptuary laws, from restrictions on suffrage, from restrictions on commerce, production and exchange, for which he is not indebted, in some measure to the work and teachings of Thomas Jefferson."

That the Professor's statement is fully borne out by the facts, is apparent when we reflect that, before the American Revolution, Jefferson, recognizing the family as the basic unit of the nation, and feeling that ideal justice between the component parts of the family was essential to the formation of a Democracy, proposed, advocated, and secured the abolishment of the law of entail. The moral courage of that act is the greater when we consider that the proposal came from the representative of a section, whose prosperity apparently depended on the preservation of large and undivided estates.

It was the South that first abolished ecclesiastical taxes, and removed all restricting qualifications from manhood suffrage.

It was after conference with Jefferson, that John Nicholas, of Virginia, was selected to voice the sentiments of that section, upon the repeal of the sedition laws, and it is to efforts of the South alone, that the press of America owes its freedom to-day, even from the Federal Judiciary of Illinois, and that the citizens enjoy the benefit of a strict and literal construction of the first amendment to the Constitution, which amendment reads, in part, that "Congress shall make no law abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people to peaceably assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

When England claimed, and flagrantly exercised, the right to board American ships, and impress American sailors into her service, and also placed her embargo on American commerce, thereby robbing the Republic piecemeal of its independence, when the invertebrates of other sections were submission men, it was the South, alone, that cried for armed resistance to, and retaliation for, the outrage, and under the electrical leadership of that splendid, and alliterative trinity, Clay, Calhoun and Crawford, enforced the War of 1812, that ultimately really cemented the commonwealths for the first time, and gave a nationality to the country.

Therefore, when from those splendid names I revert, and add to them the earlier magical ones of Washington, Henry, Madison, and Marshall, with all the soul-stirring and tonic memories that they invoke, the claim that the South has been the custodian of American liberty is seen to be not without sustaining evidence.

It would be strange, if, placing this high value upon individual liberty, the South should fail to highly prize the individual. Our estimate of the man is determined at once by the standard by which we measure him. That standard may be family, money, or personal achievement. The South has been too democratic to let family weigh in her estimate except as family is a guarantee of association. Despite her afflictions, she has been too independent to be influenced by the display of a bank account, and even in her consideration of personal achievement, her generous impulses incline her to accept the intention, and the endeavor, the uplift of the honest wish to do, as an earnest of the deed.

I have, in my own experience, a humiliating and tender example of this disposition to consider motive, at whatever personal cost. I was riding one day in '92 in a railroad train in Southeast Missouri, during a revisit to the State. The only other passenger in that car was a man, evidently under the influence of liquor, and the added weight of some great personal grief. The conductor, from time to time, in his trips through the car, stopped to console him. At length, as, in one of his paroxysms, the man turned toward me, I recognized an old friend by the name of Nat Dryden. I went to him.

"Why, Nat," I said, "what is the matter?"

"Oh, Gus, Nancy—Nancy died last night—Nancy—and, my boy, how she did love you."

Nancy was his wife, and was one of the most beautiful women in Missouri. I said:

"Why, Nat, I've seen your wife with you once or twice, but I never knew her."

"I know, but she loved you. Don't you remember that convention you reported for the St. Louis *Republic* in '86, in which I was a candidate for Attorney-General?"

I did remember it.

"Well, you know, the party had a fight on with most of the newspapers. The convention had just taken its second ballot, and it was a tie between me and that reptile from Callaway; and while the third ballot was being called for, you—you arose from your inopportune, and impotent place at the reporters' table, and addressing that convention, in which you had no rights whatever, you said in a loud voice, 'I want it understood that the press of this State is for Nat Dryden.' Dear boy, it beat me, but I went home, and told it to Nancy, and we've loved you ever since."

And so the South has been ever ready, not only to forgive an unintentional injury, but, going behind the fact, ready to embrace the agent, if the intent were beneficent.

A distinguished Englishman, writing of the Jews, finds, in their dread of the wilderness, which lay to one side of them, a dread born of their earlier wanderings in it, and also in their dread of the sea, which, with a precipitous and lea shore, marked their Western boundary, the permanent cause of their isolation; and in their isolation, in their separation from communicating and invading influences, he discerns the divine intent to treasure, pure and undiluted, the great Hebraic conception of a single God.

I choose to find in the peculiar institution of slavery, which the South inherited, in her consequent devastation and suffering, I choose to find the isolation that has permitted her to keep in her custody, pure and undefiled, the earlier American concept of the rights of the citizen.

We live in another time, with an interpretation of our organic law, elastic enough for us to hold revolting colonies in the bondage, against which we ourselves rebelled. In a time, when a party leader points to the successful issue of a Senatorial campaign of bribery as evidence that God still reigns. In a time, when the sight of our plain duty, and our uttered and reiterated obligations are paralyzed by the touch of avarice.

We live in the final formative stage of an oligarchy so powerful, and so throttling, that its Frankensteins pause in their intent to make it reproductive. And in this time, when we are assured that the Government is to be run on business principles, the Government that owes its conception, its birth, and its preservation to lofty sentiment alone, in this time, when the ennobling passions are to be blunted by the rush of covetousness and cupidity, we call upon the South for her, as the tribe Israel treasured the concept of an only God, for her to cherish and preserve the American, and the high ideal of individual liberty.

THEODORE TILTON

WOMAN

[Speech of Theodore Tilton at the sixtieth annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1865. The Chairman, Joseph H. Choate, gave the following toast, "Woman—the strong staff and beautiful rod which sustained and comforted our forefathers during every step of the pilgrims' progress." Theodore Tilton was called upon to respond.]

GENTLEMEN:—It is somewhat to a modest man's embarrassment, on rising to this toast, to know that it has already been twice partially spoken to this evening—first by my friend, Senator Lane from Indiana, and just now, most eloquently, by the mayor-elect of New York [John T. Hoffman], who could not utter a better word in his own praise than to tell us that he married a Massachusetts wife. [Applause.] In choosing the most proper spot on this platform as my standpoint for such remarks as are appropriate to such a toast, my first impulse was to go to the other end of the table; for hereafter, Mr. Chairman, when you are in want of a man to speak for Woman, remember what Hamlet said, "Bring me the recorder!" * [Laughter.] But, on the other hand, here, at this end, a prior claim was put in from the State of Indiana, whose venerable Senator [Henry S. Lane] has expressed himself disappointed at finding no women present. So, as my toast introduces that sex, I feel bound to stand at the Senator's end of the room—not, however, too near the Senator's chair, for it may be dangerous to take Woman too near that "good-looking man." [Laughter and applause.] Therefore, gentlemen, I stand between these two chairs—the Army on my right [General Hancock], the Navy on my left [Admiral Farragut]—to hold over their heads a

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* Allusion to John T. Hoffman, who occupied the post of Recorder previous to his election as Mayor.

name that conquers both—Woman! [Applause.] The Chairman has pictured a vice-admiral tied for a little while to a mast; but it is the spirit of my sentiment to give you a vice-admiral tied life-long to a master. [Applause.] In the absence of woman, therefore, from this gilded feast, I summon her to your golden remembrance. There is an old English song—older, sir, than the Pilgrims:—

"By absence, this good means I gain,
That I can catch her
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain:
There I embrace and kiss her:
And so I both enjoy and miss her!"

You must not forget, Mr. President, in eulogizing the early men of New England, who are your clients to-night, that it was only through the help of the early women of New England, who are mine, that your boasted heroes could ever have earned their title of the Pilgrim Fathers. [Great laughter.] A health, therefore, to the women in the cabin of the Mayflower! A cluster of May-flowers themselves, transplanted from summer in the old world to winter in the new! Counting over those matrons and maidens, they numbered, all told, just eighteen. Their names are now written among the heroines of history! For as over the ashes of Cornelia stood the epitaph "The Mother of the Gracchi," so over these women of the Pilgrimage we write as proudly "The Mothers of the Republic." [Applause.] There was good Mistress Bradford, whose feet were not allowed of God to kiss Plymouth Rock, and who, like Moses, came only near enough to see but not to enter the Promised Land. She was washed overboard from the deck—and to this day the sea is her grave and Cape Cod her monument! [Applause.] There was Mistress Carver, wife of the first governor, and who, when her husband fell under the stroke of sudden death, followed him first with heroic grief to the grave, and then, a fortnight after, followed him with heroic joy up into Heaven! [Applause.] There was Mistress White—the mother of the first child born to the New England Pilgrims on this continent. And it was a good omen, sir, that this historic babe was brought into the world on board the Mayflower between the time of the casting of her anchor and the landing of her passengers—a kind of amphibious prophecy that the new-born nation was to have a birthright inheritance over the sea and over the land. [Great applause.] There, also, was Rose Standish, whose name is a perpetual June fragrance, to mellow and sweeten those December winds. And there, too, was Mrs. Winslow, whose name is even more than a fragrance; it is a taste; for, as the advertisements say, "children cry for it," it is a soothing syrup. [Great laughter.]

Then, after the first vessel with these women, there came other women—loving hearts drawn from the olden land by those silken threads which afterwards harden into golden chains. For instance, Governor Bradford, a lonesome widower, went down to the sea-beach, and, facing the waves, tossed a love-letter over the wide ocean into the lap of Alice Southworth in old England, who caught it up, and read it, and said, "Yes, I will go." And she went! And it is said that the governor, at his second wedding, married his first love! Which, according to the New Theology, furnishes the providential reason why the first Mrs. Bradford fell overboard! [Great Laughter.]

Now, gentlemen, as you sit to-night in this elegant hall, think of the houses in which the Mayflower men and women lived in that first winter! Think of a cabin in the wilderness where winds whistled—where wolves howled—where Indians yelled! And yet, within that log-house, burning like a lamp was the pure flame of Christian faith, love, patience, fortitude, heroism! As the Star of the East rested over the rude manger where Christ lay, so—speaking not irreverently—there rested over the roofs of the Pilgrims a Star of the West—the Star of Empire; and to-day that empire is the proudest in the world! [Applause.] And if we could summon up from their graves, and bring hither to-night, that olden company of long-moldered men, and they could sit with us at this feast—in their mortal flesh—and with their stately presence—the whole world would make a pilgrimage to see those pilgrims! [Applause.] How quaint their attire! How grotesque their names! How we treasure every relic of their day and generation! And of all the heirlooms of the earlier times in Yankeeland, what household memorial is clustered round about with more sacred and touching associations than the spinning-wheel! The industrious mother sat by it doing her work while she instructed her children! The blushing daughter plied it diligently, while her sweetheart had a chair very close by. And you remember, too, another person who used it more than all the rest—that peculiar kind of maiden, well along in life, who while she spun her yarn into one "blue stocking," spun herself into another. [Laughter.] But perhaps my toast forbids me to touch upon this well-known class of Yankee women—restricting me, rather, to such women as "comforted" the Pilgrims. [Laughter.]

But, my friends, such of the Pilgrim Fathers as found good women to "comfort" them had, I am sure, their full share of matrimonial thorns in the flesh. For instance, I know of an early New England epitaph on a tombstone, in these words: "Obadiah and Sarah Wilkenson—their warfare is accomplished." [Uproarious laughter.] And among the early statutes of Connecticut—a State that began with blue laws, and ends with black [laughter]—there was one which said: "No Gospel minister shall unite people in marriage; the civil magistrates shall unite people in marriage; as they may do it with less scandal to the church." [Loud laughter.] Now, gentlemen, since Yankee clergymen fared so hard for wedding-fees in those days, is it to be wondered at that so many Yankee clergymen have escaped out of New England, and are here to-night? [Laughter.] Dropping their frailties in the graves which cover their ashes, I hold up anew to your love and respect the Forefathers of New England! And as the sons of the Pilgrims are worthy of their sires, so the daughters of the Pilgrims are worthy of their mothers. I hold that in true womanly worth, in house-wifely thrift, in domestic skill, in every lovable and endearing quality, the present race of Yankee women are the women of the earth! [Applause.] And I trust that we shall yet have a Republic which, instead of disfranchising one-half its citizens, and that too by common consent its "better half," shall ordain the political equality, not only of both colors, but of both sexes! I believe in a reconstructed Union wherein every good woman shall have a wedding-ring on her finger, and a ballot in her hand! [Sensation.]

And now, to close, let me give you just a bit of good advice. The cottages of our forefathers had few pictures on the walls, but many families had a print of "King Charles's Twelve Good Rules," the eleventh of which was, "Make no long meals." Now King Charles lost his head, and you will have leave to make a long meal. But when, after your long meal, you go home in the wee small hours, what do you expect to find? You will find my toast—"Woman, a beautiful rod!" [Laughter.] Now my advice is, "Kiss the rod!" [Great laughter, during which Mr. Tilton took his seat.]

JOSEPH HOPKINS TWICHELL

YANKEE NOTIONS

[Speech of Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, Conn., at the eighty-second annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1887. The President, Horace Russell, occupied the chair. Mr. Twichell responded to the first toast, "Forefathers' Day."]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN:—I have heard of an Irishman who, on being asked by a kind-hearted person if he would have a drink of whiskey, made no reply at first, but struck an attitude and stood gazing up into the sky. "What are you looking at, Mike?" inquired his friend. "Bedade, sir," said Mike, "I thought an angel spoke to me." [Much laughter.]

Somewhat so did I feel, Mr. President, when I got your invitation to be here this evening and speak. I own I was uncommonly pleased by it. I considered it the biggest compliment of the kind I had ever received in my life. For that matter it was too big, as I had to acknowledge. That, however, sir, was your affair; and so, without stopping much to think, and before I could muster the cowardice to decline, I accepted it. [Laughter.] But as soon as I began to reflect, especially when I came to ask myself what in the world I had or could have to say in this august presence, I was scared to think of what I had done. I was like the man who while breaking a yoke of steers that he held by a rope, having occasion to use both his hands in letting down a pair of bars, fetched the rope a turn around one of his legs. That instant something frightened the steers, and that unfortunate farmer was tripped up and snaked off feet first on a wild, erratic excursion, a mile or so, over rough ground, as long as the rope lasted, and left in a very lamentable condition, indeed. His neighbors ran to him and gathered him up and laid him together, and waited around for him to come to; which, when he did, one of them inquired of him how he came to do such a thing as hitch a rope around his leg under such circumstances. "Well," said he, "we hadn't gone five rods 'fore I see my mistake." [Hearty laughter.]

But here I am, and the President has passed the tremendous subject of Forefathers' Day, like a Rugby ball, into my hands —after making elegant play with it himself—and, frightful as the responsibility is, I realize that I've got to do something with it—and do it mighty quick. [Laughter.] This is a festive hour, and even a preacher mustn't be any more edifying in his remarks, I suppose, than he can help. And I promise accordingly to use my conscientious endeavors to-night to leave this worshipful company no better than I found it. [Laughter.]

But, gentlemen, well intending as one may be to that effect, and lightly as he may approach the theme of the Forefathers, the minute he sets foot within its threshold he stops his fooling and gets his hat off at once. [Applause.]

Those unconscious, pathetic heroes, pulling their shallop ashore on the Cape yonder in 1620—what reverence can exceed their just merit! What praise can compass the virtue of that sublime, unconquerable manhood, by which in the calamitous, woful days that followed, not accepting deliverance, letting the Mayflower go back empty, they stayed perishing by the graves of their fallen; rather, stayed fast by the flickering flame of their living truth, and so invoked and got on their side forever the force of that great law of the universe, "except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." How richly and how speedily fruitful that seed was, we know. It did not wait for any large unfolding of events on these shores to prove the might of its quickening. "Westward the star of empire takes its way." Yes, but the first pulse of vital power from the new State moved eastward. For behold it still in its young infancy —if it can be said to have had an infancy—stretching a strong hand of help across the sea to reinforce the cause of that Commonwealth, the rise of which marks the epoch of England's new birth in liberty. [Applause.]

The pen of New England, fertilized by freedom and marvelously prolific ere a single generation passed, was indeed the

Commonwealth's true nursing mother. Cromwell, Hampden, Sidney, Milton, Owen, were disciples of teachers mostly from this side the Atlantic. Professor Masson, of Edinburgh University, in his admirable "Life of Milton," enumerates seventeen New England men whom he describes as "potent" in England in that period. Numbers went to England in person, twelve of the first twenty graduates of Harvard College prior to 1646, among them; and others, not a few representing the leading families of the colonies, who going over with their breasts full of New England milk, nourished the heart of the great enterprise; "performed," so Palfrey tells us, "parts of consequence in the Parliamentary service, and afterward in the service of the Protectorate." It is not too much to say that on the fields of Marston Moor and Nasby, New England appeared; and that those names may fairly be written on her banners. [Applause.]

That, I would observe—and Mr. Grady would freely concede it—was before there was much mingling anywhere of the Puritan and the Cavalier blood, save as it ran together between Cromwell's Ironsides and Rupert's troopers. I would observe also that the propagation eastward inaugurated in that early day has never ceased. The immigration of populations hither from Europe, great a factor as it has been in shaping the history of this continent, has not been so great a factor as the emigration of ideas the other way has been, and continues to be, in shaping the history of Europe, and of the mother country most of all. But that carries me where I did not intend to go.

An inebriated man who had set out to row a boat across a pond was observed to pursue a very devious course. On being hailed and asked what the matter was, he replied that it was the rotundity of the earth that bothered him; he kept sliding off. So it is the rotundity of my subject that bothers me. But I do mean to stay on one hemisphere of it if possible. [Laughter.]

The Forefathers were a power on earth from the start—and that by the masterful quality of their mind and spirit. They had endless pluck, intellectual and moral. They believed that the kingdom in this world was with ideas. It was, you might say, one of their original Yankee notions that it was the property of a man to have opinions and to stand by them to death. Judged from the standpoint of their times, as any one who will take the pains to look will discover, they were tolerant men; but they were fell debaters, and they were no compromisers. They split hairs, if you will, but they wouldn't split the difference. [Laughter.]

A German professor of theology is reported to have said in lecturing to his students on the Existence of God, that while the doctrine, no doubt, was an important one, it was so difficult and perplexed that it was not advisable to take too certain a position upon it, as many were disposed to do. There were those, he remarked, who were wont in the most unqualified way to affirm that there was a God. There were others who, with equal immoderation, committed themselves to the opposite proposition—that there was no God. The philosophical mind, he added, will look for the truth somewhere between these extremes. The Forefathers had none of that in theirs. [Laughter and applause.]

They were men who employed the great and responsible gift of speech honestly and straightforwardly. There was a sublime sincerity in their tongues. They spoke their minds.

Their sons, I fear, have declined somewhat from their veracity at that precise point. At times we certainly have, and have had to be brought back to it by severest pains—as, for example, twenty-six years ago by the voice of Beauregard's and Sumter's cannon, which was a terrible voice indeed, but had this vast merit that it told the truth, and set a whole people free to say what they thought once more. [Great applause.]

Our fathers of the early day were not literary; but they were apt, when they spoke, to make themselves understood.

There was in my regiment during the war—I was a chaplain—a certain corporal, a gay-hearted fellow and a good soldier, of whom I was very fond—with whom on occasion of his recovery from a dangerous sickness I felt it my duty to have a serious pastoral talk; and while he convalesced I watched for an opportunity for it. As I sat one day on the side of his bed in the hospital tent chatting with him, he asked me what the campaign, when by and by spring opened, was going to be. I told him that I didn't know. "Well," said he, "I suppose that General McClellan knows all about it." (This was away back in 1861, not long after we went to the field.) I answered:

"General McClellan has his plans, of course, but he doesn't know. Things may not turn out as he expects." "But," said the corporal, "President Lincoln knows, doesn't he?" "No," I said, "he doesn't know, either. He has his ideas, but he can't see ahead any more than General McClellan can." "Dear me," said the corporal, "it would be a great comfort if there was somebody that did know about things"—and I saw my chance. "True, corporal," I observed, "that's a very natural feeling; and the blessed fact is there is One who does know everything, both past and future, about you and me, and about this army; who knows when we are going to move, and where to, and what's going to happen; knows the whole thing." "Oh," says the corporal, "you mean old Scott!" [Laughter.]

The Forefathers generally spared people the trouble of guessing what they were driving at. [Applause.]

That for which they valued education was that it gave men power to think and reason and form judgments and communicate and expound the same, and so capacitated them for valid membership of the Church and of the State. And that was still another original Yankee notion.

Not often has the nature and the praise of it been more worthily expressed, that I am aware of, than in these sentences, which I lately happened upon, the name of whose author I will, by your leave, reserve till I have repeated them: "Next to religion they prized education. If their lot had been cast in some pleasant place of the valley of the Mississippi, they would have sown wheat and educated their children; but as it was, they educated their children and planted whatever might grow and ripen on that scanty soil with which capricious nature had tricked off and disguised the granite beds beneath. Other colonies would have brought up some of the people to the school; they, if I may be allowed so to express it, let down the school to all the people, not doubting but by doing so the people and the school would rise of themselves."

I do not know if Cardinal Gibbons is present; I do not recognize him. If he is, I am pleased to have had the honor to recite in his hearing and to commend to his attention these words, so true, so just, so appreciative, of a distinguished ecclesiastic of his communion; for they were spoken by the late Archbishop Hughes in a public lecture in this city in 1852. [Applause.]

I would, however, much rather have recited them in the ears of those Protestant Americans—alas, that there should be born New Englanders among them, that is, such according to the flesh, not according to the spirit—who are wont to betray a strange relish for disparaging both the principles and the conduct of our great sires in that early day when they were sowing in weakness what has ever since been rising with power.

There have always, indeed, been those who were fond of spying the blemishes of New England, of illustrating human depravity by instances her sinners contributed. With the open spectacle of armies of beggars—God's beggars they are; I do not object to them—continually swarming in across her borders, as bees to their meadows, and returning not empty, they keep on calling her close-fisted. They even blaspheme her weather—her warm-hearted summers and her magnificent winters. There is, to be sure, a time along in March—but let that pass. [Laughter.]

I refer to this without the least irritation. I do not complain of it. On the contrary, I glory in it. I love her for the enemies she has made. [Laughter.]

She is the church member among the communities, and must catch it accordingly. It is the saints who are always in the wrong. [Laughter.]

Elijah troubled Israel. Daniel was a nuisance in Babylon. And long may New England be such as to make it an object to find fault with her. [Hearty applause.]

Such she will be so long as she is true to herself—true to her great traditions; true to the principles of which her life was begotten; so long as her public spirit has supreme regard to the higher ranges of the public interest; so long as in her ancient glorious way she leaves the power of the keys in the hands of the people; so long as her patriotism springs, as in the beginning it sprang, from the consciousness of rights wedded to the consciousness of duties; so long as by her manifold institutions of learning, humanity, religion, thickly sown, multitudinous, universal, she keeps the law of the Forefathers' faith, that "Man lives not by bread alone but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." [Prolonged applause.]

JOHN TYNDALL

ART AND SCIENCE

[Speech of Professor John Tyndall at the annual banquet of the Royal Academy, London, May 5, 1888. The toast to Science was coupled with that to Literature, to the latter of which William E. H. Lecky was called upon to respond. In introducing Professor Tyndall, the President, Sir Frederic Leighton, said: "On behalf of Science, on whom could I call more fitly than on my old friend Professor Tyndall. ["Hear! Hear!"] Fervid in imagination, after the manner of his race, clothing thoughts luminous and full of color in a sharply chiselled form, he seems to me to be, in very deed, an artist and our kin; and I, as an artist, rejoice to see that in this priest within the temple of Science, Knowledge has not clipped the wings of wonder, and that to him the tint of Heaven is not the less lovely that he can reproduce its azure in a little phial, nor does, because Science has been said to unweave it, the rainbow lift its arc less triumphantly in the sky."]

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS, MY LORDS, AND GENTLEMEN:—Faraday, whose standing in the science of the world needs not to be insisted on, used to say to me that he knew of only two festivals that gave him real pleasure. He loved to meet, on Tower Hill, the frank and genial gentlemen-sailors of the Trinity House; but his crowning enjoyment was the banquet of the Royal Academy. The feeling thus expressed by Faraday is a representative feeling: for surely it is a high pleasure to men of science to mingle annually in this illustrious throng, and it is an honor and a pleasure to hear the toast of Science so cordially proposed and so warmly responded to year after year.

Art and Science in their widest sense cover nearly the whole field of man's intellectual action. They are the outward and visible expressions of two distinct and supplementary portions of our complex human nature—distinct, but not opposed, the one working by the dry light of the intellect, the other in the warm glow of the emotions; the one ever seeking to interpret and express the beauty of the universe, the other ever searching for its truth. One vast personality in the course of history, and one only, seems to have embraced them both. ["Hear! Hear!"] That transcendent genius died three days ago plus three hundred and sixty-nine years—Leonardo da Vinci.

Emerson describes an artist who could never paint a rock until he had first understood its geologic structure; and the late Lord Houghtŏn told me that an illustrious living poet once destroyed some exquisite verses on a flower because on examination he found that his botany was wrong. This is not saying that all the geology in the world, or all the botany in the world, could create an artist.

In illustration of the subtle influences which here come into play, a late member of this Academy once said to me—"Let Raphael take a crayon in his hand and sweep a curve; let an engineer take tracing paper and all other appliances necessary to accurate reproduction, and let him copy that curve—his line will not be the line of Raphael." In these matters, through lack of knowledge, I must speak, more or less, as a fool, leaving it to you, as wise men, to judge what I say. Rules and principles are profitable and necessary for the guidance of the growing artist and for the artist full-grown; but rules and principles, I take it, just as little as geology and botany, can create the artist. Guidance and rule imply something to be guided and ruled. And that indefinable something which baffles all analysis, and which when wisely guided and ruled emerges in supreme excellence, is individual genius, which, to use familiar language, is "the gift of God." [Cheers.]

In like manner all the precepts of Bacon, linked together and applied in one great integration, would fail to produce a complete man of science. In this respect Art and Science are identical—that to reach their highest outcome and achievement they must pass beyond knowledge and culture, which are understood by all, to inspiration and creative power, which pass the understanding even of him who possesses them in the highest degree. [Cheers.]

HENRY VAN DYKE

THE TYPICAL DUTCHMAN

[Speech of the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke at the fifth annual banquet of the Holland Society of New York, January 10, 1890. Robert B. Roosevelt, Vice-President of the Society, presided. Dr. van Dyke responded to the toast, "The Typical Dutchman."]

Mr. President and Members of the Holland Society:—Who is the typical Dutchman? Rembrandt, the splendid artist; Erasmus, the brilliant scholar; Coster, the inventor of printing; Leuwenhoek, the profound scientist; Grotius, the great lawyer; Barendz, the daring explorer; De Witt, the skillful statesman; Van Tromp, the trump of admirals; William the Silent, heroic defender of liberty against a world of tyranny; William III, the emancipator of England, whose firm, peaceful hand, just two centuries ago, set the Anglo-Saxon race free to fulfill its mighty destiny—what hero, artist, philosopher, discoverer, lawgiver, admiral, general or monarch shall we choose from the long list of Holland's illustrious dead to stand as the typical Dutchman?

Nay, not one of these men, famous as they were, can fill the pedestal of honor to-night. For though their glorious achievements have lent an undying luster to the name of Holland, the qualities that really created her and made her great, lifted her in triumph from the sullen sea, massed her inhabitants like a living bulwark against oppression, filled her cities with the light of learning and her homes with the arts of peace, covered the ocean with her ships and the islands with her colonies—the qualities that made Holland great were the qualities of the common people. The ideal character of the Dutch race is not an exceptional genius, but a plain, brave, straightforward, kind-hearted, liberty-loving, law-abiding citizen—a man with a healthy conscience, a good digestion, and a cheerful determination to do his duty in the sphere of life to which God has called him. [Applause.] Let me try to etch the portrait of such a man in few and simple lines. Grant me but six strokes for the picture.

The typical Dutchman is an honest man, and that's the noblest work of God. Physically he may be—and if he attends these dinners he probably will be—more or less round. But morally he must be square. And surely in this age of sham, when there is so much plated ware that passes itself off for solid silver, and so much work done at half measure and charged at full price—so many doctors who buy diplomas, and lawyers whose names should be "Necessity," because they know no law [laughter and applause], and preachers who insist on keeping in their creeds doctrines which they do not profess to believe—surely in this age, in which sky-rockets are so plentiful and well-seasoned firewood is so scarce, the man who is most needed is not the genius, the discoverer, the brilliant sayer of new things, but simply the honest man, who speaks the truth pays his debts, does his work thoroughly, and is satisfied with what he has earned. [Applause.]

The typical Dutchman is a free man. Liberty is his passion; and has been since the days of Leyden and Alkmaar. It runs in the blood. A descendant of the old Batavian who fought against Rome is bound to be free at any cost: he hates tyranny in every form. [Applause.]

"I honor the man who is ready to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will sink t'other half for the freedom to speak,
Caring naught for what vengeance the mob has in store,
Let that mob be the upper ten thousand, or lower." *

That is the spirit of the typical Dutchman. Never has it been more needed than it is to-day; to guard our land against the oppression of the plutocrat on the one hand, and the demagogue on the other hand; to prevent a government of the parties by the bosses for the spoils, and to preserve a government of the people, by the people, for the people. [Renewed applause.]

* James Russell Lowell.

The typical Dutchman is a prudent man. He will be free to choose for himself; but he generally chooses to do nothing rash. He does not admire those movements which are like the Chinaman's description of the toboggan-slide, "Whiz! Walk a mile!" He prefers a one-story ground-rent to a twelve-story mortgage with an elevator. [Laughter.] He has a constitutional aversion to unnecessary risks. In society, in philosophy, in commerce, he sticks to the old way until he knows that the new one is better. On the train of progress he usually sits in the middle car, sometimes in the smoker, but never on the cow-catcher. [Laughter.] And yet he arrives at his destination all the same. [Renewed laughter.]

The typical Dutchman is a devout man. He could not respect himself if he did not reverence God. [Applause.] Religion was at the center of Holland's most glorious life, and it is impossible to understand the sturdy heroism and cheerful industry of our Dutch forefathers without remembering that whether they ate or drank or labored or prayed or fought or sailed or farmed, they did all to the glory of God. [Applause.] The only difference between New Amsterdam and New England was this: the Puritans founded a religious community with commercial principles; the Dutchman founded a commercial community with religious principles. [Laughter.] Which was the better I do not say; but every one knows which was the happier to live in.

The typical Dutchman is a liberal man. He believes, but he does not persecute. He says, in the immortal words of William III, "Conscience is God's province." So it came to pass that New Amsterdam became an asylum for the oppressed in the New World, as Old Amsterdam had been in the Old World. No witches burned; no Quakers flogged; peace and fair chances for everybody; love God as much as you can, and don't forget to love your neighbor as yourself. How excellent the character in which piety and charity are joined! While I have been speaking you have been thinking of one who showed us the harmony of such a character in his living presence—Judge Hooper C. Van Vorst, the first President of the Holland Society—an honest lawyer, an upright judge, a prudent counsellor, a sincere Christian, a genial companion. While such a man lives his fellowship is a blessing, and when he dies his memory is sacred. [Applause.]

But one more stroke remains to be added to the picture. The typical Dutchman is a man of few words. Perhaps I ought to say *he was:* for in this talkative age, even in the Holland Society, a degenerate speaker will forget himself so far as not to keep silence when he talks about the typical Dutchman. [Laughter.] But those old companions who came to this country previous to the year 1675, as Dutch citizens, under the Dutch flag, and holding their tongues in the Dutch language,—ah, they understood their business. Their motto was *facta non verba.* They are the men we praise to-night in our:—

SONG OF THE TYPICAL DUTCHMAN.

They sailed from the shores of the Zuider Zee
  Across the stormy ocean,
To build for the world a new country
  According to their notion;
A land where thought should be free as air,
  And speech be free as water;
Where man to man should be just and fair,
  And Law be Liberty's daughter.
    They were brave and kind,
    And of simple mind,
And the world has need of such men;
    So we say with pride,
    (On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

They bought their land in an honest way,
  For the red man was their neighbor;
They farmed it well, and made it pay
  By the increment of labor.
They ate their bread in the sweat o' their brow,
  And smoked their pipes at leisure;
For they said then, as we say now,
  That the fruit of toil is pleasure.
    When their work was done,
    They had their fun,
And the world has need of such men;
    So we say with pride,
    (On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

They held their faith without offense,
  And said their prayers on Sunday;
But they never could see a bit of sense
  In burning a witch on Monday.
They loved their God with a love so true,
  And with a head so level,
That they could afford to love men too,
  And not be afraid of the devil.
      They kept their creed
      In word and deed,
And the world has need of such men;
      So we say with pride,
      (On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

When the English fleet sailed up the bay,
  The small Dutch town was taken;
But the Dutchmen there had come to stay,
  Their hold was never shaken.
They could keep right on, and work and wait
  For the freedom of the nation;
And we claim to-day that New York State
  Is built on a Dutch foundation.
      They were solid and strong,
      They have lasted long,
And the world has need of such men;
      So we say with pride,
      (On the father's side),
That they were typical Dutchmen.

GEORGE EDGAR VINCENT

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

[George Edgar Vincent, President of the Rockefeller Foundation, is one of the most gifted and best known speakers in this country. He reports that the most complimentary comment he has ever heard on his speaking was from a farmer in Kansas who had listened to one of his extemporaneous addresses: "He ain't no orator but he's a damn good talker." The following address was given at the dinner at the Union League Club, Chicago, in celebration of Washington's Birthday, February 23, 1903.]

When I was a small boy my heart always used to go out with gratitude to the minister who at the beginning of his sermon outlined the chief heads of his discourse. Later on these became cheering mile stones on a road which too often seemed to stretch long and hot and straight and dusty to the closing prayer. Let me follow his good example and prefix to what I have to say a brief table of contents.

We are gathered here this morning to arouse and to foster the spirit of patriotism. I want to discuss three fundamental conditions of patriotism; knowledge, wisdom and enthusiasm.

It is customary for us to regard knowledge as a very important thing, but not ordinarily to associate it with a great spirit of enthusiasm. We want to insist that the first thing for every young American is to have knowledge of the great fundamental facts of the history of his nation, and this knowledge should be of that sort which brings before his mind in vivid procession the great events, great men, great epochs of national life. We sometimes assume that the schools confer this, but we are not always justified in counting upon it. It was a young woman in high school (not in Chicago, I am glad to say) who when asked what was the origin of domestic slavery in the United States, replied, "Domestic slavery began when, in 1619, a shipload of women landed in Virginia and became the wives of the planters." It is possible to have some control of the facts of history and yet not see in them their true significance.

Another point which I want to insist upon with regard to the knowledge which one should have of his country is this, that the knowledge should include not only those particular things which we associate with the famous men of America, but should include the great movements, the activities of the whole people, should comprehend those underlying and fundamental facts, which, after all, are of the greatest significance to national life. War is always an attractive thing to young people. There is something spectacular about the general leading his army; and yet there is nothing that we need to learn more clearly in these days than the things Miss Addams has already insisted upon, that these striking events are not after all the most important; that they are not the fundamental things which make for national prosperity and national progress. A small boy was once asked to write the history of the world, or he undertook it on his own account. He began with Cain and Abel and some one said, "Why didn't you begin with Adam and Eve?" He said, "Why, they didn't fight." I want to insist on another thing, and that is, no patriotic American in these days can afford not to know in a general way the history of the world and be familiar with the rôles played by the great nations to-day. To imagine that American history is a thing isolated from the great life of mankind is to take the narrow, the bigoted, the provincial view. A small boy was asked who was the first man, and he promptly replied "George Washington." When he was reminded of Adam, he said, "Oh, if you count foreigners." Now, I am very much afraid that there has been a spirit of not counting foreigners. My young friends, if you are to be truly patriotic and ideal citizens of this great republic, you must not only have a vivid comprehension of the facts of our own history, but you must know something of other nations, respect the traditions for which they stand, and recognize them as great coöperative factors in the history of mankind.

But the mere control of facts is not enough. There must be power to evaluate those facts; there must be the ability in looking back over our national traditions to pick out the things which are significant, the things which are important, the things which are enduring, and to separate them from the things that are unessential. A small boy in this city not long ago was asked to compare two men, and he compared George Washington and his own father. He had the deadly parallel in this form: "George Washington was a tall man; my father is a short man. George Washington could not ride a bicycle; my father can ride a bicycle. George Washington was a great man; my father is not a great man." It is probable he picked out one significant fact, but he was misled by two unessential particulars. So it is with our estimate of Washington. When you think of all the myths and traditions which have been associated with the life of Washington, all the absurd stories that have been associated with him, you can quite understand this reaction, this desire to bring Washington down to earth again. But let me point out that after all the "human" Washington is of no particular significance to us in respect to his frailties and foibles. It is in these great fundamental principles which Mr. Sherman has urged that Washington is distinguished. What if George Washington was a dandy, and if he did write letters to his tailor directing him to be particular about the buttons on his coat. These are interesting facts. We are glad to know that George Washington had some of these traits. But after all, the American lets his mind dwell on the great faith, on the noble justice and absolute fairness of the man. These are the things upon which the mind of the wise patriot dwells. More than that, as we look over our history, the wise patriot will understand that these vast movements in which we take so much pride, our industrial progress, our commercial expansion, all these tremendous economic developments, that this after all is significant only as that makes possible a higher national life, he will see that those things are a means to an end, and not an end in themselves. He is not a wise patriot who rejoices in material prosperity unless he rejoices in it because it makes possible a higher life for men and women.

And in the third place there must be enthusiasm. What is enthusiasm? It is not a mere sentimentality. A stranger visiting this country once attended a political convention where measures were being discussed with a great deal of excitement. He sat alongside a man who made a tremendous amount of noise, and finally the stranger asked this excitable individual what he thought of the matter being discussed, and this man paused long enough in his shouting to cry, "Think? Think? I am not here to think; I am here to holler!"

Now, you know a great many men and women in this country imagine that patriotism consists not in reflection upon national problems, but in shòuting, in following brass bands, in singing national anthems. All these things have their place, when they are an expression of true enthusiasm and true sentiment. But the young American who would be a patriot in these days, must have knowledge, must have wisdom. He must see things for himself. He must hold to his convictions, he must not be swept away by the mere shouting of the crowd. There are those who try to indentify patriotism with a satisfaction in everything that is; who try to make American citizens believe that acquiescence in all that America is to-day, that this is patriotism. The wise young patriot of to-day will select his ideals, and will hold to these and will stand by them. What is it that arouses true enthusiasm? It is having clearly before the mind an ideal. Now, the sort of ideal that we Americans hold will determine the kind of sentiment which we feel. If we look back upon the past and are satisfied with it, and think that we are the most glorious and perfect nation that the world ever produced, that all the greatness is in the past, and all we have to do is to live on the virtues of our predecessors, then we shall sink into a sluggish self-complacency that will mean destruction to American progress. And if on the other hand, we are a pessimistic sort, who look back and think all the goodness is over and that now we are come on evil days and that nothing can be done about it, then we shall sink into despair. On the other hand, if we are the greatest people in the world, and are going on to triumph after triumph, and though we cannot just see how, but in some vague and glorious fashion, we shall be swept on to the millennium without doing anything in particular, if we believe that, we shall have a mere vague sentimentality. Or, if our sentiment takes the form of mistaking hatred for other nations for love of our own, then we will develop into a pugnacious and arrogant people, who will be destroyed by our own pride. But if we make a reasonable valuation of our national traditions, if with an application of these ideals of the problems of the present we build up for ourselves ideals of what America may be, and feel a noble enthusiasm flooding our souls as we contemplate these ideals of the future, then, indeed, sentiment will serve its purpose.

These, then, are the conditions of patriotism, and you, as young people in the public schools of our city, having those ideals of youth, must remember that if you are to be true patriots you must study, and you should not only study, but you must ponder and value our traditions. You must build up ideals and hold these before you, while your hearts beat faster and you make firm resolve to do what you can to bring about a better state of affairs. Do not let your patriotism be of the vague and the general sort, which is revived only on occasions like this. Let your courage be steady. Do your best to translate into the ideals of the present the noble traditions of the past; do not wait until we are in war and need your services. Remember that to the City of Chicago you can be loyal; that each one of you can do something for the betterment of this community; that each one of you can discover some way in which to bring knowledge and wisdom and enthusiasm to bear. These are the ideals which we may well cherish. Let us ponder the past, from ideals for the future, and then with sentiment of the true sort, let us press on, each one in his own way, to the realizing of these dreams. Remember that after all, though grounded in wisdom, sentiment is the unifying force in human society, for until men make love by logic, until they rear children from calculation, until policy spells patriotism, sentiment will bind men together and inspire them to noble efforts.

HENRY WATTERSON

HENRY WATTERSON

OUR WIVES

[Speech of Henry Watterson at the dinner held on the anniversary of General W. T. Sherman's birthday, Washington, D. C., February 8, 1883. Colonel George B. Corkhill presided, and introduced Mr. Watterson to speak to the toast, "Our Wives."]

GENTLEMEN:—When one undertakes to respond to such a sentiment as you do me the honor to assign me, he knows in advance that he is put, as it were, upon his good behavior. I recognize the justice of this and accepted the responsibility with the charge; though I may say that if General Sherman's wife resembles mine—and I very much suspect she does—he has a sympathy for me at the present moment. Once upon a festal occasion, a little late, quite after the hour when Cinderella was bidden by her godmother to go to bed, I happened to extol the graces and virtues of the newly wedded wife of a friend of mine, and finally, as a knockdown argument, I compared her to my own wife. "In this case," said he, dryly, "you'll catch it when you get home." It is a peculiarity they all have: not a ray of humor where the husband is concerned; to the best of them and to the last he must be and must continue to be—a hero!

Now, I do not wish you to believe, nor to think that I myself believe, that all women make heroes of their husbands. Women are logical in nothing. They naturally hate mathematics. So, they would have their husbands be heroes only to the rest of the world. There is a charming picture by John Leech, the English satirist, which depicts Jones, who never looked askance at a woman in his life, sitting demurely at a table, stuck with his nose on his plate, and Mrs. Jones opposite, redundant to a degree, observing with gratified severity, "Now, Mr. Jones, don't let me see you ogling those Smith girls again!" She, too, was like the rest—the good ones, I mean—seeing the world through her husband; no happiness but his comfort; no vanity but his glory; sacrificing herself to his wants, and where he proves inadequate putting her imagination out of service and bringing home a basket of flowers to deck his brow. Of our sweethearts the humorist hath it:—

> "Where are the Marys and Anns and Elizas,
> Lovely and loving of yore?
> Look in the columns of old 'Advertisers,'
> Married and dead by the score."

But "our wives." We don't have far to look to find them; sometimes, I am told, you army gentlemen have been known to find them turning unexpectedly up along the ranges of the Rocky Mountains, and making their presence felt even as far as the halls of the Montezumas. Yet how should we get on without them? Rob mankind of his wife and time could never become a grandfather. Strange as you may think it our wives are, in a sense, responsible for our children; and I ask you seriously how could the world get on if it had no children? It might get on for a while, I do admit; but I challenge the boldest among you to say how long it could get on without "our wives." It would not only give out of children; in a little—a very little—while it would have no mother-in-law, nor sister-in-law, nor brother-in-law, nor any of those acquired relatives whom it has learned to love, and who have contributed so largely to its stock of harmless pleasure.

But, as this is not exactly a tariff discussion, though a duty, I drop statistics; let me ask you what would become of the revenues of man if it were not for "our wives?" We should have no milliners but for "our wives." But for "our wives" those makers of happiness and furbelows, those fabricators of smiles and frills, those gentle beings who bias and scallop and do their sacking at both ends of the bill, and sometimes in the middle, would be compelled to shut up shop, retire from business, and return to the good old city of Mantua, whence they came. The world would grow too rich; albeit, on this promise I do not propose to construct an argument in favor of more wives. One wife is enough, two is too many, and more than two are an abomination everywhere, except in Utah and the halls of our national legislature.

I beg you will forgive me. I do but speak in banter. It has been said that a good woman, fitly mated, grows doubly good; but how often have we seen a bad man mated to a good woman turned into a good man? Why, I myself was not wholly good till I married my wife; and, if the eminent soldier and gentleman in whose honor we are here—and may he be among us many and many another anniversary, yet always sixty-three—if he should tell the story of his life, I am sure he would say that its darkest hours were cherished, its brightest illuminated by the fair lady of a noble race, who stepped from the highest social eminence to place her hand in that of an obscure young subaltern of the line. The world had not become acquainted with him, but with the prophetic instinct of a true woman she discovered, as she has since developed, the mine. So it is with all "our wives." Whatever there is good in us they bring it out; wherefor may they be forever honored in the myriad of hearts they come to lighten and to bless. [Loud applause.]

THE PURITAN AND THE CAVALIER

[Speech of Henry Watterson at the eighty-ninth anniversary banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1894. Elihu Root, President of the Society, introduced Mr. Watterson, in the following words: "Gentlemen, we are forced to recognize the truth of the observation that all the people of New England are not Puritans; we must admit an occasional exception. It is equally true, I am told, that all the people of the South are not Cavaliers; but there is one Cavalier without fear and without reproach [applause], the splendid courage of whose convictions shows how close together the highest examples of different types can be among godlike men—a Cavalier of the South, of Southern blood and Southern life, who carries in thought and in deed all the serious purpose and disinterested action that characterized the Pilgrim Fathers whom we commemorate. He comes from an impressionist State where the grass is blue [laughter], where the men are either all white or all black, and where, we are told, quite often the settlements are painted red. [Laughter.] He is a soldier, a statesman, a scholar, and, above all, a lover; and among all the world which loves a lover the descendants of those who, generation after generation, with tears and laughter, have sympathized with John Alden and Priscilla, cannot fail to open their hearts in sympathy to Henry Watterson and his star-eyed goddess. [Applause.] I have the honor and great pleasure of introducing him to respond to the toast of 'The Puritan and the Cavalier.' "]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—Eight years ago, to-night, there stood where I am standing now a young Georgian, who, not without reason, recognized the "significance" of his presence here—"the first Southerner to speak at this board"—a circumstance, let me add, not very creditable to any of us—and in words whose eloquence I cannot hope to recall, appealed from the New South to New England for a united country.

He was my disciple, my protégé, my friend. He came to me from the Southern schools, where he had perused the arts of oratory and letters, to get a few hints in journalism, as he said; needing so few, indeed, that, but a little later, I sent him to one of the foremost journalists of this foremost city, bearing a letter of introduction, which described him as "the greatest boy ever born in Dixie, or anywhere else."

He is gone now. But, short as his life was, its heaven-born mission was fulfilled; the dream of his childhood was realized; for he had been appointed by God to carry a message of peace on earth, good-will to men, and, this done, he vanished from the sight of mortal eyes, even as the dove from the ark.

I mean to take up the work where Grady left it off, but I shall continue the sentence with a somewhat larger confidence, and, perhaps, with a somewhat fuller meaning; because, notwithstanding the Puritan trappings, traditions, and associations which surround me—visible illustrations of the self-denying fortitude of the Puritan character and the somber simplicity of the Puritan taste and habit—I never felt less out of place in all my life.

To tell you the truth, I am afraid that I have gained access here on false pretenses; for I am no Cavalier at all; just plain Scotch-Irish; one of those Scotch-Irish Southerners who ate no fire in the green leaf and has eaten no dirt in the brown, and who, accepting, for the moment, the terms Puritan and Cavalier in the sense an effete sectionalism once sought to ascribe to them—descriptive labels at once classifying and separating North and South—verbal redoubts along that mythical line called Mason and Dixon, over which there were supposed by the extremists of other days to be no bridges—I am much disposed to say, "A plague o' both your houses!"

Each was good enough and bad enough in its way, whilst they lasted; each in its turn filled the English-speaking world with mourning; and each, if either could have resisted the infection of the soil and climate they found here, would be to-day striving at the sword's point to square life by the iron rule of Theocracy, or to round it by the dizzy whirl of a petticoat! It is very pretty to read about the Maypole in Virginia and very edifying and inspiring to celebrate the deeds of the Pilgrim Fathers. But there is not Cavalier blood enough left in the Old Dominion to produce a single crop of first families, whilst out in Nebraska and Iowa they claim that they have so stripped New England of her Puritan stock as to spare her hardly enough for farm hands. This I do know, from personal experience, that it is impossible for the stranger-guest, sitting beneath a bower of roses in the Palmetto Club at Charleston, or by a mimic log-heap in the Algonquin Club at Boston, to tell the assembled company apart, particularly after ten o'clock in the evening! Why, in that great, final struggle between the Puritans and the Cavaliers—which we still hear sometimes casually mentioned—although it ended nearly thirty years ago, there had been such a mixing up of Puritan babies and Cavalier babies during the two or three generations preceding it, that the surviving grandmothers of the combatants could not, except for their uniforms, have picked out their own on any field of battle!

Turning to the Cyclopædia of American Biography, I find that Webster had all the vices that are supposed to have signalized the Cavalier, and Calhoun all the virtues that are claimed for the Puritan. During twenty years three statesmen of Puritan origin were the chosen party leaders of Cavalier Mississippi: Robert J. Walker, born and reared in Pennsylvania; John A. Quitman, born and reared in New York, and

Sargent S. Prentiss, born and reared in the good old State of Maine. That sturdy Puritan, John Slidell, never saw Louisiana until he was old enough to vote and to fight; native here—an alumnus of Columbia College—but sprung from New England ancestors. Albert Sidney Johnston, the most resplendent of modern Cavaliers—from tip to toe a type of the species—the very rose and expectancy of the young Confederacy—did not have a drop of Southern blood in his veins; Yankee on both sides of the house, though born in Kentucky a little while after his father and mother arrived there from Connecticut. The Ambassador who serves our Government near the French Republic was a gallant Confederate soldier and is a representative Southern statesman; but he owns the estate in Massachusetts where his father was born, and where his father's fathers lived through many generations.

And the Cavaliers, who missed their stirrups, somehow, and got into Yankee saddles? The woods were full of them. If Custer was not a Cavalier, Rupert was a Puritan. And Sherwood and Wadsworth and Kearney, and McPherson and their dashing companions and followers! The one typical Puritan soldier of the war—mark you!—was a Southern, and not a Northern, soldier; Stonewall Jackson, of the Virginia line. And, if we should care to pursue the subject farther back, what about Ethan Allen and John Stark and Mad Anthony Wayne—Cavaliers each and every one? Indeed, from Israel Putnam to "Buffalo Bill," it seems to me the Puritans have had rather the best of it in turning out Cavaliers. So the least said about the Puritan and the Cavalier—except as blessed memories or horrid examples—the better for historic accuracy.

If you wish to get at the bottom facts, I don't mind telling you—in confidence—that it was we Scotch-Irish who vanquished both of you—some of us in peace—others of us in war—supplying the missing link of adaptability—the needed ingredient of common sense—the conservative principle of creed and action, to which this generation of Americans owes its intellectual and moral emancipation from frivolity and pharisaism—its rescue from the Scarlet Woman and the mailed hand—and its crystallization into a national character and polity, ruling by force of brains and not by force of arms.

Gentlemen—Sir—I, too, have been to Boston. Strange as the admission may seem, it is true; and I live to tell the tale. I have been to Boston; and when I declare that I found there many things that suggested the Cavalier and did not suggest the Puritan, I shall not say I was sorry. But among other things, I found there a civilization perfect in its union of the art of living with the grace of life; an Americanism ideal in its simple strength. Grady told us, and told us truly, of that typical American who, in Dr. Talmage's mind's eye, was coming, but who, in Abraham Lincoln's actuality, had already come. In some recent studies into the career of that great man, I have encountered many startling confirmations of this judgment; and from that rugged trunk, drawing its sustenance from gnarled roots, interlocked with Cavalier sprays and Puritan branches deep beneath the soil, shall spring, is springing, a shapely tree—symmetric in all its parts—under whose sheltering boughs this nation shall have the new birth of freedom Lincoln promised it, and mankind the refuge which was sought by the forefathers when they fled from oppression. Thank God, the axe, the gibbet, and the stake have had their day. They have gone, let us hope, to keep company with the lost arts. It has been demonstrated that great wrongs may be redressed and great reforms be achieved without the shedding of one drop of human blood; that vengeance does not purify, but brutalizes; and that tolerance, which in private transactions is reckoned a virtue, becomes in public affairs a dogma of the most far-seeing statesmanship. Else how could this noble city have been redeemed from bondage? It was held like a castle of the Middle Ages by robber barons, who levied tribute right and left. Yet have the mounds and dykes of corruption been carried—from buttress to bell-tower the walls of crime have fallen—without a shot out of a gun, and still no fires of Smithfield to light the pathway of the victor, no bloody assizes to vindicate the justice of the cause; nor need of any.

So I appeal from the men in silken hose who danced to music made by slaves—and called it freedom—from the men in bell-crowned hats, who led Hester Prynne to her shame—and called it religion—to that Americanism which reaches forth its arms to smite wrong with reason and truth, secure in the power of both. I appeal from the patriarchs of New England to the poets of New England; from Endicott to Lowell; from Winthrop to Longfellow; from Norton to Holmes; and I appeal in the name and by the rights of that common citizenship—of that common origin—back both of the Puritan and the Cavalier—to which all of us owe our being. Let the dead past, consecrated by the blood of its martyrs, not by its savage hatreds—darkened alike by king craft and priest craft—let the dead past bury its dead. Let the present and the future ring with the song of the singers. Blessed be the lessons they teach, the laws they make. Blessed be the eye to see, the light to reveal. Blessed be Tolerance, sitting ever on the right hand of God to guide the way with loving word, as blessed be all that brings us nearer the goal of true religion, true Republicanism and true patriotism, distrust of watchwords and labels, shams and heroes, belief in our country and ourselves. It was not Cotton Mather, but John Greenleaf Whittier, who cried:

"Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies.

"Cast down our idols—overturn
Our bloody altars—make us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!"

[Applause and cheers.]

DANIEL WEBSTER

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION

[Speech of Daniel Webster at the dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 23, 1850. The early published form of this address is very rare. It bears the following title-page: "Speech of Mr. Webster at the Celebration of the New York New England Society, December 23, 1850. Washington: printed by Gideon & Co., 1851." The presiding officer of the celebration, Moses H. Grinnell, asked attention of the company to a toast not on the catalogue. He gave, "The Constitution and the Union, and their Chief Defender." This sentiment was received with great applause, which became most tumultuous when Mr. Webster rose to respond.]

MR. PRESIDENT, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE NEW YORK NEW ENGLAND SOCIETY:—Ye sons of New England! Ye brethren of the kindred tie! I have come hither to-night, not without some inconvenience, that I might behold a congregation whose faces bear lineaments of a New England origin, and whose hearts beat with full New England pulsations. [Cheers.] I willingly make the sacrifice. I am here, to meet this assembly of the great off-shoot of the Pilgrim Society of Massachusetts, the Pilgrim Society of New York. And, gentlemen, I shall begin what I have to say, which is but little, by tendering to you my thanks for the invitation extended to me, and by wishing you, one and all, every kind of happiness and prosperity.

Gentlemen, this has been a stormy, a cold, a boisterous and inclement day. The winds have been harsh, the skies have been severe; and if we had no houses over our heads; if we had no shelter against this howling and freezing tempest; if we were wan and worn out; if half of us were sick and tired, and ready to descend into the grave; if we were on the bleak coast of Plymouth, houseless, homeless, with nothing over our heads but the Heavens, and that God who sits above the Heavens; if we had distressed wives on our arms, and hungry and shivering children clung to our skirts, we should see something, and feel something, of that scene, which, in the providence of God, was enacted at Plymouth on December 22, 1620.

Thanks to Almighty God, who from that distressed, early condition of our fathers, has raised us to a height of prosperity and of happiness, which they neither enjoyed, nor could have anticipated! We have learned much of them; they could have foreseen little of us. Would to God, my friends, would to God, that when we carry our affections and our recollections back to that period, we could arm ourselves with something of the stern virtues which supported them, in that hour of peril, and exposure, and suffering. Would to God that we possessed that unconquerable resolution, stronger than bars of brass or iron, which nerved their hearts; that patience, "sovereign o'er transmuted ill," and, above all, that faith, that religious faith, which, with eyes fast fixed upon Heaven, tramples all things earthly beneath her triumphant feet! [Applause.]

Gentlemen, the scenes of this world change. What our ancestors saw and felt, we shall not see nor feel. What they achieved, it is denied to us even to attempt. The severer duties of life, requiring the exercise of the stern and unbending virtues, were theirs. They were called upon for the exhibition of those austere qualities, which, before they came to the Western wilderness, had made them what they were. Things have changed. In the progress of society, the fashions, the habits of life, and all its conditions, have changed. Their rigid sentiments, and their tenets, apparently harsh and exclusive, we are not called on, in every respect, to imitate or commend; or rather to imitate, for we should commend them always, when we consider that state of society in which they had been adopted, and in which they seemed necessary. Our fathers had that religious sentiment, that trust in Providence, that determination to do right, and to seek, through every degree of toil and suffering, the honor of God, and the preservation of their liberties, which we shall do well to cherish, to imitate, and to equal, so far as God may enable us. It may be true, and it is true, that in the progress of society the milder virtues have come to belong more especially to our day and our condition. The Pilgrims had been great sufferers from intolerance; it was not unnatural that their own faith and practice, as a consequence, should become somewhat intolerant. This is the common infirmity of human nature. Man retaliates on man. It is to be hoped, however, that the greater spread of the benignant principles of religion, and of the divine charity of Christianity, has, to some extent, improved the sentiments which prevailed in the world at that time. No doubt the "first comers," as they were called, were attached to their own forms of public worship and to their own particular and strongly cherished religious sentiments. No doubt they esteemed those sentiments, and the observances which they practiced, to be absolutely binding on all, by the authority of the word of God. It is true, I think, in the general advancement of human intelligence, that we find what they do not seem to have found, that a greater toleration of religious opinion, a more friendly feeling toward all who profess reverence for God, and obedience to His commands, is not inconsistent with the great and fundamental principles of religion—I might rather say is, itself, one of those fundamental principles. So we see in our day, I think, without any departure from the essential principles of our fathers, a more enlarged and comprehensive Christian philanthropy. It seems to be the American destiny, the mission which God has intrusted to us here on this shore of the Atlantic, the great conception and the great duty to which we are born, to show that all sects, and all denominations, professing reverence for the authority of the Author of our being, and belief in His Revelations, may be safely tolerated without prejudice either to our religion or to our liberties. [Cheers.]

We are Protestants, generally speaking; but you all know that there presides at the head of the Supreme Judicature of the United States a Roman Catholic; and no man, I suppose, through the whole United States, imagines that the judicature of the country is less safe, that the administration of public justice is less respectable or less secure, because the Chief Justice of the United States has been, and is, an ardent adherent to that religion. And so it is in every department of society amongst us. In both Houses of Congress, in all public offices, and all public affairs, we proceed on the idea that a man's religious belief is a matter above human law; that it is a question to be settled between him and his Maker, because he is responsible to none but his Maker for adopting or rejecting revealed truth. And here is the great distinction which is sometimes overlooked, and which I am afraid is now too often overlooked, in this land, the glorious inheritance of the sons of the Pilgrims. Men, for their religious sentiments, are accountable to God, and to God only. Religion is both a communication and a tie between man and his Maker; and to his own master every man standeth or falleth. But when men come together in society, establish social relations, and form governments for the protection of the rights of all, then it is indispensable that this right of private judgment should in some measure be relinquished and made subservient to the judgment of the whole. Religion may exist while every man is left reponsible only to God. Society, civil rule, the civil state, cannot exist, while every man is responsible to nobody and to nothing but to his own opinion. And our New England ancestors understood all this quite well. Gentlemen, there is the "Constitution" which was adopted on board the Mayflower in November, 1620, while that bark of immortal memory was riding at anchor in the harbor of Cape Cod. What is it? Its authors honored God; they professed to obey all His commandments, and to live ever and in all things in His obedience. But they say, nevertheless, that for the establishment of a civil polity, for the greater security and preservation of their civil rights and liberties, they agree that the laws and ordinances, and I am glad they put in the word "constitutions," invoking the name of the Deity on their resolution; they say, that these laws and ordinances, and constitutions, which may be established by those they should appoint to enact them, they, in all due submission and obedience, will support.

This constitution is not long. I will read it. It invokes a religious sanction and the authority of God on their civil obligations; for it was no doctrine of theirs that civil obedience was a mere matter of expediency. Here it is:

> "In the name of God, Amen: We whose names are underwritten, the loyal subjects of our dread Sovereign Lord, King James, by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, and De-

> fender of the Faith, etc., having undertaken, for the glory of God and advancement of the Christian faith, and honor of our King and country, a voyage to plant the first colony in the heathen parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid, and by virtue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions, and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience."

The right of private judgment in matters between the Creator and himself, and submission and obedience to the will of the whole, upon whatsoever respects civil polity and the administration of such affairs as concerned the colony about to be established, they regarded as entirely consistent; and the common sense of mankind, lettered and unlettered, everywhere establishes and confirms this sentiment. Indeed, all must see, that it is the very ligament, the very tie, which connects man to man, in the social system; and these sentiments are embodied in that constitution. Gentlemen, discourse on this topic might be enlarged, but I pass from it.

Gentlemen, we are now two hundred and thirty years from that great event. There is the Mayflower [pointing to a small figure of a ship, in the form of confectionery, that stood before him]. There is a little resemblance, but a correct one, of the Mayflower. Sons of New England! there was in ancient times a ship that carried Jason to the acquisition of the Golden Fleece. There was a flag-ship at the battle of Actium which made Augustus Cæsar master of the world. In modern times, there have been flag-ships which have carried Hawkes, and Howe, and Nelson on the other continent, and Hull, and Decatur, and Stewart, on this, to triumph. What are they all; what are they all, in the chance of remembrance among men, to that little bark, the Mayflower, which reached these shores on December 22, 1620. Yes, brethren of New England, yes! that Mayflower was a flower destined to be of perpetual bloom! [Cheers.] Its verdure will stand the sultry blasts of summer, and the chilling winds of autumn. It will defy winter; it will defy all climate, and all time, and will continue to spread its petals to the world, and to exhale an ever-living odor and fragrance to the last syllable of recorded time. [Cheers.]

Gentlemen, brethren, ye of New England! whom I have come some hundreds of miles to meet this night, let me present to you one of the most distinguished of those personages who came hither on the deck of the Mayflower. Let me fancy that I now see Elder William Brewster entering the door at the further end of this hall. A tall and erect figure, of plain dress, of no elegance of manner beyond a respectful bow, mild and cheerful, but of no merriment that reaches beyond a smile. Let me suppose that his image stood now before us, or that it was looking in upon this assembly.

"Are ye, are ye," he would say, with a voice of exultation, and yet softened with melancholy, "are ye our children? Does this scene of refinement, of elegance, of riches, of luxury, does all this come from our labors? Is this magnificent city, the like of which we never saw nor heard of on either continent, is this but an offshoot from Plymouth Rock?

"' . . . Quis jam locus . . .
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?'

Is this one part of the great reward, for which my brethren and myself endured lives of toil and of hardship? We had faith and hope. God granted us the spirit to look forward, and we did look forward. But this scene we never anticipated. Our hopes were on another life. Of earthly gratifications we tasted little; for human honors we had little expectation. Our bones lie on the hill in Plymouth churchyard, obscure, unmarked, secreted to preserve our graves from the knowledge of savage foes. No stone tells where we lie. And yet, let me say to you, who are our descendants, who possess this glorious country, and all it contains, who enjoy this hour of prosperity, and the thousand blessings showered upon it by the God of your fathers, we envy you not; we reproach you not. Be rich, be prosperous, be enlightened. Live in pleasure, if such be your allotment on earth; but live, also, always to God and to duty. Spread yourselves and your children over the continent; accomplish the whole of your great destiny; and if so be, that through the whole you carry Puritan hearts with you; if you still cherish an undying love of civil and religious liberty, and mean to enjoy them yourselves, and are willing to shed your heart's blood to transmit them to your posterity, then are you worthy descendants of Carver and Allerton and Bradford, and the rest of those who landed from stormy seas on the rock of Plymouth." [Loud and prolonged cheers.]

Gentlemen, that little vessel, on December 22, 1620, made her safe landing on the shore of Plymouth. She had been tossed on a tempestuous ocean; she approached the New England coast under circumstances of great distress and trouble; yet amidst all the disasters of her voyage, she accomplished her end, and she placed the feet of a hundred precious souls on the shore of the New World.

Gentlemen, let her be considered this night as an emblem of New England, as New England now is. New England is a ship, stanch, strong, well-built, and particularly well-manned. She may be occasionally thrown into the trough of the sea, by the violence of winds and waves, and may wallow there for a time; but, depend upon it, she will right herself. She will, ere long, come round to the wind, and will obey her helm. [Cheers and applause.]

We have hardly begun, my brethren, to realize the vast importance, on human society, and on the history and happiness of the world, of the voyage of that little vessel which brought the love of civil and religious liberty hither, and the Bible, the Word of God, for the instruction of the future generations of men. We have hardly begun to realize the consequences of that voyage. Heretofore the extension of our race, following our New England ancestry, has crept along the shore. But now the race has extended. It has crossed the continent. It has not only transcended the Alleghany, but has capped the Rocky Mountains. It is now upon the shores of the Pacific; and on this day, or if not on this day, then this day twelvemonth, descendants of New England will there celebrate the landing—[A Voice: "To-day; they celebrate to-day."]

God bless them! Here's to the health and success of the California Society of Pilgrims assembled on the shores of the Pacific. [Prolonged applause.] And it shall yet go hard, if the three hundred millions of people of China—if they are intelligent enough to understand anything—shall not one day hear and know something of the Rock of Plymouth too! [Laughter and cheers.]

But, gentlemen, I am trespassing too long on your time. [Cries of "No, no! Go on!"] I am taking too much of what belongs to others. My voice is neither a new voice, nor is it the voice of a young man. It has been heard before in this place, and the most that I have thought or felt concerning New England history and New England principles has been before, in the course of my life, said here or elsewhere.

Your sentiments, Mr. President, which called me up before this meeting, is of a larger and more comprehensive nature. It speaks of the Constitution under which we live; of the Union, which for sixty years has been over us, and made us associates, fellow-citizens of those who settled at Yorktown and the mouth of the Mississippi and their descendants, and now, at last, of those who have come from all corners of the earth and assembled in California. I confess I have had my doubts whether the republican system under which we live could be so vastly extended without danger of dissolution. Thus far, I willingly admit, my apprehensions have not been realized. The distance is immense; the intervening country is vast. But the principle on which our Government is established, the representative system, seems to be indefinitely expansive; and wherever it does extend, it seems to create a strong attachment to the Union and the Constitution that protects it. I believe California and New Mexico have had new life inspired into all their people. They consider themselves subjects of a new being, a new creation, a new existence. They are not the men they thought themselves to be, now that they find they are members of this great Government, and hailed as citizens of the United States of America. I hope, in the providence of God, as this system of States and representative governments shall extend, that it will be strengthened. In some respects the tendency is to strengthen it. Local agitations will disturb it less. If there has been on the Atlantic coast, somewhere south of the Potomac—and I will not define further where it is—if there has been dissatisfaction, that dissatisfaction has not been felt in California; it has not been felt that side the Rocky Mountains. It is a localism, and

I am one of those who believe that our system of government is not to be destroyed by localisms, North or South! [Cheers.] No; we have our private opinions, State prejudices, local ideas; but over all, submerging all, drowning all, is that great sentiment, that always, and nevertheless, we are all Americans. It is as Americans that we are known, the whole world over. Who asks what State you are from, in Europe, or in Africa, or in Asia? Is he an American—is he of us? Does he belong to the flag of the country? Does that flag protect him? Does he rest under the eagle and the Stars and Stripes? If he does, if he is, all else is subordinate and worthy of little concern. [Cheers.]

Now it is our duty, while we live on the earth, to cherish this sentiment, to make it prevail over the whole country, even if that country should spread over the whole continent. It is our duty to carry English principles—I mean, sir [said Mr. Webster turning to Sir Henry Bulwer], Anglo-Saxon American principles, over the whole continent—the great principles of Magna Charta, of the English revolution, and especially of the American Revolution, and of the English language. Our children will hear Shakespeare and Milton recited on the shores of the Pacific. Nay, before that, American ideas, which are essentially and originally English ideas, will penetrate the Mexican—the Spanish mind; and Mexicans and Spaniards will thank God that they have been brought to know something of civil liberty, of the trial by jury, and of security for personal rights.

As for the rest, let us take courage. The day-spring from on high has visited us; the country has been called back, to conscience and to duty. There is no longer imminent danger of dissolution in these United States. [Loud and repeated cheers.] We shall live, and not die. We shall live as united Americans; and those who have supposed that they could sever us, that they could rend one American heart from another, and that speculation and hypothesis, that secession and metaphysics, could tear us asunder, will find themselves dreadfully mistaken. [Cheers.]

Let the mind of the sober American people remain sober. Let it not inflame itself. Let it do justice to all. And the truest course, and the surest course, to disappoint those who meditate disunion, is just to leave them to themselves, and see what they can make of it. No, gentlemen; the time for meditated secession is past. Americans, North and South, will be hereafter more and more united. There is a sternness and severity in the public mind lately aroused. I believe that, in North and South, there has been, in the last year, a renovation of public sentiment, an animated revival of the spirit of Union, and, more than all, of attachment to the Constitution, regarding it as indispensably necessary; and if we would preserve our nationality, it is indispensable that the spirit of devotion should be still more largely increased. And who doubts it? If we give up that Constitution, what are we? You are a Manhattan man; I am a Boston man. Another is a Connecticut, and another a Rhode Island man. Is it not a great deal better, standing hand to hand, and clasping hands, that we should remain as we have been for sixty years—citizens of the same country, members of the same Government, united all—united now and united forever? That we shall be, gentlemen. There have been difficulties, contentions, controversies—angry controversies; but I tell you that, in my judgment,—

> "those opposèd eyes
> Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
> March all one way."

[Mr. Webster, on closing, was greeted with the most hearty, prolonged, and tumultuous applause.]

JOSEPH WHEELER

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER

[Speech of Joseph Wheeler prepared for the tenth annual banquet of the Confederate Veteran Camp of New York, New York City, January 19, 1898. Edward Owen, Commander of the Camp, presided. As General Wheeler was ill and unable to attend the banquet, his speech was read by J. E. Graybill.]

HISTORY has many heroes whose martial renown has fired the world, whose daring and wonderful exploits have altered the boundaries of nations and changed the very face of the earth. To say nothing of the warriors of biblical history and Homeric verse, as the ages march along every great nation leaves us the glorious memory of some unique character, such as Alexander, Hannibal, Cæsar. Even the wild hordes of northern Europe and the barbaric nations of the East had their grand military leaders whose names will ever live on history's pages, to be eclipsed only by that of Napoleon, the man of destiny, who, as a military genius, stands alone and unrivalled: "Grand, gloomy, peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his awful originality."

The mediæval ages gave us noble examples of devotedness and chivalry; but it belonged to the American Republic, founded and defended by Freedom's sons, to give to the world the noblest type of warrior; men in whom martial renown went hand in hand with the noblest of virtues, men who united in their own characters the highest military genius with the loftiest patriotism, the most daring courage with the gentlest courtesy, the most obstinate endurance with the utmost self-sacrifice, the genius of a Cæsar with the courage and purity of a Bayard.

Patriotism and love of liberty, the most ennobling motives that can fire the heart of man, expanding and thriving in the atmosphere of free America, added a refining touch to the martial enthusiasm of our forefathers and elevated the character of the American soldier to a standard never attained by fighting men of any other age or nation.

To recall their names and recount their deeds would lead me far beyond the time and space allotted. Volumes would never do justice to the valorous achievements of George Washington and his compeers, the boys of '76—of the heroes of 1812 and of 1848; of the men in blue who fought under Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, and Farragut; of the men in gray who followed the lead of Johnston, Jackson, and Lee from 1861 to 1865; of the intrepid band that sailed with Dewey into Manila Bay, or of the small but heroic army of 1898 that fought at Las Guasimas, El Caney, and San Juan, and left the Stars and Stripes floating in triumph over the last stronghold of Spain in the New World.

But above the grand heroic names immortalized by historian and poet shines with an undimmed luster, all its own, the immortal name of Robert Edmund Lee—

"Ah, Muse! You dare not claim
A nobler man than he—
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,
Nor blameless man hath purer name,
Nor purer name hath grander fame,
Nor fame—another Lee."

The late Benjamin H. Hill, of Georgia, in an address delivered at the time of General Lee's death, thus beautifully describes his character: "He was a foe without hate; a friend without treachery; a soldier without cruelty; a victor without oppression, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices; a private citizen without wrong; a neighbor without reproach; a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Cæsar without his ambition; Frederick without his tyranny; Napoleon without his selfishness, and Washington without his reward. He was as obedient to authority as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, and modest and pure as a virgin in thought; watchful as a Roman vestal in duty; submissive to law as Socrates, and grand in battle as Achilles!"

Forty-four years ago last June, I found myself in the presence of Colonel Lee, who was then Superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point. I have never in all my life seen another form or face which so impressed me, as embodying dignity, modesty, kindness, and all the characteristics which indicate purity and nobility. While he was then only a captain and brevet-colonel, he was so highly regarded by the Army that it was generally conceded that he was the proper officer to succeed General Scott.

His wonderful career as leader of the Army of Northern Virginia, as its commander, is so familiar to all of you that any comment would seem to be unnecessary. But to give some of the younger generation an idea of the magnitude of the struggle in which General Lee was the central and leading figure, I will call attention to the fact that in the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania (which really should be called one battle), the killed and wounded in General Grant's army by the army under General Lee, was far greater than the aggregate killed and wounded in all the battles of all the wars fought by the English-speaking people on this continent since the discovery of America by Columbus.

To be more explicit: take the killed and wounded in all the battles of the French and Indian war, take the aggregate killed and wounded in the Revolutionary War, take the aggregate killed and wounded in the War of 1812, take the aggregate killed and wounded in the Mexican War, take the aggregate killed and wounded in all our wars with the Indians, and they amount to less than the killed and wounded in Grant's army in the struggle from the Wilderness to Spottsylvania.

In order further to appreciate the magnitude of the struggle, let us make a comparison between the losses in some of the great battles of our Civil War, and those of some of the most famous battles of modern Europe. The official reports give the following as the losses in killed and wounded of the Federal Army in seven, out of nearly a thousand severely contested struggles during the four years of war: Seven Days fight, 9,291; Antietam, 11,426; Murfreesboro, 8,778; Gettysburg, 16,426; Chickamauga, 10,906; Wilderness and Spottsylvania, 24,481.

In the Battle of Marengo, the French lost in killed and wounded, 4,700, the Austrian, 6,475. In the Battle of Hohenlinden, the French loss in killed and wounded was 2,200, the

Austrian loss was 5,000; at Austerlitz the French loss was 9,000; at Waterloo, Wellington lost 9,061 in killed and wounded, Blucher lost 5,613, making the total loss of the Allies, 14,674.

I mention these facts because such sanguinary conflicts as those of our Civil War could only have occurred when the soldiers of both contending armies were men of superb determination and courage. Such unquestioned prowess as this should be gratifying to all Americans, showing to the world as they did that the intrepid fortitude and courage of Americans have excelled that of any other people upon the earth. And as the world will extol the exhibition of these qualities by the soldiers that fought under Grant, the historian will find words inadequate to express his admiration of the superb heroism of the soldiers led by the intrepid Lee. Meeting a thoroughly organized, and trebly equipped and appointed army, they successfully grappled in deadly conflict with these tremendous odds, while civilization viewed with amazement this climax of unparalleled and unequal chivalry, surpassing in grandeur of action anything heretofore portrayed either in story or in song. Whence came these qualities? They were the product of Southern chivalry, which two centuries had finally perfected. A chivalry which esteemed stainless honor as a priceless gem, and a knighthood which sought combat for honor's sake, generously yielding to an antagonist all possible advantage; the chivalry which taught Southern youth to esteem life as nothing when honor was at stake, a chivalry which taught that the highest, noblest, and most exalted privilege of man was the defense of woman, family, and country. It was this Southern chivalry that formed such men as Lee and Stonewall Jackson; they were the central leading figures, but they were only prototypes of the soldiers whom they led.

It is this character of men who meet in banquet to-night to honor the name they revere and the noble life they seek to emulate. I say, God bless you all, the whole world breathes blessings upon you. Among the foremost in these sentiments are the brave soldiers against whom you were once arrayed in battle, and they, together with seventy million Americans know that in future perils to our country, you and your children will be foremost in the battle-line of duty, proud of the privilege of defending the glory, honor, and prestige of our country, presenting under the folds of our national ensign an unbroken phalanx of united hearts—an impregnable bulwark of defense against any power that may arise against us.

EDWARD DOUGLAS WHITE

THE SUPREME COURT

[This speech was delivered in response to the toast to the Supreme Court proposed by Hampton L. Carson at the Annual Dinner of the American Bar Association on October 22, 1914. Chief Justice White was born in the Parish of Lafourche, Louisiana in 1845 and died 1921. He became an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S. in 1894, and Chief Justice in 1910.]

To respond to a toast has always seemed to me submitting one's self to a toast because of the discomfort by anticipation, the misery in performance and the dissatisfaction on account of the things unsaid since only afterwards thought of. In addition, I have refrained since becoming Chief Justice from accepting invitations to make after-dinner speeches because of a tradition that that official was never to be expected to reply to an after-dinner toast. The warmth of the request of the committee in this instance compelled me to consider the reason of the tradition, and I have become convinced that it is not far to seek, since, putting aside the impossible suggestion that there was danger in the Chief Justice agreeing to make a speech after dinner, it is apparent that the rule rests alone upon the assumption that if he said something, he might do that which he was not expected to do, and if he said nothing, he might fail to do that which ought to have been done.

But be this as it may, after overcoming the personal disinclination because of a feeling that to accept the invitation would afford an opportunity to avail of that so infrequently relied upon constitutional provision, the equal protection of the laws, by turning the tables on my brethren of the profession and compelling them to be listeners, no difficulty was experienced in departing in this instance from the tradition, since in no possible view could it have application to the Chief Justice speaking in his own household and to members of his own family. And where, I submit, could he be more at home than at the hospitable board of the American Bar Association, surrounded by its members, his professional brethren?

The toast is "The Supreme Court of the United States," but the eloquent words which have just been spoken by my brother Carson demonstrate that the thought underlying its proposal is not the general jurisdiction of the great tribunal which the toast names, but rather the power conferred upon that court to interpret and uphold the Constitution and to declare all acts which transcend its limitations to be void, thus sustaining the lawful authority of the nation, protecting the legitimate powers of the states and securing to all the people the enjoyment of their constitutional safeguards. But these dominant considerations concern not only the Supreme Court of the United States, but every court, national or state, since such power rests in every court in the land because it inheres in all judicial authority under our system of government. Availing myself, then, of the judicial duty of coming to consider that which is essential, I paraphrase the toast as one to the courts of the United States, both state and federal, whether of high or low degree, whether of extended or limited jurisdiction, all to be considered in the light of the authority which they possess and the duty which rests upon them of applying and enforcing the Constitution as the supreme law of the land against all infractions from whatever source proceeding.

Thus fixing the subject for consideration, the first thought that comes to my mind is, in view of the vastness of this power, how completely its creation or recognition and the provisions for the mode of its exercise expressed the faith of the fathers in free government and the power of a free people to perpetuate the same. I say this because the very conception of the power in and of itself was a supreme manifestation of the profound faith which was in them and because the mode provided for the exertion of the power from its simplicity accentuated and made more self-evident the abiding faith by which they were controlled. Thus, while as to practically every other power created, checks and balances of various kinds were resorted to to limit the mode of the exercise of the power or to give sanction to it when exerted, as to the power to interpret and enforce the Constitution, conferred upon, or recognized as existing in, judicial authority, no checks were interposed and no sanction whatever was ordained concerning its exertion, the power great as it was, therefore, in its ultimate conception being made to rest solely upon the approval of a free people.

My second thought, as I comprehensively contemplate the mode in which the judicial power has been exerted from the beginning by the courts both national and state, of all degrees of jurisdiction, is one of marvel at the devotion, the fidelity, the self-restraint and the love of country with which the power has been exerted; how rare the abuse, how infrequent the slightest semblance of ground for the belief that wilful wrong was committed, that is, that there was an intentional transgression of authority. What a tribute this is to our profession—for judges and lawyers are one. Indeed, as I look at the subject and contemplate the varied methods by which judges have been selected, the frequent shortness of their tenure, the almost usual inadequacy of their compensation, the natural exultation and pride in our profession which comes to me is tempered by a sense of reverent restraint, since the thought cannot be resisted that a result so remarkable has been brought about by the dispensation of a Merciful Providence in vouchsafing the fulfillment of the promise, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The third thought is, how marvelously the existence of these United States as they stand to-day a mighty people, with a national government adequate to fulfill its purposes, with state governments sufficient to preserve local autonomy, and with its millions of people all free and yet all restrained by those limitations which make men free, is due to the wisdom of the fathers in lodging the ultimate protection of the Constitution in judicial authority, and thus saving the confusion and conflict from which the destruction of our institutions would otherwise have arisen. I know not better how to make this truth obvious than by asking you to picture what would be our condition to-day if from the beginning we had been deprived of the balance-wheel which judicial interpretation has afforded to the maintenance and development of our institutions. I know it may be suggested that this view is a mistaken one since it attributes to the exercise of judicial power beneficial results which were naturally brought about by the operation of economic and other forces; a view which, it is insisted, is demonstrated by the outbreak of the mighty conflict of the Civil War. I might well leave the contention to answer itself by the obvious disproportion between cause and effect which it embodies, for who, may I ask, would venture to suggest that because a meteor fell across the sky therefore the great laws by which the harmony and movement of the universe are maintained had no existence and produced no effect? I pause, nevertheless, for a moment to point out the misconception of the suggestion. I take it it may not be at this day doubted that the underlying controversies which brought about the Civil War existed prior to the Constitution as the result of divergent institutions or conditions and conflicting opinions which were not adjusted or harmonized when that instrument was adopted and therefore were left open for subsequent adjustment, and which, by the operation of the laws of self-interest or of conflicting conceptions of duty or even as the consequence of human passion, it became impossible to settle, and which therefore were fanned into the flames which caused that great conflagration. But neither side to that mighty controversy struggled to destroy constitutional government as they understood, but both on the contrary sought to perpetuate and preserve it as it was given them to believe it should rightfully exist. Underlying the whole struggle, therefore, on both sides, when it is dispassionately looked at, was the purpose to protect and defend free and constitutional government as it was deemed our fathers gave it. And this affords a ready explanation of how when the smoke of battle had passed away and the storm had subsided, the supremacy of our constitutional system by natural operation resumed its sway, and peace and brotherhood reigned where warfare and enmity had hitherto prevailed.

Let me illustrate. Do you recall the toymaker and his blind daughter, created by the genius of Dickens and so admirably interpreted by that great artist, Joseph Jefferson, in "Cricket on the Hearth," where with a tenderness which may not be described, mistaken though it may have been, in order to conceal the poverty and misery of his surroundings, the father pictured to the blind one whom he so much loved his environment as one of prosperity and affluence? Let us listen to her as she places her hand upon his threadbare gray coat, which she deemed from his description to be of some rich fabric, and hear her question, "What color is it, father?" "What color, my child? Oh, blue—yes—yes, invisible blue." And now with the mists of the conflict of the Civil War cleared from my vision, as my eyes fall with tender reverence upon that thin gray line, lo, the invisible has become the visible and the Blue and the Gray, thank God, are one. See it again illustrated in that flag which stands behind me. I can recollect the day when to me it was but the emblem of darkness, of misery, of suffering, of despair and despotism. But ah! in the clarified vision in which it is now given to me to see it, as I look upon its azure field it is glorious not only with the north star's steady light, but is resplendent with the luster of the southern cross; and as I contemplate its stripes, they serve to mark the broad way for the advance of a mighty people blessed with that plenitude of liberty tempered with justice and self-restraint essential to the protection of the rights of all. And thus again I see, although the stars and bars have faded away forever, the fundamental aspirations which they symbolized find their imperishable existence in the stars and stripes.

Great as is the pride which the considerations just stated afford us as members of our profession, it surely will be the pride which goeth before a fall if our free government should suffer detriment because of our failure to remember and earnestly devote ourselves to the duty which rests upon us concerning it. It is indeed a great duty when the consequences which may result from a failure to perform it are considered, consequences which will be fruitful in misery not only for our own countrymen but to mankind generally; for who can foretell the obscuring of the light of liberty throughout the world which would necessarily result from a failure of our constitutional system? Mark you, I am not speaking pessimistically and am not intimating, because now and again some doctrines are boldly asserted and seem to meet with approval which by their mere statement are so destructive of representative government as to give rise to a sense of despair or at least to cause the foreboding that they foreshadow the possibility of complete extinction of our government by the disregard of the essential truths upon which it must rest, that I am of the opinion that such a result will be accomplished. I say this because the things I refer to, all of them, I think, are but local and ephemeral and they serve to demonstrate one of the wonderful advantages of our system of local government, since it affords a means for confining and localizing the maladies which disappear long before there is the slightest danger of their becoming operative and effective within the great body of the people. Indeed, I cannot conceive the thought that whatever betide and however general might become a popular aberration, the consequence would be that the light of constitutional liberty would go out forever, since there is given me the faith to believe that however complete might be a conflagration which destroyed the noble edifice of our Constitution, as long as the traditions of the American lawyer survived they would suffice to afford the energy and insight from the exertion of which a new and enduring edifice of liberty and representative government would arise. But think of the sorrow and the suffering to be endured while such process of rehabilitation was being carried out.

But the question naturally comes, what are the dangers which threaten us and how is the duty to be performed of guarding against them?

In the first place, there is great danger, it seems to me, to arise from the constant habit which prevails where anything is opposed or objected to, of resorting without rhyme or reason to the Constitution as a means of preventing its accomplishment, thus creating the general impression that the Constitution is but a barrier to progress instead of being the broad highway through which alone true progress may be enjoyed. Upon whom does the duty more clearly rest to modify and correct this evil than upon the members of our profession?

In the second place, it seems to me one of the greatest evils which threaten us is, as it were, a forgetfulness of our system, a growing tendency to suppose that every wrong which exists despite the system and which would be many times worse if the system did not exist is attributable to it and therefore that the Constitution should be disregarded or overthrown. This rests alone upon a forgetfulness of the considerations which underlie the Constitution and of the immortal truths which they embody. Why, I recollect but a few years ago meeting a distinguished public man who had just been delivering in one of our great universities a series of lectures on our constitutional system of government. He said to me: "I was surprised to have one of my listeners, a student far advanced in his university life, say, 'It gave me so much pleasure to hear your lectures for they were the first kindly words I have heard said about our government since the commencement of my university career.'" I recollect myself a few years ago being in the atmosphere of a university and feeling that there existed among the student body either a profound apathy or a great misapprehension as to our government, the division of powers which it created and the limitations which it embraced; and in mentioning this impression to one quite familiar with the environment I was surprised to hear him say: "Oh yes, you are quite right, that is the impression which here prevails. Indeed I think it comes from the state of mind of the teaching body." Doubtless in a large measure this state of mind has imperceptibly and gradually grown from the evil habit which I just a while ago referred to of invoking the Constitution in such a way as to create the profound impression that its restraints were but limitations on true development and were therefore the means of preventing the onward and upward march of our race. Who can better gradually rectify this condition of mind than the members of our profession if only they determine with increased devotion to give themselves up to the correction of errors and wrongs which may exist despite the principles involved in our constitutional government and thus convince that true progress lies in fructifying and making them operative and not by destroying them?

In the third place, it seems to me that there is a tendency, not so great now as it was a few years ago, as admirably illustrated by efficient work in some respects done by the American Bar Association, to be luke-warm concerning attacks upon fundamental and essential constitutional provisions, to take it for granted that they may not be overthrown, when on the contrary the plain duty is to be alert, to be insistent, to be devoted, at all times and on all occasions to defend against the least encroachment, to point out the dangers which must come and thus to keep ever vividly present and quickened in the minds of all the people the necessity of adhering to and upholding the Constitution if they would preserve the heritage of liberty which they have received.

At the outset, seeking to express the true resonance of the toast to which I was called upon to respond, I ventured to modify its form of statement so as to make it all-embracing and thus virtually cause it to be but the expression naturally to be expected from this body of lawyers. Now as I come to a conclusion may I be permitted to strike a chord for the purpose of evoking the noble harmony which underlies the toast as I at the outset interpreted it, by proposing one to the health of the American lawyer, which includes the American judge, as Bench and Bar are one; not alone of the judges of courts of extended jurisdiction and of last resort, but of all, however limited their jurisdiction; not alone of lawyers engaged in great affairs, but of all, however narrow may be the sphere in which they move. And in thus reëxpressing the toast or rather echoing it as expressed, may I not be permitted to indulge in the heartfelt aspiration that there may be given to them all a deep and reverent purpose of faithfully discharging the duties which rest upon them, to the end that our free institutions may be preserved and may be transmitted unimpaired to those who are to come.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

"SOV'RAN WOMAN"

[Kate Douglas Wiggin (Mrs. George Riggs), known to everybody as the author of charming stories and plays, is also well known as a witty and delightful speaker at dinners and luncheons, especially in London, where according to her own modest estimate, "If a woman speaks with any grace or freedom she is lauded to the skies." The following speech was made at a dinner of the Whitefriars Club held in the Hotel Cecil ballroom, London, 1905.]

I KNOW perfectly well that the reason an American woman has been asked to reply to this particular toast lies in the popular superstition that in an American democracy woman is the only sovereign. Max O'Rell established an order of precedence for us years ago when he declared that in entering a drawing-room, or in going through life, the French wife walked beside her husband, the English wife a little behind, and the American wife well in front, the maligned American husband, I take it, being supposed to stand, or cower, upon any scrap of territory in the rear, that he may chance to find unoccupied by a woman. [Laughter.] Far be it from me to confess that we are not as valiant wives, or that we are better disciplined than Max O'Rell fancied, but at all events fear of complete subjugation has not prevented American women from cheerfully adorning their brows with British coronets —[laughter]—nor have the risks been sufficient to deter an occasional plucky Englishman from leading his American cousin to the altar. I suppose the trembling bridegroom murmurs to himself as he meets her in the chancel: "For Britons never will be slaves!" and perhaps his bride overhears and takes heed, for, so far as I can judge, he remains true to his principles. In the face of all this, does it seem a truism to assert that, in our day and generation, "sov'ran woman" is pretty much the same on both sides of the Atlantic? The chastening influence of much commingling and many international marriages has, perhaps, deprived us of a fraction of our liberty, and given our British sisters a fraction more; until, in point of "sovereignty," either self-arrogated or chivalrously awarded, there is little to choose between us. There is a plantation story—I wish I could give it you with a black instead of a white accent, but I am not gifted in dialect—which says that a certain darkey servant, wishing to enter the holy bonds of matrimony, asked his master to purchase him a license in the neighboring town. The master, being in haste, did not ask the name of the happy woman, but as he drove along he reflected on the many tender attentions that he had seen John lavish upon Euphemia Wilson, the cook, and, concluding that there could be no mistake, had the license made out in her name. "There's your license to marry Euphemia," he said to the servant that night. "You're as good as married already and you owe me only two dollars." The darkey's face fell. "But Mass' Tom, Euphemia Wilson ain't de lady I'se gwine to marry. Dat wan't nothin' mo'n a little flirtation, —Georgiana Thompson, the la'ndress, is the one I'm gwine to marry." [Laughter.] "Oh, well, John," said the master, amused and irritated at the same time, "there's no great harm done. I'll get you another license to-morrow, but it will cost you two dollars more, of course." The next morning the darkey came out to the carriage as it was starting for town and leaning confidentially over the wheel said: "Mass' Tom, you needn't git me no udder license; I'll use the one I'se got. I'se been t'inkin' it over in de night-season, an' to tell you de troof, Mass' Tom, the conclusion o' my jedgment is, dat *dar ain't two dollars worth o' dif'rence between dem two ladies!"* [Laughter.] There are, seemingly, and ever have been, so many kinds of women, from Boadicea, or Pocahontas, or Lucrezia Borgia, to the "Sweet Alice," who, when Ben Bolt praised her, "wept with delight," or "paled at the sight of his frown." [Laughter.] There is the female politician, the platform and club woman, the athletic one, the short-haired one, and the romantic one with ringlets; but "to tell you de troof, Mass' Friar, dar ain't two dollars worth o' dif'rence between dem ladies!" [Laughter.] Under a thousand disguises, and in the midst of a thousand vagaries, if you strip women to the heart you always find—woman!

There are all sorts of women, but "sov'ran woman" still lives, old-fashioned, indestructible, eternal. She is unhappily not universal, but she is commoner than, in our cynical moments, we permit ourselves to believe. If, in the strictest secrecy, you should examine her as to her hopes, her ideals, her ambitions, her dreams, you would find in most cases that the empire she most desires is, after all, just the heart of a good man. [Hear hear.] The subjects she best loves to govern are a flock of little future rulers and "sov'ran women," fair-haired and dark, curly-headed and smooth. However, "the sweet safe corner of the household fire, behind the heads of children," modest expectations though it be in the midst of the so-called New Woman, does not come to all of us. Our gallant President—God bless him!—has been very earnest of late in urging woman not to forget, in her crowd of other responsibilities, her highest and most sacred duties and privileges. The matter became so much discussed that at length it roused the ire of a certain spinister who lived in a state where "sov'ran man" was lamentably in the minority. "Dear Mr. Roosevelt," she wrote to the President; "if you would talk a little less about children and provide a few more husbands, the question of race suicide would soon settle itself!" [Laughter.] But, justly, or unjustly, it is the mother who is "sov'ran woman," and if she is really that, she will see revealed in the shining eyes of her own children the tired hungry faces of other people's children, and feel their need of her beneficent aid, their right to her inspiring touch—children of women who have been dragged through the heat and mire and dust of life; children born without love and nourished in fear and despair. In such a woman the "heart of her husband may safely trust," but that is not enough. The "sov'ran woman" must be something more splendid even than that. She must be the priestess of high ideals, the guardian of fine standards. The heart of motherless childhood must be able to trust in her, and the heart of the nation too. Mother of children, yes, that is much; but she must be the mother of soldiers, of statesmen, of scholars, of kings and queens, and, if it be the will of God, even of saints; for the saints must be mothered, and none but the "sov'ran women" are worthy. [Applause.]

A SPEECH IN RHYME

[The following address in rhyme was delivered by Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, Litt.D., on April 29, 1909, at the twenty-fifth Anniversary Dinner of the Society of Authors, in London, of which George Meredith was President. The address, which refers to the illness of George Meredith and the recent suicide of John Davidson, besides touching on happier events, was received with the most enthusiastic applause. Edmund Gosse, LL.D., was in the chair; Anthony Hope proposed the toast of "The Guests," and, sharing the response with the Rt. Hon. the Lord Collins, Kate Douglas Wiggin spoke as follows:]

MR. CHAIRMAN, GOOD FRIENDS, FELLOW AUTHORS AT TABLE,
I fear I shall find myself not very able
To deal with that difficult subject "The Guests";
Still, one cannot evade Dr. Gosse's behests.
If only he'd said: "Talk of 'Palates of Snails,'
'The Uses of Radium,' 'Women in Jails,'
'Revisions of Tariff' or 'Copyright Laws,'
'The Prospects of Holland' or 'Rumors of War' "—
You can "read up" such topics in encyclopædias;
You're sure of your facts, if you're frequently tedious!

I myself am a guest from across the blue wave—
"The land of the free and the home of the brave"
Native singers have styled it, and yet, I suppose,
We cannot monopolize phrases like those.
Notwithstanding your Princes, your Kings, Courts, and Thrones—
Institutions our infant Republic bemoans—
Your "freedom," your "bravery," needless to tell,
Appear to be standing the test rather well!

Do you know what I see as I stand here the guest
Of the flower of London, its cleverest, best,
Its dramatists, editors, novelists, sages?
I see *you* as you *are,* then, as heirs of the ages!
Your laurels are green, I see others unfaded
Tho' centuries cold are the brows they once shaded—
See ghosts of immortals whose eloquent words

Made England a forest of rare singing birds;
Magicians whose tales are still fresh to the ear:
They spoke, they still speak, and the world bends to hear.
I own the same tongue, so I share in the glory
That makes Britain famous in song and in story.
(We imperiled our heritage slightly, you'll say,
When we ventured from out your dominion to stray,
But not one Pilgrim sailed for his bleak Plymouth Rock
Till Shakespeare was born, so we're stock of his stock!)
Later, gods grew more scarce and the half-gods appeared;
'Twas the same on our side: lower altars we reared
When our Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier passed,
With Hawthorne and Holmes, and dear Lowell at last.
Yet though we meet often the Homer who "nods,"
We must still pour libations to gods and half-gods—
Those who smile, grave, serene, from the heights of Olympus
And smaller ones, somewhat addicted to simpers;
We must bow to a genius whenever we see one,
If heroes aren't worshiped there'll soon cease to *be* one!
They used to be big, now the little ones lead:
They can always *write* books if they can't always *read!*
Soon, among the small fry, with their hustlings and jostlings
Instead of a critic like Gosse we'll find *Gosselings!*

Our pedestals stand rather empty of late,
Each for its Colossus doth patiently wait.
One is just newly filled; golden voice, heart of fire,
What eloquent strains he has swept from his lyre!
The thrushes that sing o'er that freshly made grave
Make music no sweeter than Swinburne once gave
To a world that talks less of a poet's bird-notes
Than armies and navies and feminine votes.
Is it this that puts bitterness into the heart
Of a singer who lives *for,* but not *by* his art?
Poor John Davidson's gone: he was hopeless and sad;
If now he's at peace, we can only be glad
That the "weariest river" when once it flows free
Finds somehow and somewhere its path "to the sea."

Now from sorrow to gratitude; blessings are many,
Tho' up to this moment I've not mentioned any!

There is one splendid voice that is still ringing true,
One worthy to rank with the laurel-crowned few;
Old or young, he's as full as a reed is of pith—
Your President, bless his name,—George Meredith!
The novelists needn't lose courage and mope,
For while they have Hawkins they always have *Hope;*
Or if they're depressed in a casual way
There's a tonic just out—Wells's "Tono-Bungay"—
And the knowledge that cheers us, encourages, heartens,
That "nothing's the matter" with Herr "Maarten Maartens"
(I give him his pen-name: my Muse never courts
A Dutch rhyme for Herr Van der Poorten und Schwartz!)

These then, fellow scribes, are the thoughts of a guest
Who tacitly in her first sentence confessed
She hadn't a notion of speeches at dinners,
For on these occasions the *men* are chief sinners.
I thank dear Edmund Gosse for the honor conferred
In letting me speak for the guests this brief word;
Lord Collins I thank for dividing the toast,
Especially when in himself he's a host.
And last, friends and authors, I'm glad to be here;
Not alone for the wit and the mirth and good cheer,
But because we are sounding the praises to-night
Of an art in whose service lies joy and delight.
Talk of angels! Poor angels, they play and they sing,
But never a quill do they pluck from a wing!
They've only their harp-strings—no paper, no ink;
I'd rather be author than angel, I think;
But proud to be counted a woman of letters!
I'm nearly submerged in a crowd of my betters,

JOHN HENRY WIGMORE

MY CREED FOR THE NATION

[Dean Wigmore of the Faculty of Law, Northwestern University, is one of the most scholarly and authoritative writers on legal subjects. He is also a public speaker of unusual originality and force. The address which follows was intended as a novel kind of after-dinner speaking and won the enthusiastic approval of the audience to which it was addressed. It was delivered at the annual Alumni dinner of the Law School of Northwestern University, June 13, 1921.]

I BELIEVE in the Anglo American system of Evidence, for jury trials at common law. The general rules are based on shrewd experience in human nature. And they have contributed many fundamental principles to the world's knowledge of just procedure. But the ten thousand details which now form our law of Evidence represent a system dried up and gone to seed. They should be thoroughly pruned and reformed. And especially, they have no place in the inquiries of administrative tribunals, such as State Industrial Commissions, which investigate and decide without a jury. The Federal Land Office, the Federal Patent Office, the Federal Customs Court, and the Federal Commerce Commission, have disposed of millions of claims involving billions of dollars, with satisfaction to all interests and without observing the strict rules of jury trial evidence. The State Industrial Commissions and Public Service Commissions should now be allowed to do justice, in their spheres, with the same freedom of method. Therefore, the recent attempts of Supreme Courts, as in Illinois, New York and California, to fix upon industrial commissions the incubus of our technical jury trial rules of evidence, are misguided, and should be abandoned.

I believe in judicial responsibility for speedy administration of justice, and therefore in judicial control of procedure. All rules of pleading, practice and procedure should be placed under the control of the Courts. Procedure is only a means to an end; and unless it can be made flexible, it defeats that end and obstructs justice. The Legislature should cease to legislate upon rules of procedure; and the Constitution should hand over to the Courts all power to regulate their own practice. The Courts should then reform their practice, guided only by the principles of efficiency and fairness.

I believe that all Courts of a State, without exception, should be unified into a single State system, with supervised decentralization, and with flexibility of personnel and jurisdiction. Within that system, a metropolis, like Chicago, should have a single unified system, subject only to the State Supreme Court. Therefore, the proposed Judiciary Article, now reported to the Illinois State Constitutional Convention, is defective, in that it proposes to maintain three distinct courts for Cook County instead of a single Court. This defect is so serious that it calls for rejection of that Article, even if we have to wait another generation until we get a better one.

I believe that Law is a profession, not a trade. Therefore, it is not too much to demand that entrance to the profession of law, as well as to those of medicine and engineering, shall be universally prepared for by a substantial college education. Ten years ago there were only 200,000 young men and women in all our colleges; to-day there are 600,000. To require a college preparation to-day means no more relatively than it meant to require a high-school education ten years ago. The legal profession will continue to furnish the shapers of our fundamental laws and institutions. They must be wise for the times. With college-educated men permeating the business world, it follows that college-educated men must set the pace in the legal world.

I believe in Party Government; but it is not healthy that an honorable party's name and power should be controlled by a personal organization based on the exploitation of government for personal self. Any political combination which is conceived in disloyalty, born in demagoguery, and nourished on graft, though it may for a time hold domination, will end in damnation. Such combinations are and always have been based on the philosophy that you can fool all of the people all of the time. But we must cherish rather the courageous and inspired utterance of Abraham Lincoln, who pronounced that principle false.

I believe in the Short ballot. The destinies of our Nation from the beginning, for now more than a century and a quarter, have been fulfilled under a Federal government fundamentally based on the Short ballot. You and I, and our forefathers, in National affairs, have never, until 1915, voted for more than three national offices. And we vote only once in four years for two of them, once in two years for the third and twice in six years for the fourth, and for the remaining seventy-five thousand offices we never think of needing to cast a vote. The Nation has been democratically governed under that system; nobody ever proposed to change it, as a system. Why not extend it to State Government and local government? We groan under the duty of voting ignorantly for a long list of twenty to one hundred offices at each State and local election. We have as much chance of correct selection as a blind man would have at a restaurant in choosing from a menu card handed to him by a deaf waiter. Let us reduce the State elective offices to three, Governor, Senator, Assemblyman, and the local offices to two, Mayor and Councilman. This would reduce the total of elective offices to nine. The Short ballot would be as great a boon in State and local government as it has been in National Government.

I believe in Baseball. Of all the world's National games (and I have seen many) the greatest is America's National game. All that it needs is to be deloused, at the top and at the bottom. This can be done by exercising the power of eminent domain. Since the management of the National games is now a virtual monopoly, and since its service is deemed a popular necessity, let the Legislature now declare that the business of Baseball is a public service, impressed with a public interest, and therefore subject to expropriation for public purposes. Let the State expropriate for public purposes the property and franchises of the League Clubs; expelling the mercenary cynics who have exploited it for private gain; putting all League players on the salaried civil service merit list; and conducting the game as a public enterprise for the public good. Retain and cultivate local and State pride by letting each city have its own team, made up solely of residents; each State its own team, selected by competitive promotion from the city teams. City will play against city, State against State. There will be a Federal Department of Sport, with a seat in the Cabinet,—and Kenesaw Landis will be our First Secretary of Baseball!

I believe in the sacredness of human individuality. Each of us must be treated for himself and by himself. And yet in the large mass-relations of government and society the lamentable tendency is to deal with the mass, for good or ill, and to forget the merits or demerits of the individual. Modern criminal science is pleading successfully for the individualization of punishment; but our penal law still operates chiefly in mass. Modern education preaches attention to the individual student's needs; but our colleges boast of their large classes, in which, however, the individual receives little or no attention. Modern psychology reveals the infinite variety of the human soul; yet our popular predjudices are vented alike on all colored men, all aliens, all capitalists, all labor unions, all jews or gentiles, all catholics or protestants; and so on, by classes, as if every man in the class was of identical merit or demerit. It is un-American, unethical, and unscientific, to support any movement which favors or boycotts or opposes a whole class, and makes no discrimination between the individuals in that class.

I believe that the Covenant of the League of Nations, with or without reservations, any or all of them, should have been ratified by America in 1919. The events of the first meeting of the League have shown that the apprehensions about surrender of sovereignty were needless and baseless. The League is not anything more than a powerless parliament of debate, and will not be anything more for a generation to come. But that mere fact of a universal open forum was and is just what the world's politics most need. And America's presence in those debates would have been the most steadying influence for rational solutions of Europe's problems. It may well be affirmed that had we joined promptly, we should not be witnessing the present pitiable situation of Europe,—factions fighting, governments bankrupt, people starving, ships idle, industry paralyzed. By staying out, we have hurt the world far more than we have hurt ourselves. And we have lost, forever, the most unique opportunity of world leadership that destiny ever offered us.

I believe in Ireland. But the Irish south of the river Boyne should accept the Home rule that is now on the British Statute Book. They should substitute evolution by parliamentary persuasion for devolution by assassination. The Irish Celtic stock (whose blood I am proud to have in my veins) has contributed to humanity traits the most charming,—and the most impracticable. It produces the best fellows in the world, the best fighters,—and the most childlike dreamers. The South Irish readiness to abandon democratic England and join imperial Germany in the bloody world-war was the saddest instance of political lunacy that history has ever recorded. The experience of American City government under Irish domination from 1870 to 1900 has revealed them as having a fatal affinity for politics,—and at the same time a fatal incapacity for government. Ireland was my father's native country; but by that same token it is not my country; America is my country! If men of the Irish stock in America would devote to the cause of good government here one-tenth of the interest which they are devoting to the cause of political unrest in the land they have left behind them, the "Wearing of the Green" might become the national American anthem!

I believe that the Legislatures of America, compared with all other bodies of team-workers having a specific service to render, are the most inefficient bodies of men in all America. Their job is the worst done job in the Nation. And among them the most inefficient of all is the Federal Congress. It is not because of dishonesty,—not because of individual incompetency. It is because of four things,—excessive egoism subservience to popular opinion, anxiety to appear as public saviors, and antiquated methods. The egoism holds back needful legislation endlessly until each individual member is satisfied to approve. The subservience deprives members of any courage of personal conviction on public policies. The anxiety to appear as public saviors drives Congressmen to spend most of their time in investigating the shortcomings of the Executive Departments, who are the men that really do things for the Nation; and this leaves Congress little time to devote to its own proper duty of Legislation. And the methods are so antiquated, that no business house which refused in like manner to improve its methods could survive for thirty days. The first three qualities are perhaps irremediable. The fourth will be remedied when a bold genius comes to Washington who will break the idols of tradition and lead the Congress to reform itself, as the best and first measure for reforming the country.

I believe in Parental Responsibility and Authority. The most marked and dangerous sign of an approach of pure State Communism is to be seen—not in the government's regulation of big business,—not in collective bargaining—nor in any other obviously socialistic measure now proposed; but in the subtle influence of the American parents, who are abdicating parental responsibility and authority by neglecting the home training and control of their own children. To-day the parents no longer teach children the Ten Commandments, nor supervise their lessons, their clothes, the behavior; but leave all to the public school teachers, and thus to the Government. Already the very babes are taken to the public maternity hospitals to be born; soon they will be left at the State Home to be brought up. The most extreme communism ever planned was that of Plato's Republic, and his vital measure was the State's bringing up of the children from the time of birth. After one generation of children has become used to State care, the arrival of pure State Communism will be an easy next stage. In that day, can you calmly picture your child, kneeling at night by his little cot in the Cook County dormitory, and reciting thus his evening prayer (as doubtless they are doing to-day under Russian Communism):

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the State my soul to keep,
> If I should die before I wake,
> I hope Lundin—I mean, Lenin—my goods will take."

The greatest danger today to the tradition of individualism is the parents' abdication of the control and training of their children.

I believe that the Japanese nightmare should be banished by all rational Americans. I was born and brought up in California, and I understand the Californians: I lived for some years in Japan, and I understand the Japanese. The real people of Japan are as peaceful as our own real people; they merely have a group of party politicians, as we do, who try in public to play upon patriotic sentiment for party purposes. The Japanese are a patriotic people: and so are we. They are sensitive about their farmers being discriminated against in California, just as we ourselves are sensitive about our oil-producers being discriminated against in Mesopotamia and in Mexico. Do not support the extreme claims of the California propagandists. The people of that fortunate State are apt to be, on occasion, as egotistic as children. They have to have hysterics every decade or two, so as to remind the rest of the country that California is in the United States. The solution of the California land-question is very simple, viz: let California forbid land-ownership by *any* alien, without specifically discriminating against the Japanese. This will entirely accomplish California's purpose, and will also satisfy the Japanese. Then the rest of us can go on attending peacefully to the Nation's business, while California plays with its rattle in its cradle.

I believe in the 18th Amendment. The prohibition of intoxicating liquors is on the whole a good thing, and it has come to stay. But it finds us unprepared, because it became law without the actual assent of more than a minority of our citizens. And the civic problem now is whether we shall settle down into a nation of open, cynical lawbreakers, or whether we shall attempt the almost impossible by reconciling ourselves to total abstinence merely because of our respect for law. Genuine and general abstinence is not to be prophesied until the young generation, that knew not Bacchus, grows to manhood.

In the mean time, what can be done? Now the Amendment prohibits manufacture or sale for beverage purposes, but not for medical purposes. This is the loophole for law evasion. Thousands of doctors and druggists are to-day selling their souls for the price of a prescription. To meet this situation frankly and effectively, what would idealists think of the following absurd dream. I dreamt that the State forbid all private doctors to prescribe, the State itself assuming the monopoly of medical prescriptions of whisky. The State purchased a large sanitarium, like Mount Clemens or French Lick, equipped it with a large staff of physicians of liberal sympathies, and an unlimited stock of whisky, and placed it at the disposal of all citizens whose ailments need a restorative. Transportation was furnished free to the poor, and the price for prescriptions graded as in the Mayo Hospitals, according to the patient's bank-account; thus making the treatment truly democratic. By this plan the law was obeyed, the souls of thousands of physicians and druggists were saved, the medicinal value of whisky was preserved, and an enormous revenue supported all the asylums and charitable institutions in the State!

I believe that every State should have a superintendent of criminal justice. The suppression and prevention of crime is a single complex task, which needs direction and supervision. Laws and courts alone without effective administration, are like a factory with an independent operator at each machine. The machinery of criminal justice is now working day and night without any responsible overseer. Let us install a State superintendent of criminal justice, with the power and duty to inspect the operation, to report upon the product, and to devise improved means of making criminal justice effective and just.

I believe in Compulsory Universal Physical Training for all youths in colleges. But, from that point of view, the present practice of college athletics is a failure. As physical training, it is neither compulsory nor universal. When 22 youths contend in an arena in active sport while 22,000 merely look on from the bleachers, it is absurd to justify athletics on the ground of physical training. It is a gladiatorial system. It takes the place in America that the gladiatorial games took in ancient Rome. Its exaggerated excitement breeds gambling; its financial returns breed mercenary management. Instead, let every youth be required throughout the college course to undergo a thorough discipline of physical training, comparable to the splendid Army system. Let all gate receipts be abolished; let the games be open only to the college personnel and Alumni. And when some such system is substituted for the present gladiatorial system, it will come to pass that every college diploma will be for its holder as much a guarantee of physical fitness for life, as it now is of intellectual fitness.

I believe that Chicago, in its destiny of civic happiness, prosperity and leadership, is located just right. But that is the only thing about it that is yet just right. It is still dirty with smut and smoke, noisy with needless noise, congested by inadequate trafficways, disunited by commercial and industrial rivalries, stinted in public donations, infested with unpunished criminals, tardy in solving its civic problems, commonplace in political methods, and weak in aggressive courageous leadership of good causes. It is lacking in all these things, relatively to its own acknowledged ideals. It can show little to boast of in the last twenty years. Instead of boasting should be heard the humble voice of courageous resolution to make itself worthy of its location and of its past glory. And, in view of this, the projected Pageant of Progress, scheduled for next August, is merely a pitiful exhibition of misguided vanity. Instead of deceiving ourselves by proclaiming a progress that is difficult to discern, let us rather highly resolve to clean house politically, to solve all our pressing civic problems promptly, and then to await with modesty the approbation which others will gladly award us when we merit it.

I believe in Chicago's commercial and industrial supremacy. But legal science is and always has been a necessary support to all solid commercial achievement. In at least three or more great staples Chicago's genius now makes prices for the world. The time has come when Chicago must develop with equal mastery a leadership in the appurtenant science of Law. This metropolis can and must develop a center of research for American Commercial Law, American International Law, American Legal History, American Legal Philosophy and American Criminal Science. As a center of American Legal thought, it can thus vastly increase the hold which it now has on world commerce. It can become as famous for its law as it has been for its meat, its wheat, and its reapers. Just a thousand years ago in a city in the North of Italy, there grew up the first and largest law school of the modern world, and there was also devised the most popular and world-wide type of portable meat-food,—the city of Bologna. The fame of that city still rings down the ages for two things—its sausage, and its law school. Why not also Chicago?

I believe that Northwestern University Law School is marked in a high degree by educational efficiency and professional leadership in its field, and that it not only merits, but also possesses the entire confidence of the Alumni, the profession, and the community. All that it now needs is an Endowment of a Building. But I have raised the price. It was originally $1,500,000. But that is not enough to enable it to fulfill its manifest destiny. I tell you now that the limit is raised to $5,000,000; and I want you to see that it does not stop below that sum!

HARVEY WASHINGTON WILEY

THE IDEAL WOMAN

[Speech of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley at the banquet of the American Chemical Society, Washington, D. C., December, 1898. Dr. Wiley responded to the toast, "Woman."]

Mr. President and Fellow-Members of the Chemical Society:—I propose to introduce an innovation to after-dinner speaking and stick to my text. In my opinion, it is too late in the day to question the Creator's purpose in making Woman. She is an accomplished fact! She is here! She has come to stay, and we might as well accept her. She has broken into our Society, which, until within a year or two, has remained entirely masculine. She has not yet appeared at our annual dinners, but I am a false prophet if she be not here to speak for herself ere long. And why not? Chemistry is well suited to engage the attention of the feminine mind. The jewels woman wears, the paints she uses, the hydrogen peroxide with which she blondines her hair are the children of chemistry. The prejudice against female chemists is purely selfish and unworthy of a great mind. There is only enough work in the world to keep half of humanity busy. Every time a woman gets employment a man must go idle. But if the woman will only marry the man, all will be forgiven.

I think I know why you have called on an old bachelor to respond to this toast. A married man could not. He would be afraid to give his fancies full rein. Some one might tell his wife. A young man could see only one side of the subject—the side his sweetheart is on. But the old bachelor fears no Caudle lecture, and is free from any romantic bias. He sees things just as they are. If he be also a true chemist, lovely woman appeals to him in a truly scientific way. Her charms appear to him in the crucible and the beaker:

I know a maiden, charming and true,
With beautiful eyes like the cobalt blue
Of the borax bead, and I guess she'll do
  If she hasn't another reaction.

Her form is no bundle of toilet shams,
Her beauty no boon of arsenical balms,
And she weighs just sixty-two kilograms
  To a deci-decimal fraction.

Her hair is a crown, I can truthfully state
'Tis a metre long, nor curly nor straight,
And it is as yellow as plumbic chromate
  In a slightly acid solution.

And when she speaks from parlor or stump,
The words which gracefully gambol and jump
Sound sweet like the water in Sprengel's pump
  In magnesic phosphate ablution.

I have bought me a lot, about a hectare,
And have built me a house ten metres square,
And soon, I think, I shall take her there,
  My tart little acid radicle.

Perhaps little sailors on life's deep sea
Will be the salts of this chemistry,
And the lisp of the infantile A, B, C
  Be the refrain of this madrigal.

No one but a scientific man can have any idea of the real nature of love. The poet may dream, the novelist describe the familiar feeling, but only the chemist knows just how it is:

A biochemist loved a maid
  In pure actinic ways;
The enzymes of affection made
  A ferment of his days.

The waves emergent from her eyes
  Set symphonies afloat,
These undulations simply struck
  His fundamental note.

No longer could he hide his love,
  Nor cultures could he make,

And so he screwed his courage up,
And thus to her he spake:

"Oh, maid of undulations sweet,
Inoculate my veins,
And fill my thirsty arteries up
With amorous ptomaines.

"In vain I try to break this thrall,
In vain my reason fights,
My inner self tempestuous teems
With microcosmic mites.

"I cannot offer you a crown
Of gold—I cannot tell
Of terrapin or wine for us,
But rations balanced well.

"A little fat just now and then,
Some carbohydrates sweet,
And gluten in the bakers' bread,
Are what we'll have to eat.

"The days will pass in rapture by,
With antitoxine frills,
And on our Guinea-pigs we'll try
The cures for all our ills.

"O! maiden fair, wilt thou be mine?
Come, give me but one kiss,
And dwell forever blessed with me,
In symbiotic bliss."

This maiden, modest, up-to-date,
Eschewed domestic strife;
In mocking accents she replied,
"Wat t'ell—not on your life."

The philosopher and the theologian pretend to understand the origin of things and the foundation of ethics, but what one of them ever had the least idea of how love first started? What one of them can tell you a thing concerning the original osculation—that primary amatory congress which was the beginning of the beginning?—

Bathed in Bathybian bliss
And sunk in the slush of the sea,

Thrilled the first molecular kiss,
The beginning of you and of me.

The Atom of Oxygen blushed
When it felt fair Hydrogen's breath,
The Atom of Nitrogen rushed
Eager to Life out of Death.

Through Ocean's murmuring dell
Ran a whisper of rapture Elysian;
Across that Bathybian jell
Ran a crack that whispered of fission.

Alas! that such things should be,
That cruel unkind separation,
Adown in the depths of the sea
Should follow the first osculation.

O tender lover and miss,
You cannot remember too well
That the first molecular kiss
Was the first Bathybian cell.

Not only are women rapidly invading the domain of chemistry, but they are also the yellow peril of her sister science, pharmacy. A drug-store without a dimpled damsel is now a fit subject for the sheriff's hammer.—

There in the corner pharmacy,
This lithesome lady lingers,
And potent pills and philters true
Are fashioned by her fingers.

Her phiz behind the soda fount
May oft be seen in summer;
How sweetly foams the soda fizz,
When you receive it from her.

While mixing belladonna drops
With tincture of lobelia,
And putting up prescriptions, she
Is fairer than Ophelia.

Each poison has its proper place,
Each potion in its chalice;
Her dædal fingers are so deft,
They call her digit-Alice.

Love has been the theme of every age and of every tongue. It is the test of youth and of the capability of progress. So long as a man can and does love, he is young and there is hope for him. Whoever saw a satisfactory definition of love? No one, simply because the science of physical chemistry is yet young, and it is only when molded by the principles of that science that the definition is complete and intelligible. Love is the synchronous vibration of two cardiac cells, both of which, were it not for the ethics of etymology, should begin with an S. Love is the source of eternal youth, of senile recrudescence. It is the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, the fountain of flowers. So love changes not—the particular object is not of much importance. One should never be a bigot in anything and a wise man changes often.

The grade of civilization which a nation has reached may be safely measured by three things. If you want me to tell you where to place a nation in the scale, don't tell me the name of it, nor the country it inhabits, nor the religion it professes, nor its form of government. Let me know how much sugar it uses per head, what the consumption of soap is, and whether its women have the same rights as its men. That nation which eats the most sugar, uses the most soap, and regards its women as having the same rights as its men, will always be at the top. And nowhere else in the world is more sugar eaten, more soap used, and women more fully admitted to all the rights of men than in our own United States and in the American Chemical Society.

To the chemist, as well as to other scientific men, woman is not only real but also ideal. From the fragments of the real the ideal is reconstructed. This ideal is a trinity, a trinity innominate and incorporeal. She is Pallas, Aphrodite, Artemis, three in one. She is an incognita and an amorph. I know full well I shall not meet her; neither in the crowded street of the metropolis nor in the quiet lane of the country. I know well I shall not find her in the salon of fashion, nor as a shepherdess with her crook upon the mountain-side. I know full well that I need not seek her in the bustling tide of travel, nor wandering by the shady banks of a brook. She is indeed near to my imagination, but far, infinitely far, beyond my reach. Nevertheless, I may attempt to describe her as she appears to me. Let me begin with that part of my ideal which has been inherited from Diana. My ideal woman has a sound body. She has bone, not brittle sticks of phosphate of lime. She has muscles, not flabby, slender ribbons of empty sarcolemma. She has blood, not a thin leucocytis ichor. I have no sympathy with that pseudo-civilization which apparently has for its object the destruction of the human race by the production of a race of bodiless women. If I am to be a pessimist, I will be one out and out, and seek to destroy the race in a high-handed and manly way. Indoor life, inactivity, lack of oxygen in the lungs, these are things which in time produce a white skin, but do it by sacrificing every other attribute of beauty.

In the second place, my ideal woman is beautiful. I will confess that I do not know what I mean by this; for what is beauty? It is both subjective and objective. It depends on taste and education. It has something to do with habit and experience. I know I shall not be able to describe this trait, yet when I look up into her eyes—eyes, remember, which are mere fictions of my imagination—when I look into her face, when I see her move so statelily into my presence, I recognize there that portion of her which she has inherited from the Aphrodite of other days; and this I know is beauty. It is not the beauty of an hallucination, the halo which a heart diseased casts about the head of its idol. It is the beauty which is seen by a sober second thought, a beauty which does not so much dazzle as it delights; a beauty which does not fade with the passing hour, but stays through the heat and burden of the day and until the day is done.

The beauty which my ideal woman inherited from Ahprodite is not a fading one. It is not simply a youthful freshness which the first decade of womanhood will wither. It is a beauty which abides; it is a beauty in which the charm of seventeen becomes a real essence of seventy; it is a beauty which is not produced by any artificial pose of the head or by any possible banging of the hair; it is a beauty which the art of dressing may adorn but can never create; it is a beauty which does not overwhelm the heart like an avalanche, but which eats it slowly but surely away as a trickling stream cuts and grooves the solid granite.

I regard true beauty as the divinest gift which woman has received; and was not Pandora, the first of mythical women, endowed with every gift? And was not Eve, the first of orthodox women the type of every perfection feminine? Only Protogyna, the first scientific woman, was poorly and meanly endowed. If I were a woman I would value health and wealth; I would think kindly of honor and reputation; I would greatly prize knowledge and truth; but above all I would be beautiful—possessed of that strange and mighty charm which would lead a crowd of slaves behind my triumphal car and compel a haughty world to bow in humble submission at my feet.

In the third place my ideal woman has inherited the intellect of Pallas. And this inheritance is necessary in order to secure for her a true possession of the gifts of Aphrodite. For a woman can never be truly beautiful who does not possess intelligence. It is a matter of the utmost indifference to me what studies my ideal has pursued. She may be a panglot or she may scarcely know her vernacular. If she speak French and German and read Latin and Greek, it is well. If she know conics and curves it is well; if she be able to integrate the vanishing function of a quivering infinitesimal, it is well; if from a disintegrating track which hardening cosmic mud has fixed and fastened on the present, she be able to build a majestic, long extinct mammal, it is well. All these things are marks of learning, but not necessarily of intelligence. A person may know them all and hundreds of things besides, and yet be the veriest fool. My ideal, I should prefer to have a good education in science and letters, but she must have a sound mind. She must have a mind above petty prejudice and giant bigotry. She must see something in life beyond a ball or a ribbon. She must have wit and judgment. She must have the higher wisdom which can see the fitness of things and grasp the logic of events. It will be seen readily, therefore, that my ideal is wise rather than learned. But she is not devoid of culture. Without culture a broad liberality is impossible. But what is culture? True culture is that knowledge of men and affairs which places every problem in sociology and politics in its true light. It is that drill and exercise which place all the faculties at their best and make one capable of dealing with the real labors, life. Such a culture is not incompatible with a broad knowledge of books, with a deep insight into art, with a clear outlook over the field of letters. Indeed it includes all these and is still something more than they are.

My ideal then, so regally endowed, is the equal of any man —even if he be the "ideal man" of the American Chemical Society.

My ideal stands before me endowed with all the majesty of this long ancestral line. Proud is she in the consciousness of her own equality. Her haughty eye looks out upon this teeming sphere and acknowledges only as her peer the "ideal man," and no one as her superior. Stand forth, O perfect maiden, sentient with the brain of Pallas, radiant with the beauty of Venus, quivering with the eager vivacity of Diana! Make, if possible, thy home on earth. At thy coming the world will rise in an enthusiasm of delight and crown thee queen. [Long and enthusiastic applause.]

GEORGE T. WILSON

ON RECEIVING A LOVING CUP

[This speech was made by Mr. Wilson on being presented with a loving cup at the dinner in celebration of the tenth anniversary of "The Pilgrims of the United States," held in New York on Tuesday, February 4, 1913. Mr. Choate, Chairman, in presenting the cup said "I now call upon Mr. George T. Wilson to rise and stand in his place until he is counted by the five hundred. Mr. Wilson you have heard the indictment brought against you by the British Pilgrims. What say you, are you guilty or not guilty?"

Mr. Wilson: "You may search me!"

The Chairman: "The American Pilgrims are going to answer to the charge. They have realized in full measure all that you have done for them. You have kept the breath of life in The Pilgrims, by constantly knocking breath out of all of its officers. It has been impossible ever to refuse to yield to your orders, and under those orders we have marched to victory, prosperity and a glorious future; and now on behalf of your associates of this society I have the honor and the great pleasure of presenting to you this souvenir of our affections, which I hope will inspire you to new and more furious efforts and that under your leadership The Pilgrims will be far more successful, far more triumphant, far more influential for good than they have been before. And I will ask one of the donors who has younger eyes than mine to read the inscription for the company to know what it is. Allow me, Mr. Wilson, to present you with this magnificent loving cup. Will some one with younger eyes please read the inscription?"

A Voice: "Let George do it."

The Chairman: "There, certainly, is no necessity of my introducing to you Mr. George T. Wilson. You know him and he knows more about each one of you than you know about yourselves."

Amid the greatest enthusiasm the cup was passed to Mr. Wilson, and the inscription read as follows:

"Presented to George Thomson Wilson as a tribute of warm regard, by his fellow members of The Pilgrim Society of the United States, on the tenth anniversary of its organization. February 4, MCMXIII."]

BELOVED PRESIDENT; DISTINGUISHED GUESTS; FELLOW PILGRIMS, ANGELS EVER BRIGHT AND FAIR, (looking down on us from up there), AND OTHER FELLOWS:—I present to you my somewhat agitated but cheeriest greetings; express the hope that you are feeling just as good as you look (and better than I am feeling at this particular moment), and give you a million thanks—and then some, for this unexpected and wonderful outpouring of the milk of human kindness, to wit: the beautiful souvenir which has so suddenly and unexpectedly been thrust upon me, accompanied by the words, which our beloved president has seen fit to express, and for your generous and friendly greetings which come to my somewhat rattled nerves like a refreshing cockt—tonic, which warm the cockles of my heart and which make me yours, indeed. (Ah! I am gradually catching myself.) Senator Swanson, of Virginia, tells a joke on himself about his first political speech. He said: "I arose and began, 'Fellow Citizens, Heroditus tells us'—'What ticket is he on?' shouted the fellow in the red shirt. 'Heroditus tells us,' I continued, with a gulp, 'of a whole army being swept away by the braying of an ass.' The applause was great, and I felt fine. Just then the voice of the man in the red shirt was heard above the din, 'Young feller, you don't need to be a skeered of this crowd; it's been tested.'" Lo, for many moons have I "tested" this crowd in various and divers and devious and perhaps dubious ways, and yet you are so big-hearted and generous that to-night you are willing to forgive and forget me and to stand for me again, although I know better than any one else, except perhaps my wife, that it requires Christian fortitude, Spartan heroism and mediæval patience—or words to that effect. [Laughter and applause.]

Now, I suppose the proper caper for me, in view of this sudden and unexpected happening, is to give an imitation of the look of a startled fawn, but speaking very freely as between man and woman—I mean man and man—I will confess to you that I really don't know how a startled fawn looks, although my gold-dust twin "Great Britain," surnamed Harry, tells me that he does. "However," as the English orator—except those who are with us to-night—is wont to say when he doesn't know what to say next, and needs time to spar for his succeeding thought, and to catch his second wind —"However," please consider me as feeling and looking like the greatest surprise party that was ever invented, or any old thing in the line of surprises, and also as the very grateful, if a bit fussed, recipient of your undeserved bounty. My common or garden variety of language is altogether inadequate and insufficient to enable me to express the fifty-seven varieties of feeling that are chasséing up and down and all around my subway system as I arise, at the unexpected call of the Chairman, realizing as I arise my utter inability to arise to the occasion. [Laughter.]

"However"—and this time also, "be that as it may," [laughter] if I am forced as a last resort, to indulge in the stereotyped "I thank you," "I thank you," please believe, that plain and commonplace though those words may be, they come straight from my heart of hearts and cover a multitude of emotions, that I am altogether unable to voice in polite language. "However," if I have been able, in a small and modest and simple way, to shove along and help cement the ties of Anglo-American friendship I am glad, thrice glad of it, for I believe in it with all my heart and soul. [Applause.]

I am glad to see here to-night one of the original founders of The Pilgrims, Lindsay Russell, sitting down there with his friend Lafrentz, and also Louis Hay at table 23, and of course, we greet with glad acclaim "Great Britain," the Honorary Secretary of the British Pilgrims, who did, and is doing, most of the work on the other side of the pond. All hail to these men who founded this splendid society to typify Anglo-American friendship. Ah! no need for a signed, sealed and delivered treaty to confirm the ancient and traditional friendship between the "dear old mother country" (I always applaud when I use that expression) and the younger nation this side of the sea. The blood that flows in our respective veins attests it—the heart beats confirm it, and Briton and American, shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, eye to eye, entwined as the glorious Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack are in the decorations of this hall, stand together as a mighty bulwark for the civilization of mankind, and the peace of the world at large—a world sometimes very much "at large." [Laughter and applause.]

Do you remember that modern addition to the beatitudes, "Blessed is the man who bloweth his own horn, for whoso-e'er bloweth not his own horn, the same, it shall not be blown."

[Great applause.] Therefore, may I make so bold, even in the presence of our beloved colleagues of the Sister Societies of this city, who I am sure will grant us their indulgence to-night, for this is *our night,* as to claim that The Pilgrims is the greatest society on the face of the earth. [Applause and laughter.] It has so progressed and has been so successful that it is known even unto the uttermost parts of the world. On the frozen plains of Labrador, in the dark jungles of India, in the crevasses and glaciers of Shackleton's South Polar playground; on Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand; on the wind-swept coast of New Zealand and the lonely way-back of Australia, and on those beautiful tropic islands that float like gems on their ever-purple sea—(say, this is going some, fellows)—on the—well, what I was trying to say, but obviously finding trouble in saying, is, that The Pilgrims is a world-famous institution and that under the skillful guidance of our distinguished and beloved president, succeeding that dearly beloved and altogether wonderful man, our late friend William Butler Duncan [applause], for whom we pause to drop a tear to-night, whose memory we revere and whose presence is sadly missed on this tenth anniversary function, it is destined to become a more and more powerful and influential factor in the relations between the dear old mother country—[applause]—and this younger nation. [Laughter and applause.]

Now, this is where I ought to sit down, but I don't know enough—

THE CHAIRMAN: I was waiting for an opportunity to break in and explain that when I asked Mr. Wilson what he was going to talk about he said he was going to talk about ten minutes. [Laughter.]

MR. WILSON: Governor Sulzer has just appointed me for another ten minutes. [Laughter.]

Now, really, my place on the program was last. I was to be the last speaker, or, to put it in the classic words of our Chairman, to pronounce the benediction and break up the feed—which I love to do—but this program slipped its trolley unknown to me, and the unexpected has happened, to interject me at this point.

In the dear old mother country [applause] it is customary at banquets, for the last speaker to propose a vote of thanks to the Chair. The Committee decided to introduce that ancient custom to-night and selected me as the lamb for the burnt offering. I have made my extempore speech and I think I will turkey-trot right into the vote of thanks without changing speed, and in spite of the fact that the Chairman has not yet performed his full job, and that we do not know whether he will be deserving of a vote of thanks until we hear the other speakers. [Laughter.]

It is a signal distinction to be privileged to offer the vote of thanks to our distinguished President, the Honorable Joseph H. Choate, former American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. And yet it is very embarrassing to attempt to say anything of one who has said, and is saying, so much for himself *by his life.* [Applause.] Had I his facility and felicity of speech I should rise to heights of eloquence—perhaps—that would rouse you to irrepressible enthusiasm—maybe—but, as I have not his command of language, or any of my own, the chief merit of my remarks will be found in their brevity.

We Americans are proud of the great names which adorn the history of the American Bar and most of us rejoice, with exceeding joy, that nearly all of these names indicate, unmistakably that those who bear them are in reality children of the dear old mother country. In this presence I need hardly call attention to the Anglo-Saxon ring in such names as Webster, Wirt, Marshall, Bartlett, Evarts and Choate. [Applause.] There is no name on any page of that history more luminous than that last mentioned. [Applause.] It was made brilliant early in the last century by Rufus, and Joseph has not permitted its luster to be dimmed. There is no position in our country which was above the reach of our President had he allowed himself to be diverted from the work of his chosen profession by political ambition. The high place he has gained has been reached, and held, by that mastery of language and law which placed him, long ago, in the foremost ranks of jurists. If the whole country has had less benefit from his great gifts, natural and acquired, than it could have desired, his clients have had the benefit of that thorough preparation and persuasive presentation of their cases which have given them favorable decisions. Amiable as our President seems to us, no one has fought with more vigor or tenacity, than he in the courts of our country. As a great jurist and as a wise diplomatist we honor him. As one of the most genial and gentle of men we love him. No subject is so dry that he cannot decorate it with his dry humor, while his wit bubbles and sparkles like water from the mountain springs of his native New England. He can speak eloquently on any subject from the Rights of Man to the Wrongs of Woman and no banquet in the City of New York for years and years and years has been considered complete without him. "His life was gentle and the elements so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say to all the world, this is a man." [Great applause.]

And now taking leave of you, for the time being, and freely confessing that if I have said anything I should be sorry for I am glad of it, I charge you to fill your glasses to the brim and rise with me and drink to the continuing good health, happiness and content of Joseph H. Choate, accompanied by some of those soul-stirring uplifting Pilgrim cheers that you know so well how to give.

[The entire company, including the ladies in the boxes, arose and drank the toast, accompanied by rousing cheers, music and singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."]

WILLIAM WINTER

TRIBUTE TO JOHN GILBERT

[Speech of William Winter at a dinner given by the Lotos Club, New York City, November 30, 1878, to John Gilbert, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance on the stage. Whitelaw Reid presided. William Winter responded to the toast "The Dramatic Critic."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—I thank you very gratefully for this kind welcome, and I think it a privilege to be allowed to take part in a festival so delightful as this, and join with you in paying respect to a name so justly renowned and honored as that of John Gilbert. I cannot hope adequately to respond to the personal sentiments which have been so graciously expressed nor adequately celebrate the deeds and the virtues of your distinguished guest. "I am ill at these numbers . . . but such answer as I can make you shall command." For since first I became familiar with the stage—in far-away days in old Boston, John Gilbert has been to me the fulfillment of one of my highest ideals of excellence in the dramatic art; and it would be hard if I could not now say this, if not with eloquence at least with fervor.

I am aware of a certain strangeness, however, in the thought that words in his presence and to his honor should be spoken by me. The freaks of time and fortune are indeed strange. I cannot but remember that when John Gilbert was yet in the full flush of his young manhood and already crowned with the laurels of success the friend who is now speaking was a boy at his sports—playing around the old Federal Street Theater, and beneath the walls of the Franklin Street Cathedral, and hearing upon the broad causeways of Pearl Street the rustle and patter of the autumn leaves as they fell from the chestnuts around the Perkins Institution and the elms that darkened the somber, deserted castle of Harris's Folly. With this sense of strangeness though, comes a sense still more striking and impressive of the turbulent, active, and brilliant period through which John Gilbert has lived. Byron had been dead but four years [1828] and Scott and Wordsworth were still writing when he began to act. Goethe was still living. The works of Thackeray and Dickens were yet to be created. Cooper, Irving, Bryant, Halleck, and Percival were the literary lords of that period. The star of Willis was ascending while those of Hawthorne and Poe were yet to rise; and the dramas of Talfourd, Knowles, and Bulwer were yet to be seen by him as fresh contributions to the literature of the stage. All these great names are written in the book of death. All that part of old Boston to which I have referred—the scene equally of Gilbert's birth and youth and first successes and of his tender retrospection—has been swept away or entirely changed. Gone is the old Federal Street Theater. Gone that quaint English alley with the cosey tobacconist's shop which he used to frequent. Gone the hospitable Stackpole where many a time at the "latter end of a sea-coal fire" he heard the bell strike midnight from the spire of the Old South Church! But, though "the spot where many times he triumphed is forgot"—his calm and gentle genius and his hale physique have endured in unabated vigor, so that he has charmed two generations of play-goers, still happily lives to charm men and women of to-day. Webster, Choate, Felton, Everette, Rantoul, Shaw, Bartlett, Lunt, Halleck, Starr King, Bartol, Kirk—these and many more, the old worthies of the bar, bench, and the pulpit in Boston's better days of intellect and taste:—all saw him as we see him in the silver-gray elegance and exquisite perfection with which he illustrates the comedies of England.

His career has impinged upon the five great cities of Boston, New Orleans, Philadelphia, London, and New York. It touches at one extreme the ripe fame of Munden (who died in '32) and—freighted with all the rich traditions of the stage—it must needs at its other extreme transmit even into the next century the high mood, the scholar-like wit, and the pure style of the finest strain of acting that Time has bestowed upon civilized man. By what qualities it has been distinguished this brilliant assemblage is full well aware. The dignity which is its grandeur; the sincerity which is its truth; the thoroughness which is its massive substance; the sterling principle which is its force; the virtue which is its purity; the scholarship, mind, humor, taste, versatile aptitude of simulation, and beautiful grace of method, which are its so powerful and so delightful faculties and attributes, have all been brought home to your minds and hearts by the wealth and clear genius of the man himself!

I have often lingered in fancy upon the idea of that strange, diversified, wonderful procession—here the dazzling visage of Garrick, there the woful face of Mossop; here the glorious eyes of Kean; there the sparkling loveliness of an Abington or a Jordan—which moves through the chambers of the memory across almost any old and storied stage. The thought is endless in its suggestion, and fascinating in its charm. How often in the chimney-corner of life shall we—whose privilege it has been to rejoice in the works of this great comedian, and whose happiness it is to cluster around him to-night in love and admiration—conjure up and muse upon his stately figure as we have seen it in the group of Sir Peter and Sir Robert, of Jaques and Wolsey, and Elmore! The ruddy countenance, the twinkling gray eyes, the silver hair, the kind smile, the hearty voice, the old-time courtesy of manner—how tenderly will they be remembered! How dearly are they prized! Scholar!—Actor!—Gentleman! long may he be spared to dignify and adorn the stage—a soother of our cares, and comfort to our hearts—exemplar for our lives!—the Edelweiss of his age and our affections! [Great applause.]

JOHN SARGENT WISE

THE LEGAL PROFESSION

[Speech of John S. Wise at the annual dinner of the New York State Bar Association, Albany N. Y., January 20, 1891. Matthew Hale, the President, introduced Mr. Wise as follows: "The next sentiment in order was, by mistake, omitted from the printed list of sentiments which is before you. The next sentiment is 'The Legal Profession,' and I call upon a gentleman to respond to that toast who, I venture to say, has practiced law in more States of this Union than any other gentleman present. I allude to the orator of the day, the Hon. John S. Wise [applause], formerly of Virginia, but now a member of the Bar Association of the State of New York."]

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Bar:—It may not be true that I have practiced law in more States of this Union than any one present, but it is certainly true that I never did as much speaking in the same length of time, without charging a fee for it, as I have done within the last twenty-four hours. [Laughter.] At two o'clock this morning I was in attendance, in the city of New York, upon a ghost dance of the Confederate veterans; at two o'clock this evening I resolved myself into a deep, careful and circumspect lawyer, and now I am with the boys, and propose to have a good time. [Laughter.] Now, you know, this scene strikes me as ridiculous—our getting here together and glorifying ourselves and nobody to pay for it. My opinion is, that the part of wisdom is to bottle this oratory and keep it on tap at $5 a minute. [Laughter.] The Legal Profession—why, of course, we are the best fellows in the world. Who is here to deny it? It reminds me of an anecdote told by an old politician in Virginia, who said that one day, with his man, he was riding to Chesterfield court, and they got discussing the merits of a neighbor, Mr. Beasley, and he says, "Isaac, what do you think of Mr. Beasley?" "Well," he says, "Marse Frank, I reckon he is a pretty good man." "Well, there is one thing about Mr. Beasley, he is always humbling himself." He says, "Marse Frank, you are right; I don't know how you is, but I always mistrusts a man that runs hisself down." [Laughter.] He says, "I don't know how you is, Marse Frank, but I tell you how it is with me: this nigger scarcely ever says no harm against hisself." So I say it of the legal profession—this here nigger don't never scarcely say no harm against himself. [Great Laughter.]

Of course we are the best profession in the world, but if any of our clients are standing at that door and listening to this oratory, I know what their reflection is. They are laughing in their sleeves and saying: "Watch him, watch him; did you ever hear lawyers talk as much for nothing? Watch them; it is the funniest scene I ever saw. There are a lot of lawyers with their hands in their own pockets." [Laughter.]

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen, another thing. We are not fooling with any judges now. I know who I am talking to and how long I have been doing it. Sometimes you can fool a judge into letting you have more time than the rule allows; but with lawyers, enough is enough. We know exactly when to put on the brakes with each other. We are not now earning fees by the yard or charging by the minute, and when a man is through with what he has to say, it is time to sit down, and all I have to say in conclusion is, that the more I watch the legal profession and observe it, the more I am convinced that with the great responsibility, with the great trusts confided to it, with the great issues committed to its keeping, with the great power it has to direct public feeling and public sentiment, with the great responsibilities resulting, take it as a mass—and there are plenty of rascals in it—but take it as a mass, and measure it up, and God never made a nobler body in these United States. [Applause.]

STEPHEN SAMUEL WISE

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE NATION

[Address delivered by Rabbi Wise at the dinner of the New York Chamber of Commerce held in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in 1911.]

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE:—I must say to you to-night that which I have said about you upon many other occasions,—flattering you with that frank truth-speaking than which I could offer you no sincerer tribute.

When I have read from time to time of religious noon-day meetings held in shops and factories for the wage-earners, I have ventured to observe that the important thing is not so much to bring religious ministration to the daily toilers,—the soldiers of the common good,—as to bring it to the captains of industry and commerce, which you are. For the conscience of the nation, after all, will be that which you make it,—yours is the high and solemn duty not only of registering, but in large part of determining the character of the conscience of the nation. What this nation is to be will be determined not by the census of all heads, but by the conscience of the real leaders, as it, in turn, vivifies the conscience of the multitudes. Certain political issues are decided by the votes of the many, but one high moral note is more significant and decisive than a million votes. The word of the English historian is false—that democracy must always expand into the supremacy of numbers. In our own land democracy shall yet mean the informed, reasoning moral will of all for the weal of all.

I have borrowed the title of my theme from a notable sermon given some years ago by President Tucker of Dartmouth College, in the course of which he named the qualities which alone can make men able and willing to achieve greatness by way of citizenship,—namely, imagination, intelligence, courage and consecration. And, moreover, he asked the question,—

have we a national conscience which can bear the strain that is coming upon it? I am not unmindful of those here and elsewhere who, like the notorious Lord Melbourne, are afraid that "this damned morality will ruin everything," none the less, I believe that you wish to build up a conscience firm and strong enough to meet the needs of the nation, because you must know that with your answer is bound up the destiny of the nation we love. While the conscience of the nation must primarily express itself in the conduct of national legislatures and executives and tribunals, it must, if it is to be national in scope and character, embody itself in the life and ideals of the citizenship of the whole nation.

In no sphere of life can the conscience of the nation make itself felt more vitally than in the conduct of the commerce of the land. Huxley has truly said that commerce is a greater civilizer than all the religion and all the science ever put together in the world. The newly quickened conscience of the nation that has stabbed us awake, demands that business, which has become too largely impersonal, needs to be repersonalized, and that articles of incorporation are not to be offered as a substitute for the mandates of the Decalogue. As Thoreau has said, a corporation of conscientious men is a corporation with a conscience.

If the moral renaissance, which has dawned in our own day is to endure, we need a revaluation of moral standards upon the basis of the truth that morals are dynamic and not static, progressive and not fixed, and that above all we need the personal fixation of moral responsibility. Thus, the new conscience means that in a republic which rests upon public opinion, the power of public approval and disapproval should not go unutilized and that it is morally woeful to fail to command and to exert the power of reprobation. I mean not the hired press agent's accountability to public clamor, but the accounting of personal responsibility to the public conscience at its highest.

The leaders of a group of industrial interests at the time of the recent financial panic came to understand the lesson as they had never understood it before and, in turn, taught it to the nation more vividly than it had ever been brought home to the nation before, that the interests of the masses of the people are identical with the interests of the men who are privileged to be the leaders and captains of the army of industry, and that no hurt can be done to any part of the body politic which does not react disastrously upon the whole nation. What a few men did in 1907 in the crowded and critical hours of panic and stress, I ask that you, who are leaders of the business of the nation, do every day and every hour, remembering ever the inter-dependence of the citizenship of a democracy and that no higher privilege can come to a man than completely disinterested and courageous service of a commonwealth.

The conscience of the nation must express itself in assent to the dictum of Solon: "It is the essence of democracy to obey no master but the law." One of the tendencies against which the American people must battle earnestly and steadfastly is the tendency to lawlessness, as dangerous to our democracy to-day as the Greeks believed it to be twenty-five hundred years ago. We must do battle against the anarchy of lynching, against the anarchy of endless homicidism, against the anarchy which inheres in the not less deadly homicides that are the daily incidents of industry. If the law be civilization's substitute for the sword of vengeance, what shall be said of annulment of law when men lapse from civilization into barbarism in order to wield the sword of vengeance, in order to act the part of beasts to a man because he has committed an act of violence? Every member of the Coatesville mob, which wrought the foul and bloody deed, should have felt that the conscience of the nation was in his keeping and that he was not only violating the human rights of a negro, but that he was staining the nation's shield and sullying its flag.

If the conscience of the nation is to make for complete lawfulness, we must also have the regulation of the power of the few in order that to the many there may be left liberty to be regulated. The thing to be driven home to the hearts of American citizens to-day is that the command of all, which Aristotle defined as the fundament of democracy, means the obedience of all, and that democracy and lawlessness are incompatible. Not only is democracy incompatible with the violent lawlessness of the inflamed and unreasoning, but with the lawlessness of technical conformity to the letter and actual violation of the spirit of the law. Lawlessness is not less menacing when it clothes itself in the forms of law. The practice of the law is not to be a shield and covert for lawless practices. The ends of justice are too often defeated by means of the law. The high aims of justice are often circumvented by the technicalities of legal procedure. As the English cynic bade men not touch the church on the ground that it was the last great bulwark against Christianity, so there is a certain type of men who deem it unsafe to touch the law on the ground that it is the last great bulwark against justice. There is little to choose between the anarchist who believes in the breaking of law because it is law, and because all laws are oppressive, and the lawlessness which breaks law because it is unjust. The one honestly aims at justice without law and the really lawless anarchist, when a man of place and power, aims at law without justice. It is for us to remember the word of the American poet: "The republic depends upon the self-control of each member—republics are made of the spirit."

Not only ought the barter or trade side of business be completely moralized, but we need to ethicize what might be called the processes of creation and production, of distribution and consumption. No business order is just nor can it long endure if it be bound up with the evil of unemployment on the one hand and over-employment on the other, the evil of a man's under-wage and a child's toil, and all those social maladjustments incidental to our order which we lump together under the name of poverty. Let us not imagine that we can shift to the shoulders of over-worked charity the burdens that can be borne only by the strength of under-worked justice. Yes, the stricken ask not the occasional tonic of charity, but the daily meat and substance of justice. We are never to forget that ours is a democracy, that a democracy, in the words of a high servant of the commonwealth, means "the use of all the resources of nature by all the faculties of man for the good of all the people." Though it was said that we have solved the political problem and the social problem but not the human problem in America, we know that it is the business of democracy to solve the three problems, which are really one.

The conscience of the nation insists that the nation shall be true to itself and just and righteous to all the people within its own walls. No nation is deserving of a high patriotism, which is not undeviatingly just to every part of its citizenship. True, alas, there are those who hold with Richelieu that it would be impossible to keep a people down if they were suffered to be well off. Nominally, no one of us is ready to admit that he desires to keep the people down, but how many of us are really and greatly concerned with the problem of helping the people up and keeping them up upon the highest level of citizenship?

The conscience of the nation is not real unless the nation safeguard the workingman, safeguard him from the peril of over-work, as well as from the occasional accidents of industry. The conscience of the nation is not vital, unless we protect women and children in industry, and protect them with half the thoroughness and generosity with which, for many decades, we have protected infant industries. We have not the right to speak of the importance of conserving the opportunity for initiative on the part of the individual as long as masses of individuals are suffered to perish without the opportunity of real life. The aim of democracy is not to be the production of efficient, machine-like men in industry. The first business of democracy is to be the industry of turning out completely effective, because completely free and self-determining citizens.

In no way can the conscience of the nation express itself more significantly than in its attitude toward other nations. We have seen signs of the resurgence of the international conscience of our time in the almost world-wide protest against a war which, if not condemned, as it is, before the moral tribunals of the world, were the final consecration of the dominion of might over right.

The conscience of our own nation rejects the immoral maxim,—"my country, right or wrong,"—and over against it sets the higher counsel of John Quincy Adams,—"our country, may she ever be successful; but whether successful or not, may she always be in the right." Against the slogan of a not yet wholly extinct barbarism,—my spear knows no brother,—the international conscience declares,—my brother shall know no spear.

The conscience of the nation accepts as its regnant principle the words of Lincoln,—"my country, when right to keep right, when wrong to set right,"—its leaders neither pandering to nor terrified by the mob, nor feeling with Renan,—"how sad it is to be right in opposition to the illusions of one's country,"—but how much sadder to be in the wrong in agreement with one's country's illusions.

The new conscience declares that the moral law is not annulled by territorial boundaries. In answer to the terrible cynicism of Webster,—"in war there are no Sundays,"—we say as did Wendell Phillips,—"in moral questions, there are no nations." The conscience of the nation in the conduct of its international affairs must insist upon itself, and not be a weak imitation of the world-powers, but a model of strength to the peoples of the earth.

The new conscience of the nation has been applied internationally under the guidance of the master hands of the two outstanding Secretaries of State in our generation,—John Hay and Elihu Root,—the one upon the basis of the Golden Rule, doing most to conserve the territorial integrity of the Chinese Empire and again insisting with the firmness of a gentleman that Roumania must not continue shamelessly to violate the terms of the international Berlin Treaty; the other bringing to the ordering of fraternal relations between these United States and the Republics of Central and South America the gifts of statesmanship, high vision and undaunted purpose.

The immediate business of the national conscience is to press forward under the wise leadership of the President of the United States for the ratification of the proposed arbitration treaties between Great Britain and America, and between America and our sister Republic of France. The Taft program is greatly honoring to its author. Whether its ratification be wisely expedited or unwisely postponed, it is destined to make the present administration epochal in the annals of peace, and, as Lord Loreburn has said,—"the Taft proposal may prove to be the most important utterance of the century, the turning point in the history of the world."

We must treat all foreign nations alike, abhorring the double standard of varying treatments for nations, great and small. Strong to the strong and forbearing to the weak must we be, and not weak to the strong and strong to the weak. Whatever other nations may be, we are America. We are to deal with Mexico exactly as we deal with Russia. We would not suffer the violation of the rights of a single American citizen in Central or South America. So we are to scorn to suffer the violation of the rights of our citizenship in distant Russia,—even the least of our citizenship, and in the citizenship of a democracy there is no least and no greatest. Woe to us if we endure the violation of treaty rights in the hope of expanding commerce and the expectation of financial reward. Let us never forget: "Above nationalities, there is in fact an eternal ideal."

The conscience of the nation asks to-night,—What is your dream? For everything depends upon that. Is it a dream of exploitation, of aggrandizement, of enrichment, or it is to be a dream of self-ennoblement? Not for some, but for many; not for many, but for all.

In one of his characteristically noble addresses, George William Curtis related the story familiar to many of us, that on the night of October 12, 1492, there rang in the ears of the Genoese seafarer the joyous cry, "A light, a light," as if, in the economy of Providence, the new and Western world presented itself to the old through the symbol of an up-borne torch, to teach Columbus and all men that the place of America was to become,—the torch-bearer, the light-bringer. A light this Western world has been to millions and millions of the sons and daughters of the Old World,—shelter, refuge, radiance. Why should not we in our own day and generation claim the joy and the glory of the pioneering enterprise? Why should we not highly resolve that what America was by the genius of its history destined to be to generations who dwelt in the darkness of industrial bondage and economic repression and racial wrong and religious bigotry, that the America we love shall yet again become to the world in another and the noblest sense. The conscience of the nation shall kindle a new light, and as America first presented itself to the vision of a deathless pioneer in the form of a flaming torch, so shall the America of our hopes and ideals and loyalties suffer a new birth, kindling a new light to the sons and daughters of men from which, in the word of the English martyr, countless generations shall kindle the taper of their own lives, the light of conscience, the light of order under law, the light of democracy conjoined with opportunity, the light of equality under liberty, the light of perfect justice and righteousness between man and man.

In voicing the hopes of his land, the Greek sang:

> "Oh, land thus blessed with praises that excel
> 'Tis now thy task to prove these glories true."

When my fathers in Israel wished to put forth their own hope and aspiration touching their land, they said to the city of their love and dreams and loyalty by the lips of the Prophet Isaiah: "Afterward thou shalt be called a city of righteousness, the faithful city." And again, by the mouth of the sterner seer, they spake: "The Lord will bless thee, O habitation of justice and mountain of holiness."

EDWARD OLIVER WOLCOTT

THE BRIGHT LAND TO WESTWARD

[Speech of Edward O. Wolcott at the eighty-second annual dinner of the New England Society in the City of New York, December 22, 1887. The President, ex-Judge Horace Russell, introduced the speaker as follows: "It was an English lawyer who said that the farther he went West the more he was convinced that the wise men came from the East. We may not be so thoroughly convinced of this after we have heard the response to the next regular toast, 'The Pilgrim in the West.' I beg to introduce Mr. Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado."]

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—It was with great diffidence that I accepted the invitation of your President to respond to a toast to-night. I realized my incapacity to do justice to the occasion, while at the same time I recognized the high compliment conveyed. I felt somewhat as the man did respecting the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy; he said he didn't know whether Lord Bacon wrote Shakespeare's works or not, but if he didn't he missed the greatest opportunity of his life. [Laughter.]

The West is only a larger, and in some respects a better, New England. I speak not of those rose gardens of culture, Missouri and Arkansas, but otherwise, generally of the States and Territories west of the Mississippi, and more particularly, because more advisedly, of Colorado, the youngest and most rugged of the thirty-eight, almost as large in area as all New England and New York combined; "with room about her hearth for all mankind"; with fertile valleys, and with mines so rich and so plentiful that we occasionally, though reluctantly, dispose of one to our New York friends. [Laughter.] We have no very rich, no very poor, and no almshouses; and in the few localities where we are not good enough, New England Home Missionary Societies are rapidly bringing us up to the Plymouth Rock standard and making us face the Heavenly music. [Laughter.] We take annually from our granite hills wealth enough to pay the fertilizers your Eastern and Southern soils require to save them from impoverishment. We have added three hundred millions to the coinage of the world; and, although you call only for gold, we generously give you silver, too. [Laughter.] You are not always inclined to appreciate our efforts to swell the circulation, but none the less are we one with you in patriotic desire to see the revenues reformed, provided always that our own peculiar industries are not affected. Our mountains slope toward either sea, and in their shadowy depths we find not only hidden wealth, but inspiration and incentive to high thought and noble living, for Freedom has ever sought the recesses of the mountains for her stronghold, and her spirit hovers there; their snowy summits and the long, rolling plains are lightened all day long by the sunshine, and we are not only Colorado, but Colorado Claro! [Applause.]

Practically, as little is known of the great West by you of the East as was known a century ago of New England by our British cousins. Your interest in us is, unfortunately, largely the interest on our mortgages, your attitude toward us is somewhat critical, and the New England heart is rarely aroused respecting the West except when some noble Indian, after painting himself and everything else within his reach red, is sent to his happy hunting grounds. [Laughter.] Yet, toward the savage, as in all things, do not blame us if we follow the Christian example set us by our forefathers. We read that the Court at Plymouth, more than fifty years after the colony was founded, ordered "That whosoever shall shoot off any gun on any unnecessary occasion, or at any game whatsoever, except an Indian or a wolf, shall forfeit five shillings for every such shot"; and our pious ancestors popped over many an Indian on their way to Divine worship. [Laughter.] But when in Colorado, settled less than a generation ago, the old New England heredity works itself out and an occasional Indian is peppered, the East raises its hands in horror, and our offending cowboys could not find admittance even to an Andover Probation Society. [Laughter.]

Where we have a chance to work without precedent, we can point with pride of a certain sort to methods at least peaceful. When Mexico was conquered, we found ourselves with many thousand Mexicans on hand. I don't know how they managed it elsewhere, but in Colorado we not only took them by the hand and taught them our ways, but both political parties inaugurated a beautiful and generous custom, since more honored in the breach than in the observance, which gave these vanquished people an insight into and an interest in the workings of republican institutions which was marvelous: a custom of presenting to each head of a household, being a voter, on election day, from one to five dollars in our native silver. [Great laughter.]

If Virginia was the mother of Presidents, New England is the mother of States. Of the population of the Western States born in the United States, some five per cent. are of New England birth, and of the native population more than half can trace a New England ancestry. Often one generation sought a resting-place in Ohio, and its successor in Illinois or in Iowa, but you will find that the ancestor, less than a century ago, was a God-fearing Yankee. New England influences everywhere predominate. I do not mean to say that many men from the South have not, especially since the war, found homes and citizenship in the West, for they have; and most of them are now holding Federal offices. [Laughter.] It is nevertheless true that from New England has come the great, the overwhelming influence in moulding and controlling Western thought. [Applause.]

New England thrift, though a hardy plant, becomes considerably modified when transplanted to the loam of the prairies; the penny becomes the dime before it reaches the other ocean; Ruth would find rich gleanings among our Western sheaves; and the palm of forehandedness opens sometimes too freely under the wasteful example which Nature sets all over our broad plains; but because the New England ancestor was acquisitive, his Western descendant secures first of all his own home. [Applause.] The austere and serious views of life which our forefathers cherished have given way to a kindlier charity, and we put more hope and more interrogation points into our theology than our fathers did; but the old Puritan teachings, softened by the years and by brighter and freer skies, still keep our homes Christian and our home life pure. And more, far more than all else, the blood which flows in our veins, the blood of the sturdy New Englanders who fought and conquered for an idea, quickened and kindled by the Civil War, has imbued and impregnated Western men with a patriotism that overrides and transcends all other emotions. Pioneers in a new land, laying deep the foundations of the young commonwealths, they turn the furrows in a virgin soil, and from the seed which they plant there grows, renewed and strengthened with each succeeding year, an undying devotion to republican institutions, which shall nourish their children and their children's children for ever. [Prolonged applause.]

An earnest people and a generous! The Civil strife made nothing right that was wrong before, and nothing wrong that was right before; it simply settled the question of where the greater strength lay. We know that

> "Who overcomes
> By force, hath overcome but half his foe,"

and that if more remains to be done, it must come because the hearts of men are changed. The war is over; the very subject is hackneyed; it is a tale that is told, and commerce and enlightened self-interest have obliterated all lines. And yet you must forgive us if, before the account is finally closed, and the dead and the woe and the tears are balanced by all the blessings of a reunited country, some of us still listen for a voice we have not yet heard; if we wait for some Southern leader to tell us that renewed participation in the management of the affairs of this nation carries with it the admission that the question of the right of secession is settled, not because the South was vanquished, but because the doctrine was and is wrong, forever wrong. [Great applause.]

We are a plain people, too, and live far away. We find all the excitement we need in the two great political parties, and rather look upon the talk of anybody in either party being better than his party, as a sort of cant. The Hypercritical faculty has not reached us yet, and we leave to you of the East the exclusive occupancy of the raised dais upon which it seems necessary for the independent voter to stand while he is counted. [Applause and laughter.]

We are provincial; we have no distinctive literature and no great poets; our leading personage abroad of late seems to be the Honorable "Buffalo Bill" [laughter], and we use our adjectives so recklessly that the polite badinage indulged in toward each other by your New York editors to us seems tame and spiritless. In mental achievement we may not have fully acquired the use of the fork, and are "but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood." We stand toward the East somewhat as country to city cousins; about as New to Old England, only we don't feel half so badly about it, and on the whole are rather pleased with ourselves. [Laughter.] There is not in the whole broad West a ranch so lonely or so remote that a public school is not within reach of it. With generous help from the East, Western colleges are elevating and directing Western thought, and men busy making States yet find time to live manly lives and to lend a hand. All this may not be æsthetic, but it is virile, and it leads up and not down. Great poets, and those who so touch the hearts of men that the vibration goes down the ages, must often find their inspiration when wealth brings leisure to a class, or must have "learned in suffering what they teach in song." We can wait for our inspired ones; when they come, the work of this generation, obscure and commonplace, will have paved the way for them; the general intelligence diffused in this half century will, unknown or forgotten, yet live in their numbers, and the vivid imaginations of our New England ancestors, wasted in depicting the joys and torments of the world to come, will, modified by the years, beautify and ennoble the cares of this. [Applause.]

There are some things even more important than the highest culture. The West is the Almighty's reserve ground, and as the world is filling up, He is turning even the old arid plains and deserts into fertile acres, and is sending there the rain as well as the sunshine. A high and glorious destiny awaits us; soon the balance of population will lie the other side of the Mississippi, and the millions that are coming must find waiting for them schools and churches, good government, and a happy people:

"Who love the land because it is their own,
And scorn to give aught other reason why;
Would shake hands with a King upon his throne,
And think it kindness to his Majesty."

We are beginning to realize, however, that the invitation we have been extending to all the world has been rather too general. So far we have been able to make American citizens in fact as well as name out of the foreign-born immigrants. The task was light while we had the honest and industrious to deal with, but the character of some of the present immigration has brought a conviction which we hope you share, that the sacred rights of citizenship should be withheld from a certain class of aliens in race and language, who seek the protection of this Government, until they shall have at least learned that the red in our flag is commingled with the white and blue and the stars. [Great applause.]

In everything which pertains to progress in the West, the Yankee reinforcements step rapidly to the front. Every year she needs more of them, and as the country grows the annual demand becomes greater. Genuine New Englanders are to be had on tap only in six small States, and remembering this we feel that we have the right to demand that in the future even more than in the past, the heads of the New England households weary not in the good work. [Laughter and applause.]

In these later days of "booms" and New Souths and Great Wests; when everybody up North who fired a gun is made to feel that he ought to apologize for it, and good fellowship everywhere abounds, there is a sort of tendency to fuse; only big and conspicuous things are much considered; and New England being small in area and most of her distinguished people being dead, she is just now somewhat under an eclipse. But in her past she has undying fame. You of New England and her borders live always in the atmosphere of her glories; the scenes which tell of her achievements are ever near at hand, and familiarity and contact may rob them of their charms, and dim to your eyes their sacredness. The sons of New England in the West revisit her as men who make pilgrimage to some holy shrine, and her hills and valleys are still instinct with noble traditions. In her glories and her history we claim a common heritage, and we never wander so far away from her that with each recurring anniversary of this day, our hearts do not turn to her with renewed love and devotion for our beloved New England; yet—

> "Not by Eastern windows only,
>   When daylight comes, comes in the light;
> In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
>   But Westward, look, the land is bright!"

[Hearty applause.]